HE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

GOVERNOR SMITH'S MESSAGE TO THE NATION

ALFRED E. SMITH'S "LAST MESSAGE" as Governor of New York is accepted by scores of editors as his first message as a receptive Presidential candidate. Not that as "written with one eye cocked in the direction of the White use," as one New York State daily takes pains to point out, that, in the words of Washington *Post*, message by Governor ith at this particular e is a message to the ple of the United tes, whether he di- ts it to them or not:" s 35,000-word mes- e reviewing the ac- plishments and the poses of the Smith ninistration for the efit of the New York te Legislature will in- tably, concludes the mocratic Cleveland *n Dealer*, "be ac- ted as Smith's formal for attention as a pos- le President." Or, as Jew York State paper, Syracuse *Post-Stand-* (Rep.) puts it, when Smith "reviews the nevements of the gov- ment of New York, makes in fact his ninating speech for Presidency." And s believed in Albany, ording to a New York *nes* correspondent, t the message "will the last word the vernor will have to on such matters or to what his friends will be his nomination for President." But whatever editors politicians infer, the message on the face of it is strictly confined New York State matters. The Governor in one place terms it n inventory of the instrumentalities of the State." The only jects treated in the message which can by any stretch of the agination seem to have any national significance are Prohibi- n, water-power, and farm-relief. And on that liveliest of all estions, Prohibition, the Governor seems to satisfy neither the ts nor the drys, as will be seen from the editorials to be quoted a little further along. In general, there are two views of the Governor's refusal to deal with anything but State issues. Some think it adds to his standing in showing that he is, in the words of the New York *Evening Post*, "plugging away at the important job which he now holds instead of running away from it on stumping tours." Others feel that he has still to prove his capacity as a national leader.

Wide World photograph

THE SMITH FAMILY

Showing the Governor and his family beside the Christmas-tree in the Executive Mansion in Albany. In the back row are, from the reader's left to right: Walter J. Smith, Catherine Smith, Arthur W. Smith, Major John A. Warner (the Governor's son-in-law), Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, Alfred E. Smith, Jr., Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, Jr.; seated, Mrs. John A. Warner, Governor Smith, Mrs. Arthur W. Smith. The babies are, from the reader's left to right, Mary Adams Warner, Walter J. Smith, 2d, and Arthur F. Smith.

That Governor Smith has in his message written "a portrait of a statesman," the New York *Journal of Commerce* is convinced. "No other State Executive anywhere in the Union ever approached the Presidential campaign with a greater sum of substantial achievement to his credit than Alfred E. Smith," concludes the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.), after studying the message. The New York *World* (Dem.) goes even further, declaring that he has earned the right to be considered as a candidate for the Presidency because "in an age of despair and disillusionment with the processes of Democracy, he has more than any man now alive in America vindicated faith in popular government." The Democratic Richmond *Times-Dispatch* says that all Democrats, wet and dry, are compelled to agree on two things, namely that Governor Smith to-day "is the most conspicuous among all the possibilities for the Democratic nomination and that he is courageous enough to say any time, anywhere, just what he thinks on any public question which presents itself." And the Buffalo *Times* (Dem.) finds in the message proof that the Governor measures "absolutely to the responsibilities of the highest honor within the nation's gift."

Yet right here certain other editors beg to differ. The Albany

Knickerbocker Press (Rep.) feels sure that it "will not please the country. Where it should be specific it is exceedingly general; where it is specific, it is almost certain to offend the interests most deeply concerned." Compared with other Smith utterances, this final message seems to the Albany paper "an anti-climax, uninteresting and blundering; it will not take its author one step nearer Washington." Says the Democratic Lynchburg *News* in Virginia:

"The nation must wait longer and for a more opportune occasion for some expression from Governor Smith of his position on national questions. And until that expression is forthcoming, there will be many who will resent even more vigorously than in the past being called 'bigots' and 'fanatics' because they will not support a man whose views on questions with which a President must deal are almost totally unknown."

That Mr. Smith's record as Governor is a good enough platform for his Presidential candidacy, *The New Republic* denies:

"It is possible that his message to the Legislature is an introduction to a program, rather than a substitute for one. But we hope, as his candid friend, that in that case, he will begin soon. The only way to conduct a campaign for President is to act as if the incumbent in that office were the moral and political leader of a society as well as the chief executive of a business.

"If Governor Smith does not conduct it in this way, he may go down in history as a man who, after being a ball of flame in State politics, contrived in national politics to play the ignoble part of an unexploded dud."

THE SMITH MESSAGE IN BRIEF

THE bulk of the message is devoted to a review of the accomplishments of the seven years of the Smith administration of New York State. The reorganization of the governmental structure is called "the most progressive and thorough reform in the structure of State government undertaken by any State in the Union. State control and ownership of water-power plants is demanded. The New York State barge canal should, in the belief of Governor Smith, be made part of an all-American deep-sea waterway connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean. Agriculture is declared to be "the basic industry of the State." Equality of reward between farmer and consumer is demanded. It is declared that "the constantly decreasing death-rate is full and complete reward for the money and effort put into public-health activity." Convicted criminals should be sentenced not by judges, but "by a board of expert mental and physical specialists." The Legislature is blamed for the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1919 without consulting the popular will, and it is suggested that future amendments to the Federal Constitution be passed on by state-wide referendum. In the meantime, the Governor insists upon "the sacred duty of sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law." Finally, twenty-nine recommendations for new legislation are made, many of them dealing with minor changes in the political organizations of the State or its subdivisions.

One subject touched on in the message, which the Governor calls his last one to a New York State Legislature, arouses nation-wide comment—Prohibition. Taking up the subject of the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment, and the "sacred duty" of the State in sustaining it, the Governor says:

"In 1919 the Legislature rushed the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment, and in 1926 the party responsible for this, coming back to its senses, submitted the question of modification of the sustaining Act, only to have it carried by a popular majority of 1,164,586.

"I am within the truth when I say that the method used in the Legislature of 1919 to force the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment roused much ill feeling in many parts of the State.

"The great mistake of the Legislature of 1919 in failing to submit this question to a popular referendum is the direct cause of the unrest, uneasiness, and dissatisfaction apparent in large portions of the State. It has gone further and been the prime cause of creating a disrespect for the law among citizens who give the limit of obedience to every other regulatory statute ever enacted in the State or nation.

"In a petition recently presented to me seeking double provision for enforcement of the Volstead Law, the organization of citizens in favor of modification was condemned, and there are those who carry their ideas to the point where they are prepared to denounce as un-American and unchristian those who may perchance be opposed to their view of a statute while giving it implicit obedience.

"A decision of the United States Supreme Court declared the State to be without power to make its own definition of what constitutes an intoxicant, and compelled the State to accept the definition set by Congress. Gradually our people are beginning to realize that there and only there can any change in the present status be made.

"In the meanwhile there devolves upon the State the sa
duty of sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Vols
Law.

"I speak only the truth when I say that the people of
locality get the degree of law enforcement upon which
insist and for which they are willing to pay.

"I would suggest amendment to our own Constitution m
State, to the end that no future amendments to the Fe
Constitution be acted upon by the Legislature before referen
by State statute to the people."

"Frank and manly," this seems to the Louisville *Cou*
Journal (Ind.). The Ne
News finds the logic of this
tion sound, "even tho it
not appeal either to the ra
wets or the fanatical d
The Chattanooga *Times* (D
also finds the Governor's
tude consistent and log
Governor Smith's firm dec
tion for enforcement, says
Dayton *News* (Dem.), "
disappoint some of the (
ernor's friends":

"These see ways by w
Prohibition and the Vols
Law might be quietly d
garded, as the Fifteenth Am
ment is disregarded in
sections. They would like (
Al Smith, whose dislike
Prohibition is frankly exp
to come flatly for some
program as this. They
discovering that he can't d
A responsible public of
simply can not stand forth
a proposal to disregard
Constitution and laws whic
is sworn to observe and enf
He is inhibited from any
act by the very moral rest
which makes his fitness fo
job. If Governor Smith
lead the way to any relaxation of the rigors of Prohibitio
will have to be by leadership in changing the law."

The message is broad enough, the Macon *Telegraph* decl
"to be satisfactory to those who are dissatisfied with the law,
it is narrow enough to assure those who are pleased with
law as it stands, if they desire to be assured"—

"It is ironclad Democratic doctrine, in that it stands squa
for States Rights; and it is good citizenship in the purest
by reason of its declaring unreservedly for the enforceme
the Eighteenth Amendment and the ensuing Volstead La
they stand."

But others criticize this part of the message as either an
straddle or a disclosure of wetness displeasing to dry Democ
The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.), which is a wet newspaper, finds
section far from clear and the least impressive part of
message. Here, says a stanch Smith admirer, the New
World, the Governor talks not like himself, "but like
conventional politician":

"'Sacred duty!' We speak as friends, admirers, and suppo
of the Governor when we say that this language will not
close scrutiny and that such talk, if persisted in, will shake
confidence of sincere men, whether wet or dry."

But certain dry Democratic newspapers are equally u
thusiastic. Governor Smith's pronounced intentions, says
Charlotte *Observer*, are not of a kind "to secure Prohibition vot
Governor Smith, writes Josephus Daniels in his Raleigh *News*
Observer, seems to advocate "permitting the several State

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1 What musical genius was glad he was blind? (p. 48).

2. What is the latest comet to visit us? (p. 23).

3. How many Gideon Bibles have been placed in hotel rooms? (p. 29).

4. How much money has recently been appropriated by Congress for the construction of additional light cruisers and other naval craft? (p. 16).

5. What fishes produce skins now largely used for commercial purposes? (p. 20).

6 How good are college athletes as insurance risks? (p. 62).

7. What is a "nest" in Russian politics, and what sort of birds does it produce? (p. 19).

8. To what chief cause does Dr. S. Parkes Cadman attribute the present moral instability of youth? (p. 28).

9 How much below normal was last summer's temperature? (p. 22).

0. How far does a diver's lamp enable a diver to see through the water? (p. 34).

1. Are there interested minorities in the United States and England who are working for war? (p. 17).

2. Which is the largest and longest tunnel in Europe? (p .22).

3. What noted woman social reformer has been listed as "dangerous to the Republic"? (p. 30).

14. Why is the cowboy vanishing from real life? (p. 52).

15. Does German industry at the present time rely on quantity production or upon quality alone? (p. 18).

16. What three men have taken Judge Gary's place as head of the United States Steel Corporation? (p. 72).

17. How do the death-rates of football players compare with those of baseball players and oarsmen? (p. 63).

18. What is the chief detriment to health in a smoky atmosphere? (p. 22).

19. Who is the present power behind the scenes in Russia? (p. 19).

20. Who is now said to "hold the balance of power" in the Senate? (p. 11).

21. What great sacrifice did Private John R. Kissinger make for humanity? (p. 44).

22. Who received the *Dial* award for 1927? (p. 24).

23. Is it a good thing for an athlete, before or during a competition, to eat a hearty lunch? (p. 60).

24. What famous diving expert of the Navy was almost buried in the mud while inspecting the sunken *S-4*? (p. 41).

25. How did "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, when he was champion, overcome his unpopularity with the mob? (p. 56).

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e their own definitions as to what constitutes intoxicating ›r; this might have forty-eight different definitions, and ld, if legal, destroy national Prohibition. It would be re- ed as repealing the Eighteenth Amendment by indirection." ernor Smith, observes the Seattle *Times* (Rep.), "would not hought a nullificationist, but he leaves no doubt of what he ks will happen if the people of the country can get a crack ıe Eighteenth Amendment." The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) the Governor's hostility to the Amendment and to the tead Law "emphatically manifest." The Los Angeles *Times*) finds some of his phrases "those of a nullificationist." Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) is convinced that "nationally Al ·h is a one-idea man" and "this region doesn't propose to ge in a tremendous Presidential campaign on the question of legality of serving a cocktail before dinner, when it has ·ers of so much more consequence to think about." The chester *Union* (Rep.) concludes that if the Governor "has ·ed the anti-Prohibitionists of his party, he has in no wise ·ted the Prohibition wing." The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* n.) expects to see him in the rôle of standard-bearer next ner "preserving a guarded neutrality toward Prohibition." plain to the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.) that Governor ·h "intends to carry beer and light wine on one shoulder and ı hydrant water on the other." "Knowing his aversion to ıbition, the wets will regard Governor Smith's stout sup- of the laws putting it into effect as so much applesauce to the drys," observes the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.), l the drys will look at it the same way." This paper says ɔuld be unreasonable to expect the solution of the Prohibi- problem from Governor Smith, for "the simple truth is that ne has an immediate solution for the problem."

ıe Smith declaration for a State-wide vote on the ratification nendments to the Federal Constitution meets with the earn- ·pproval of the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.)—"if this be a real ɔcracy, State legislatures no longer should be permitted to epresent the sovereign citizenry." But the Omaha *Bee- s* (Ind) insists that such a vote is forbidden by the Constitu- of the United States, and the Kansas City *Journal* (Rep.), ıg attention to the fact that legislatorial ratification of the ·ral Amendment is a duty under the Federal Constitution, declares that "Governor Smith is ignorant of the law, or is making a gallery play to voters ignorant of the law."

Turning from Prohibition to water-power, we find Governor Smith declaring for State ownership, not only of the sources of hydroelectric energy, but also of the development works. He would start by having a State Power Authority make a plan, have it submitted to the Legislature, and, if possible, make an actual trial of power-control and ownership. "If the Governor can rally the people to force the State water-power authority measure through the Legislature, it will have made him a national figure," declares the New York *American*, and, it adds: "Governor Smith touches on our biggest single national issue when he talks about water-power." This may be the most significant thing in the Governor's message, declares Josephus Daniels in his Raleigh *News and Observer:* "If Governor Smith will lead along that line in the nation as he is doing in New York, he will win the enthusiastic support of millions who disagree with him on Prohibition." But the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) finds the Governor here at his weakest; it insists that there is no necessity for governmental construction or operation and that regulation "can be made adequate, as everybody except the Governor knows."

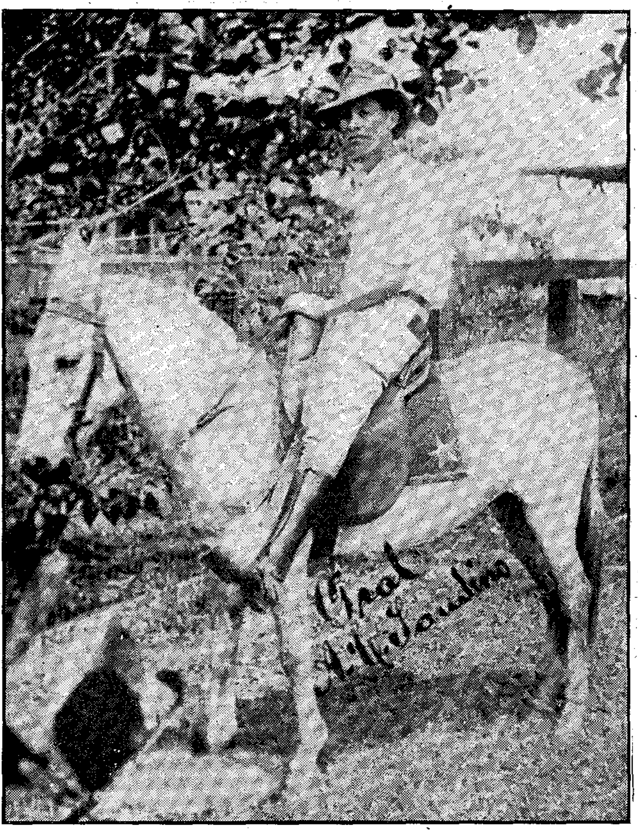
It is in the farm section of the Smith message that the New York *Evening Post* detects the clearest sign of intent to speak to the nation at large. The Governor speaks of agriculture as the State's basic industry, and declares that "both national and State policies should be molded to insure equality of opportunity and reward between those groups which produce the food and those which consume it." He then goes on at considerable length to show what New York State is doing to foster and upbuild agriculture. But, in spite of all the Governor says, *The Evening Post* thinks that somehow he "fails to make a real 'dirt farmer' out of himself."

And yet, in western Montana we find the Democratic Helena *Independent* saying:

> "The Governor of New York, by his sincere and extensive discussion of agricultural problems, demonstrates that he has given the subject serious thought and study. His declarations place him, in the minds of Western farmers, as the Democratic candidate for President, who can be counted on to help their cause. He is Lowden's rival from now on for farm support."

NICARAGUA'S BLOODY "PEACE"

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE WILL FACE a tremendous task at the Pan-American Congress on January 16, predicts the Camden *Post,* if he should try to reconcile the peaceful hum of Colonel Lindbergh's "good-will" airplane engine with the vindictive sputter of American machine-guns in Nicaragua. In fact, since January 1, when our marines suffered a loss of five men killed and twenty-three wounded in "the biggest battle in which our troops have fought since the World War," the President's lot has not been a happy one. Senators to right of him, Congressmen to left of him have volleyed and thundered. Resolutions looking toward inquiries into Nicaraguan affairs have been introduced in both Houses, and editorial writers have had many a scathing word to say of our policy—or lack of one—in the republic. The Boston *Globe* finds that approximately fifty engagements have taken place in Nicaragua between American marines and native forces "since active intervention by the United States began last March." And this daily expresses the gist of many another editorial when it says:



Wide World photograph

"HE IS A BANDIT OR A PATRIOT"

As one sees the issue, declares the New York *World* of Gen. Augustino Sandino, leader of the Nicaraguan forces opposed to the American marines and the Conservative "ins" and Liberal "outs" of Nicaragua's stormy politics.

> "What is all this fighting about? Why are these young men in marine uniforms being killed?
>
> "Two things are known. One is that the United States is not officially at war with Nicaragua. Congress alone has the power to declare war, and Congress has done no such thing. The other known fact is that clashes have been frequent. But why our men should be there at all has not been explained."

In the opinion of the Washington *News* and other Scripps-Howard papers, "the American public has been shamelessly deceived by its officials as to the real state of affairs in Nicaragua." Continues this paper:

> "To sum it up in a few lines, a Liberal revolution was in full blast last year and was on the point of overthrowing our man,
> President Diaz, a Conservative, when President Coolidge
> Col. Henry L. Stimson down there to see what could be don
> stop the bloodshed and at the same time keep Diaz in power.
>
> "Colonel Stimson found a way. In an interview with Gen
> Moncada, the revolutionary commander-in-chief, he mad
> plain to the General that it was either a case of surrender or
> the United States. Moncada yielded, and our forces ther
> Nicaragua began disarming. But one of Moncada's ab
> lieutenants, General Sandino, refused to surrender. He and
> command kept to the field. Sandino, Colonel Stimson repo
> had only 'about 150 followers'—men whom Washington offi
> ever since have referred to as 'bandits.'
>
> "Against these '150 followers' of Sandino, then, some 1
> American marines, along with a couple of thousand or so
> tive troops, have been fighting ever since. But, lest you sh
> get the idea that our marines have lost some of their punch, l
> be recorded here and now that the story of General Sandino
> his '150 followers' was sheerest nonsense. Tabulation of cas
> ties shows that approximately 670 'bandits' have been k
> since Colonel Stimson reported. And since at least twice
> number have been wounded in those same engagements,
> dino's total casualties during the period under discussion m
> have been around 2,000. Yet, on December 30, this extrao
> nary General seems to have had with him 500 followers.
>
> "It is perfectly patent, therefore, that the American pu
> has been disgracefully spoofed. Not only has General Sand
> strength been grossly underestimated, but the inspiration to m
> it appear that he and his followers are mere bandits was equ
> ridiculous. Any further attempt to keep up this fiction beco
> an insult to the American public.
>
> "We should at least be honest with ourselves. For the t
> being, at any rate, Nicaragua has become an American protec
> ate, and what we are doing down there is not fighting bandits,
> Nicaraguans in revolt against our rule.
>
> "Admittedly we have certain well-defined rights in Nicara
> —our canal rights, for example. But unless we wish to spoil
> chances for real understanding with the rest of Latin Ame
> we must find a better procedure than killing off vast num
> of native rebels on the pretext that they are bandits."

"We are not at war with these people, and they have in no
injured us," points out the Baltimore *Sun.* "We have blund
into this thing," explains the New York *World,* "and are
trying, with the help of God and a few marines, to fight our
out of it." These might also be said to summarize the edito
sentiments of such papers as the Providence *News,* Troy *Rec*
Brooklyn *Eagle,* and Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

Such Administration supporters as the Washington *Post,*
York *Herald Tribune,* and Philadelphia *Inquirer,* howe
maintain that we are fully justified in sending marines to N
ragua, and that we ought to stay on the job until the rebel lea
Sandino, is captured or his followers dispersed. "Nicara
needs an era of peace and constructive effort," declares
Philadelphia paper. "That is why our marines are campaig
there." Heretofore, asserts the Syracuse *Post-Standard,* "
fault has been, not too much interference, but too little," and
Springfield *Union* is convinced that—

> "In carrying on a relentless campaign against General S
> dino, the United States is engaged in no imperialistic un
> taking threatening the political sovereignty of Nicaragua.
> marines are in Nicaragua at the invitation of the Nicarag
> Government, and General Sandino is a recognized outlaw,
> owned by the Liberal party who employed his services in
> winter's civil war. His capture would be a cause for c
> gratulation in Nicaragua, as well as in the United States."

The United States Government, points out the Washing
Post, "sent its forces into Nicaragua to protect American life
property. It recognized the constitutional government of
Republic, and has been cooperating with it against bandits
pretend to be fighting for 'liberty.'" To quote the New Y
Herald Tribune:

> "It is the onerous task of the marines to aid Nicaragua
> maintain order and to tranquilize the country in prepara
> for the 1928 election. They deserve all possible support in
> work of pacification. Sandino is no Nicaraguan politician;
> irreconcilable patriot. He is only a type of desperado."

MEXICO'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO UNCLE SAM

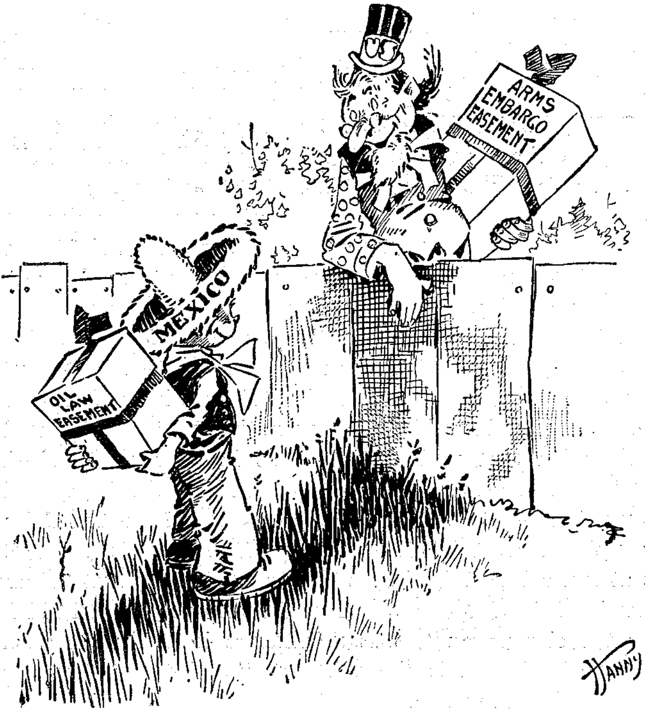
"THE LONG-STANDING CONTROVERSY between the Mexican and the United States governments over the oil laws has virtually been settled, without loss of prestige by either Government, and in a manner which takes care of the real interests of both nations." The New York *World* thus acclaims editorially the dawning of a new era of friendliness between this country and its sister Republic, due to the unexpected action of President Calles on December 26 in voluntarily recommending to the Mexican Congress the passage of a bill modifying those clauses in the petroleum laws to which the United States has objected. If the Mexican legislators carry out President Calles's wish—which seems highly probable in view of the fact that the Chamber of Deputies has already passed the bill, and that the Senate, dominated by Calles, seems certain to do likewise—this step by a legislative short-cut will crystallize into law the view-point of the Mexican Supreme Court exprest in its decision of November 17 in favor of an American oil concern, the Mexican Petroleum Company, as against the Mexican Government. While this decision of the Supreme Court—which was discust in our issue of December 10—showed a disposition on the part of the Mexican authorities to treat foreign oil companies with reasonable consideration, there still remained the difficulty that under Mexican usage it requires five such decisions to establish a precedent, a condition possibly involving years of further uncertainty for the American oil interests in Mexico. The legislation now being put through at the instance of President Calles will, it is hoped, put an end to all this.

The Kansas City *Star* thus briefly summarizes the incidents that have led to the present situation in Mexico:

> "From the beginning of the oil-and-land controversy, the Mexican attitude was almost wholly the presidential attitude. The Constitution of 1917 was adopted under Carranza, with intent to confiscate certain foreign holdings, at least subsoil resources. The land controversy was settled by the combined Mexican and American commissions in the Obregon Administration, and while there was no finality in the oil controversy, it was hoped that, too, would be accepted as settled. Then came President Calles, who insisted on the provisions of the Constitution, and the laws enacted to carry them out. It was this insistence that brought the Kellogg 'warning,' which almost precipitated a crisis.
>
> "The United States refused to acquiesce in retroactive laws dispossessing Americans of rights acquired prior to the adoption of the Constitution. The Mexican Supreme Court declared the enforcing laws unconstitutional. That this was not disagreeable to President Calles was clearly indicated, and now on his recommendation the laws are to be amended to conform to the demands of justice and international usage."

Newspaper comment in the United States is practically unanimous in agreeing that this action of President Calles, whatever may be its real underlying motive, has ushered in the day of better relations between the two nations. Thus, the Washington *News* feels that "President Calles has removed the chief obstacle to accord between his country and the United States," while the Boston *Post* believes the news from Mexico "will please not only the American holders of oil land in that country, but American government officials, from the President down." In the opinion of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "the action of President Calles indicates that he sees in the present situation an opportunity to distinguish the closing years of his Administration with a great diplomatic achievement that will redound to the credit of himself and to the benefit of the Mexican people." The Springfield *Union* opines that President Calles's gesture "reveals a new and happy conciliatory temper, which is the fruit of considerate and far-seeing diplomacy," while to the New York *Evening Post* it means that "the crisis created by the passage of the oil laws is virtually over," and to the Boston *Transcript* it signalizes "a better appreciation of the pacific and helpful policies of the colossus of the North than has governed the past attitude of the Calles régime." Finally, the New York *Evening World* declares that if the remaining difficulties between the two governments can be ironed out with equal good-will, "the present régime will enter upon a period of stability such as Mexico has not known for many years."

There are a few doubters, however. The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* suggests that there are still "many loopholes for the Mexican Government to crawl through if it wished to proceed with its program of confiscation," and the New York *Daily Worker* characterizes Mexico's move as the abandonment of her leadership "of an anti-imperialist Latin-American bloc."



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OUR LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING SEEMS TO BE PASSING AWAY

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

The American press, as a whole, attributes much of the Mexican willingness to meet the wishes of the United States to a happy combination of sentiment and friendly diplomacy, the sentiment being due to the visit to Mexico of Col. Charles Lindbergh at the psychological moment, and the friendly note having been strest by Ambassador Morrow in his relations with the Mexican Chief Executive. Thus the New York *Evening Post* states that "it may well be that Calles has been influenced by Lindbergh's flight to act sooner or to go further or to do both," and the Utica *Press* remarks that "the flight and personality of Colonel Lindbergh have given the finishing touches to Mr. Morrow's pronouncedly successful embassy." The Hartford *Times*, in commenting on this feature of the affair, reminds us that "a horse, once led to the water, will drink sooner if his nose is scratched and his coat patted than if he is merely kicked in the midriff," and the South Bend *Tribune* points out that, even if other considerations made it imperative for Calles to act as he did, "it is gratifying to know that the two ambassadors of good-will made it possible for him to act ungrudgingly in the matter." Similarly, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, after stating that "the Mexican public views the action of President Calles as a good-will gesture toward the American people in response to their show of friendship in sending Colonel Lindbergh to Mexico," concludes that "since this is exactly the way the diplomacy of friendship—the 'humanized diplomacy'—was expected to work, satisfaction over the result is in order."

Conceding the great value of sentiment in this particular connection, there remains a practical side to the affair that must not be ignored. Mexico's foreign debt, we are told, amounting to about $59,000,000, is now due to be paid to a committee of bankers in New York, whereas the country's resources, decreased by the falling off of oil developments due to recent confiscatory legislation, are far too small to meet this and leave enough over to pay current expenses. The situation is thus pithily exprest by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

> "Mexico has been suspended precariously above a financial precipice and counts upon American banking interests to pull her to safety, in the opinion of many who to-day were attempting to analyze the unexpected step taken by the Mexican Government."

PRIDE AND PERIL IN CITY GROWTH

TAKING ALL RISKS and perfectly aware that its estimates may fail to fit exceptional cases, the Federal Census Bureau has dared to guess how big our cities now are. Almost anybody could do it, as one paper remarks. "Take the two decennial enumerations of 1910 and 1920, and compute the rate of increase from the earlier to the later date. Then apply this percentage to the seven and a half years between January 1, 1920, and July 1, 1927, and you have the estimate put out by the so-called experts at Washington." Still, "the figures can not be greatly amiss," thinks a New York editor, and head-lines in various newspapers the country over show the satisfaction that various cities take in their estimated—i.e., guessed at—growth. Thus we read that New York's population is "grazing 6,000,000"; that the population of growing Chicago is "placed at 3,102,800"; that "Philadelphia's 2,000,000" is at last acknowledged by the Census Bureau; that "Detroit area has 2,000,000 on the basis of the census figure of 1,334,500, for the city proper"; that "Baltimore is nearly the sixth"; that "Washington is the thirteenth," and that "Providence, Rhode Island, is the fifteenth." Here and there a city frankly owns up to an ambition for bigness, the Detroit *News* blithely admitting, "we swell a bit and chirp to Cleveland behind there, 'Good-by, Sister.' We step on it hard and to Philadelphia up ahead there, shout: 'Keep moving, Old Girl, or we'll pass you, too.'" And the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, viewing the expansion of other communities, tells its readers:

> "There are four cities on which St. Louis should keep a watchful eye. They are Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, and Boston. Henry's Ford's town now has 1,334,500 people, so the Census Bureau calculates, provided she has, since 1920, kept up her rate of growth in the preceding decade. That is quite a lead for St. Louis to wipe out. Cleveland, too, is forging ahead. The Ohio metropolis is, on the same basis, credited with 972,500, with an excellent chance of reaching the million mark by 1930.
>
> "The estimate for St. Louis is 839,200, or 133,300 behind Cleveland. If we think of wresting fifth place from Cleveland, what designs may not Baltimore be harboring as she learns from the Census Bureau that she is only 20,000 behind St. Louis? And what of Boston, only 25,000 to the rear of Baltimore?"

On the other hand, head-lines occasionally emphasize a decrease in population, and the Springfield *Republican* notes, "Five Massachusetts cities show decline—Brockton, Lowell, New Bedford, Lawrence, and Haverhill lose." In general, however, the estimates—to be taken for what they are worth and for that only—show growth, and an Associated Press dispatch from Washington says, "Unless a lot of second-guessing is in order for Census Bureau experts, most American cities have increased population to boast of." Is it a well-reasoned boast? According to the New York *Evening World:*

> "The more significant figures are those relating to cities in the Middle West and beyond. There the cities are increasing in population with a rapidity unthinkable a generation ago. The greater part of the increase in those cities comes from the farms that do not pay, and the villages that have come to be too dull for the restless man and woman of the present period For a generation farmer lads who could have lived on the soil enjoying a certain independence and individuality have been flocking to the cities to become part of the machinery of industry. That this will ultimately have its effect on the American character and therefore on the future of the country is inevitable. It may well be doubted whether this effect will be for the best. But for better or for worse, the tendency will grow; and the urban population will finally dominate political life and determine the social changes of our civilization."

What is the objection? Quantity, mostly? As the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* views it, there is much to be said for quality:

> "One is privileged to wonder whether the nearly 10,000,000 souls huddled together within the boundaries of two towns are privileged to get out of life what should be the rightful possession of every human being. We hear nothing, except some idle boasts, about the superior status of people in the different communities. Where is the greater store of joy? Where the most brotherly feeling between neighbors? Where the finer justice in all dealings? In short, where is life lived with the truest regard for its ultimate meaning? These are questions that no one can furnish real statistics or even estimates about, and yet they are the most important things in any town.
>
> "Maybe some day the real growth of cities will be a matter of civil jealousy between those cities, and that growth will be measured by the extent of human happiness. Can that day be hastened too much?"

That there is actually a "drift to the cities" and that it may in time bring serious consequences for better or for worse, the guess in general admits, but numerous papers see nothing but fatuity in "counting noses on paper" and issuing "pad and pencil census figures," such as those recently given out. Says the Philadelphia *Record:*

> "Possibly the figures given approximate the truth in some cases, but it is very evident that there are certain factors which contain great potentialities of error. Take, for instance, the matter of increase through immigration, which brought millions of newcomers to this country in the 1910-1920 period. Under the quota system now in force there has been a great diminution in immigration, and cities along the Atlantic seaboard have especially been affected by the diminution of this source of supply.
>
> "Then again in some communities, notably Philadelphia and New York, there has been a great exodus from city to suburbs in the last few years—a tendency that is much more in evidence than it was in the decade from 1910 to 1920. The exact consequences of this trend can not be estimated offhand, and only an accurate census will show the extent of the shift of population.
>
> "These are only two of the reasons that may cause the enumeration of population to be made in 1930 to vary considerably from figures based upon the estimates of 1927. Judging from previous experiences, many American cities will be disappointed by the showing to be made in the coming decennial census."

"The census figures issued by the Department of Commerce at this time of year always attract a good deal of attention, but they are almost without meaning," says the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, and sharper criticism appears in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald*, whose editor observes:

> "A city which went through a boom period between 1910 and 1920 may no longer be booming; but the 1930 estimate reflects a growth similar to that of the boom. Another city which was retarded in the ten years preceding 1920 may have enjoyed an unusually rapid growth since; but the cenus estimate fails to recognize this condition. Grand Rapids is not given to spasmodic spurts in population. Its growth has been steady always. But records of house building, of directory listings, and all other similar statistics reveal increases since 1920 far exceeding the total of the census estimate. Instead of 161,000 in 1930, it is more than likely that we now equal that total; and that by 1930 we shall be crowding 170,000. The trouble, however, is that a public accustomed to look upon Census Bureau figures as accurate is likely to take these population estimates as authentic; and, because of this fact, it is doubtful whether such a bureau should enter into this field of guesswork."

NEW MEXICO'S NEW SENATOR

THE BALANCE OF POWER in the Senate will no longer be held by Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, predicts the Atlanta *Constitution*, now that Bronson Cutting, Republican of New Mexico, has been appointed to succeed the late Senator Jones, Democrat. Like Theodore Roosevelt, New Mexico's new Senator was born in New York State, educated at Harvard, and went West to grow up with the country. It is figured that with his vote, the Republicans will have a nominal majority of one in the Upper House. But whether he will always vote with the Republicans is a question that is causing some speculation in Washington. The Boston *Herald* thinks he will, since he owes his appointment to Governor Dillon, a Republican. And, we are reminded by more than one editorial writer, a Republican majority of one might change the whole trend of legislation in the Seventieth Congress. But the Utica *Press*, in view of the fact that Mr. Cutting "was a Bull Mooser," thinks it possible that "he may unite with the Progressive group in the Senate, and thus become a thorn in the side of the Republican party." According to the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

Keystone View Company photograph

BRONSON CUTTING

An independent Republican who has been appointed to succeed the late Senator Jones, Democrat, of New Mexico.

"Brooklynites who have watched the trend and tendency of the Cutting family for a long series of years are pretty sure that, at all times and seasons, Bronson Cutting will keep his sovereignty under his own hat. He is a son of William Bayard Cutting, who was actively interested in several reform movements, and was at one time a Civil Service Commissioner. Bronson Cutting's uncle, Robert Fulton Cutting, has done aggressive work as President of the Citizens Union. The younger man's stomach for a fight was hereditary.

"Graduated at Harvard in 1910, Bronson Cutting went two years later to New Mexico and bought a controlling interest in the Santa Fé *Daily New Mexican.* Soon he had purchased also the Spanish weekly, *El Nuevo Mexicano.* From the start he made himself the champion of the Spanish-speaking people of the State, merely because their rights were getting too little respect. He twice contended effectively for the defeat of H. O. Bursum, Republican, for Governor. In 1926 he pushed successfully the campaign against the re-election of A. T. Hannett, Democrat. In the earlier struggle he had had to meet contempt charges and libel proceedings, but had won out. He championed the cause of Carl Magee, Albuquerque editor, against judges who sought to end the freedom of the press in New Mexico. He was a captain in the World War and an active organizer in the American Legion movement.

"Politically, young Mr. Cutting's record is varied. He has supported four Democrats and two Republicans for Governor. He was an energetic Roosevelt man in 1912, but backed Hughes in 1916. He keeps a New York address. In other words, he remains more than half a New Yorker in the personal relations of life, and is altogether a New Yorker in his background, a New Yorker more of the type of Theodore Roosevelt than any who has ever broken into the politics of the West and of the Southwest."

According to the Governor of New Mexico, Mr. Cutting was appointed in response to a State-wide demand from people in all walks of life. "In a Senate so narrowly controlled as the present, he may be of great importance and influence," observes the New York *Times.* "He is likely to vote as he pleases on issues and policies, even tho he is listed as a Republican," believes the Newark *News*, and the Providence *Journal* is convinced that New Mexico's new Senator "has the ability to be a forceful figure in the Senate." His appointment, observes the Newark paper, "will help to erase from New Mexico's pages the blot of Albert B. Fall, one of the State's first two Senators."

OKLAHOMA'S PUNCTURED IMPEACHMENT

THE THREAT OF "NEAR CIVIL WAR," which hung over Oklahoma's capital when a self-convened Legislature sought to impeach Gov. Henry S. Johnston and the Governor called out troops to block the Legislature's move, was unexpectedly dispelled on December 29 by a vote of the militant legislators declaring themselves without jurisdiction. The startling situation upon which peace has suddenly descended was described in our issue of December 24. The denouement is thus recorded in an Associated Press dispatch from Oklahoma City:

"Oklahoma's political insurrection, aimed at the removal from office of Gov. Henry S. Johnston and at least two other State officers, reached an unsuccessful end to-day.

"With dramatic suddenness the State Senate brought impeachment activities to a close by the dismissal of charges voted by House members against Governor Johnston, Chief Justice Fred P. Branson of the State Supreme Court, and President Harry B. Cordell of the State Board of Agriculture.

"Meeting in a down-town hotel, to which they retreated yesterday after they had been dispersed at the doors of their Capitol chamber by National Guardsmen under the direction of the Governor, the Senators decided, by vote of 22 to 16, that the House of Representatives had no authority to convene itself and vote the impeachment charges.

"Members of both Houses, who had persisted in meeting despite a series of unfavorable decisions by State courts and the military resistance, abandoned their activities abruptly after the Senate decision and began to depart for their homes, unpaid for their efforts.

"Soon after the session had adjourned Governor Johnston issued an order demobilizing the units of the Oklahoma National Guard, which first were called out December 12 to prevent the House of Representatives from meeting in its chambers and voting impeachment charges."

In Oklahoma, we read in the news columns of the Tulsa *Tribune*, both the people and the press have manifested only a mild interest in this drama of attempted impeachment, regarding it as merely a fight among politicians. But in the same journal we find the prediction that "the question of investigation of the State officials will be the main campaign issue in the next State election for the Legislature." Editorially this daily says:

"By the interpretation put upon the special-session call by the Senate, the people of Oklahoma have to learn that under our present constitutional law there is no means of providing for a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, except at the stipulated call of the Governor.

"Such a constitutional law is much more colored with a spirit of monarchy than democracy. All true Democrats and Republicans alike will insist upon correction of an ambiguity of law that leads us away from fundamental democracy."

Outside the State the majority of papers seem to think that the Oklahoma Senate acted wisely in dropping the impeachment proceedings after the State Supreme Court had ruled against their legality. Thus in the Providence *Journal* we read:

"Whatever may be the underlying facts in this strange muddle in State Government, there can be no question as to the wisdom of the Oklahoma Senate in withdrawing from the fight. In any dispute between the executive and legislative branches of government, the final decision rests in principle with the judicial branch. In this case the State Supreme Court stood with the Governor. Technically that ought to settle the issue, but is it to be accepted as a principle that the members of a Legislature as the directly chosen representatives of the people are without rights under such conditions?"

"EDUCATIONAL" MUNITION MAKING AS "PEACE INSURANCE"

COUNTLESS LIVES AND MILLIONS IN MONEY will be saved in the event of another war, thinks the *Army and Navy Journal*, of Washington, if Secretary of War Davis is permitted to put into effect "the most economical and effective industrial preparedness plan yet devised." Briefly, Mr. Davis suggests in a letter to the Senate and House of Representatives that the National Defense Act be amended so that the War Department can place orders for all sorts of munitions with private manufacturers, instead of letting contracts to the lowest bidders and doing much of the work in government arsenals, as the law now requires. In this way, maintains the Secretary of War, it will be possible for private manufacturers to have on hand jigs, dies, and other necessary tools; to retain a few experienced men, and to keep alive the science of munitions manufacture so that, in case of war, the plants could turn out guns and ammunition without confusion or loss of time. This is important, thinks the *Army and Navy Register*, also of Washington, because it would provide reserve material, encourage private industry, and help to maintain a civilian expert personnel in the munitions industry. In the opinion of Secretary Davis, his plan constitutes "good peace insurance." This is also the belief of General Pershing, who says:

Underwood & Underwood photograph

"MODERN WAR IS A WAR OF MACHINES"

Declares Secretary of War Davis, "and it requires these machines in numbers heretofore undreamt of." For this reason, Mr. Davis recommends that private arms and ammunition factories be encouraged to engage in the manufacture of war munitions, so that in the event of another great emergency, their machinery will be ready. The Secretary is here shown seated in a modern tank.

> "In my opinion, provision for educational contracts would be a very desirable step toward the organization of industry for the benefit of national defense. In accordance with the present law, the very limited peace-time production of munitions must be accomplished in government arsenals. These, however, would be able to manufacture only a small fraction of all munitions required in any extensive campaign. The proposed authorization would make it possible to give industrial establishments some limited experience as a basis for the perfection of plans essential to their full cooperation in the event of another great emergency."

In the event of war, we are warned, it would require months to organize a munitions industry. Since the end of the World War, when government contracts were canceled and hundreds of plants shut down, the skilled workers have drifted into other occupations. As a result, the industry built up during the war has almost completely disappeared, machinery is being scrapped, and workers are losing the knack of making guns and ammunition. According to a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "Secretary Davis contends that the munitions reserves are diminishing so rapidly that the orders would no more than keep up with the decrease in existing supply. The life of small arms ammunition is calculated at ten years, and that of the larger ammunition at twenty years, so that, he says, the stocks left over from the war are at the stage where they must be replenished. Also, he points out, there are new types of guns of which the War Department would like to have a few in the hands of troops and patterns in commercial plants so that their manufacture could be undertaken immediately on declaration of war."

In his letter to Congress, Secretary Davis maintains that active munitions plants "should receive in times of peace, as far as possible, a small order for the manufacture of articles which they would be called upon to manufacture in time of war. Only by obtaining experience in such a way can the plant develop and keep alive the art of manufacture, including the design for the necessary machine tools, and so forth." Otherwise, points out the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, "by the time we were ready to fight, the war might be decided against us." To quote the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> "Because the United States was fortunate enough to profit by a long period of educational munition-making for the Allies, prior to its entrance into the last war, the country can not afford to permit the great emergency manufacturing organization then built up to be completely swept away. A nucleus should at any rate be left that would provide the basis for subsequent expansion with a minimum of delay in advance of another war."

Gen. R. L. Bullard, President of the National Security League, recalls the statement of an Assistant Secretary of War that "we were long enough as it was, getting started at manufacturing our munitions, but we would have been a great deal longer had not our private manufacturers had their 'hand in' at making munitions for the Allies." Without some such plan as Secretary Davis proposes, says General Bullard, like conditions would have to be faced in the event of another war. In fact, declares the Washington *Post:*

> "This is the only way the country can avoid another such situation as confronted it when it entered the World War. It may so happen that in the next war this country will have no Allies ready to supply material deficiencies. What then? No amount of patriotism or energy would make up for lost time in such an emergency.
>
> "Almost the entire period of America's participation in the late war was occupied in the conversion of peace-time agencies to martial purposes. The Government was forced then to advance men and money in order to bring about the turnover. Dies had to be made before adaptable machines could be put to work making munitions. Men trained in other lines had to undergo periods of instruction. At the time of the Armistice the industrial resources of this country were just about ready to do their best.
>
> "The advent of peace turned these men and machines into other channels. Legislation forced the military services to depend upon their own arsenals. To-day not even the manufacturers of ammunition are prepared to deliver the finished product according to government specification. The reserve stocks possest by the nation are so pitiful that their life in event of war is measured in minutes. It is now proposed to train those agencies which could be helpful most speedily in the event of a crisis. The

'educational' orders which Secretary Davis recommends would enable munitions manufacturers to make the dies and other technical equipment without which they could be of no aid in event of war. It would give them the opportunity to build a skeleton organization of workers for such an emergency. The cost to the Government and the profit to the manufacturers would be infinitesimal."

The Boston *Transcript* also becomes reminiscent as it peruses the Secretary of War's letter. To this Boston paper:

"The Davis demand is noteworthy, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as a reminder of the difference between a government which would conduct its military establishment on a practical basis and an administration hostile to large private enterprise and wholly oblivious of the necessity of private-plant cooperation if the country is to be adequately prepared for emergency.

"Our reference is to the fantastic efforts of the Wilson Administration, in its earlier years, to discard the services of the Bethlehem Steel Company as a manufacturer of armor-plate, and to substitute a government plant which, its promoters fondly hoped, would save money for and add to the efficiency of the Government. The Bethlehem Company, as a matter of fact, never was particularly enamored of the armor-plate business, which was out of its regular line and maintained only upon the insistence of administrations which knew their business, that its experience and facilities should be always at the disposal of the Government. But when figures were produced showing that its armor plant actually made some money when it was in operation, certain statesmen were deeply shocked and pained, and a movement was undertaken to take the business away.

"Chief sponsor for the proposed government plant was Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina; not an expert or even a specialist in naval affairs. Elaborate hearings tending to emphasize the necessity of rescuing the Government from the clutches of the 'steel barons' were held before Tillman's committee. In vain officials of the Company tried to explain the technical details in the way of government operation of an armor plant. For example, on a labor point, Tillman one day had suggested that the fires might be banked every night and started up again every morning, and he was not at all feazed when it was pointed out to him that at certain stages of the process it was necessary to maintain for two weeks a continuous heat of something like 2,000 degrees, otherwise the product would be ruined.

"Tillman triumphed, and the plant was authorized, many of the Southern States engaging in a mad scramble to secure its location within their respective borders. It was finally determined that it should go to West Virginia, and about $11,000,000 was appropriated for construction. It is our impression that the plant never was completed—certainly it is not listed as among our most valuable military assets, as it must have been had it measured up to the extravagant theories of its promoters.

"It is one thing, as for the future, to lay down the policy that there shall be no private profiteering in wartime. It is quite another to dispense with the superior facilities of privately owned plants for no other reason than that they are not operated by the Government. It is still a third, and a good thing, to encourage citizen-owned industrial plants to be ready at all times to render indispensable aid to the Government in time of emergency."

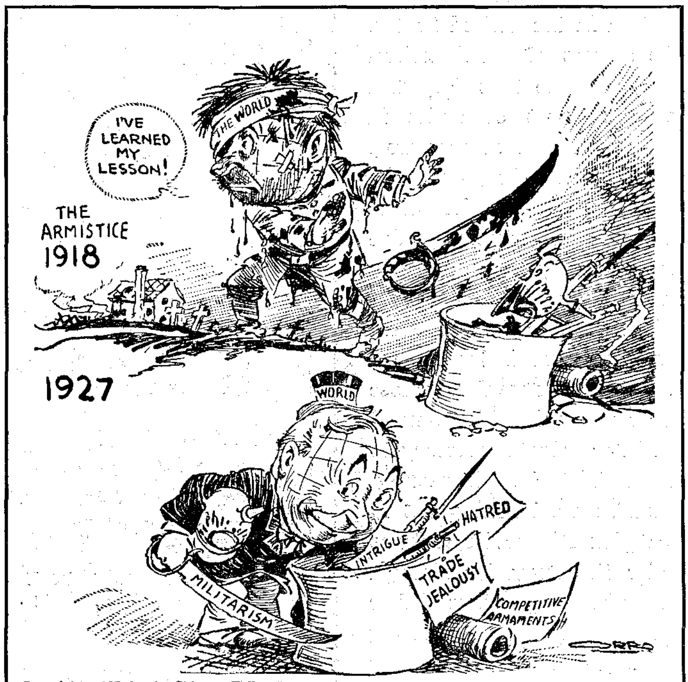
On the other hand, asserts the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "we do not want to see in this country the building up of munition plants, with an eye to the stimulation of disturbances in foreign lands for purposes of individual profit." In the opinion of Stanley High, writer and lecturer on foreign affairs:

"The proposal of Secretary Davis appears likely to accomplish three things. First, it will probably add to the list of interests that are certain to profit by another war. Second, it will almost certainly increase the already large number of propagandists who, by insisting upon the inevitability of another war, help to create the attitude to bring it. Third, it helps to convince the world that the American Government, which appears to be only half-heartedly interested in world peace, is tremendously concerned with education in the art of war."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, noted exponent of woman suffrage and a member of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, believes that "the psychology of the frequent announcements of bigger and broader programs for preparedness in this country; the continual evidence that an aggressive war-preparation policy is being fostered by this nation, can not do otherwise than to make every other nation in the world hesitate in its effort to substitute peaceful methods for force." Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation*, says: "If it is a good thing to give 'educational' contracts to munition-makers, it ought also to be a good thing to give similar orders to makers of hundreds of thousands of other articles which a modern army needs—such as field-stoves, range-finders, and so forth." To the New York *Evening World:*

"Acceptance of the Davis proposal would mean that the people must pay for the preparedness of these private factories to reap rich harvests in time of war.

"The recommendation runs counter to that of those who seek to discourage war as the means of settling international disputes. These would have governments alone manufacture war munitions; and on the theory, many times proved, that private manufacturers of munitions, who profit enormously in case of war, have been known to engage in propaganda to create war sentiment. They who would discourage private munition factories do so on the theory that when you take profit out of war you cripple the will to war.



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THE LESSON HE NEVER LEARNS

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

"Thus, while there is something to be said in favor of the Secretary's recommendation, there is much to be said against it."

In the opinion of the Newark *News:*

"A common reaction to this proposal, which follows hard upon the heels of Secretary Wilbur's huge naval building program, will be to denounce it as more Prussianism. Neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. Wilbur will be suspected of having made his proposal of his own notion. Both will be believed to be mouthpieces for the junkers of the Army and Navy. Professional militarism will be seen raising its ugly head, and that is always an inviting target for even moderate pacifists to shoot at.

"A wise military policy can not be expected to come out of such proposals. It is a law of nature that one extreme breeds another. Militarism is responsible for pacifism. The Wilbur and Davis proposals are both psychologically bad. At home and abroad they will give the impression that the United States Government is throwing its moral influence toward war, rather than toward peace.

"Militarists have never been noted for tact, diplomacy, and discretion. The American people have shown a lack of confidence in them from the beginning of their history by putting civilians at the head of the Army and Navy. They have wanted civilians in those posts with enough backbone to stand up against the professional military men. The Wilbur and Davis proposals create doubt as to the amount of sand these Secretaries have at the back of their necks."

CALLING A STRIKE AGAINST WAR

THE GOVERNMENT which begins to hint that war is "inevitable," as they have done in the past before a rupture of diplomatic relations, will pause to consider, predicts a London correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, whether there is justification for such an arbitrary stand. This rather surprizing conclusion of Henry W. Nevinson is reached after the announcement that a former British diplomat had presented to Premier Baldwin a unique and formidable protest against war, in which 128,770 British citizens, many of them former World War veterans, solemnly declared over their signatures that they would refuse all service in the event of another war. Moreover, says the same London dispatch which describes this new step in the drive to make war impossible, the War Registers' League is soliciting signatures to a similar petition in the United States. The signers of the American pledge declare that they will never support or assist in the prosecution of any war. Finally, the Women's Peace party is said to be circulating an even stronger peace pledge in this country.

Wide World photograph

"WAR CAN NOT BE WAGED"

Declares Arthur A. W. H. Ponsonby, of Great Britain, "if the people withdraw from the hands of their governments the menace of force." Mr. Ponsonby, who is here shown with his daughter on the occasion of a former visit to the United States, was a member of the Ramsay MacDonald Labor Cabinet.

The step which has aroused such a furor in Great Britain was inaugurated by Arthur A. W. H. Ponsonby, whose father was a British General and later private secretary to Queen Victoria. Ponsonby, himself, served nine years in the diplomatic service, and was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the previous Labor Government. In collecting the 128,770 signatures to his pledge, says Mr. Nevinson, Mr. Ponsonby has acted alone, without organization or a large fund behind him, and with very little outside assistance, holding his own meetings, and writing his own letters.

The text of Mr. Ponsonby's unique protest against war, as given by Harold E. Scarborough, London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, follows:

> "We, the undersigned, convinced that disputes between nations are capable of settlement either by diplomatic negotiations or some other form of international arbitrage, hereby solemnly declare that we will refuse to support or render war service to any government which resorts to arms."

In a letter accompanying the memorial, Mr. Ponsonby assures Premier Baldwin that the fear of death has nothing to do with the matter, but that the signers of the pledge "loathe the idea of inflicting suffering and death on innocent populations."

The favorable reaction in the United States to the Ponsonby method of warring on war may be summed up in two editorials. To quote the Baltimore *Sun*, for example:

> "The pledge is the emblem of the zealot, always in a minority in any community and any cause. But given enough zealots, willing to make deep personal sacrifices for their convictions, the sponsored cause is well on its way to achievement.
>
> "As a portent, this English petition is of deep significance. It should hearten and stimulate those statesmen who in many countries are working toward an international code which shall definitely outlaw war."

That these projects are "visionary and impracticable" is admitted by the Hartford *Courant*. But, it goes on:

> "They are nevertheless full of meaning and it would be short-sighted not to recognize that they are full of meaning. They represent the extreme vanguard in a peace movement which to-day extends through every civilized nation. The breadth and depth, as well as the existence, of wide-spread movements are sometimes best revealed by their extreme manifestations. It is so in this case. These warnings from extreme pacifists that in no circumstances will they render military service to any government; these proposals that the great Powers disarm completely and immediately are chiefly important in so far as they indicate a world-wide and unprecedentedly intense desire for peace among millions of individuals who are too shrewd and too sensible to join the extreme pacifists in their visionary demonstrations. The spread of that desire for peace, which sometimes takes eccentric forms but which is sound at heart, is perhaps the most encouraging large-scale development in modern history."

The Ponsonby attitude against war, it seems, is also reenforced from an unexpected source—Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, who was Chief of the British General Staff during the last three years of the World War. In a recent speech, this professional soldier is quoted by the London *Daily Mail* as saying:

> "No longer can nations be ordered into war, perhaps for dynastic or personal reasons, by swollen-headed monarchs claiming to be almost the equal of the Almighty. It is in most cases the nations themselves who now decide whether peace shall or shall not be broken. That is a great change for the better."

In a reply to the Ponsonby letter, however, Premier Baldwin takes the stand that if the attitude of the 128,000 signers of the pledge became universal, the British Army and Navy would cease to exist, and, in Mr. Baldwin's opinion, "no greater incitement to war could well be imagined." As the British Premier puts it:

> "Gone would be the immense influence which we have wielded in the cause of peace. No longer would we be able to play a leading part in solving difficulties and disputes. Once more in Western Europe there would spring up that fear and unrest which the peace treaties have done so much to allay."

Of the declaration of the Ponsonby adherents that they will not support their Government in the next war, the Sacramento *Bee* says:

> "The overwhelming majority of our people have been unable to reconcile such a conviction either with love of country, love of justice, or devotion to the highest and best interests of humanity. If that principle be right, our forefathers were wrong in first opposing and then revolting against the tyranny of King George III. It was likewise a crime to uphold the Union by force of arms in the attempted secession of 1861. We should have left the Cubans to the mercies of their Spanish oppressors, and stood by indifferent when our women and children were murdered by the German submarines in 1917.
>
> "War is a terrible thing. But until human nature has changed, its grimness must be faced and accepted as a fact. The price of peace, a peace of dishonor, is too high to pay."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

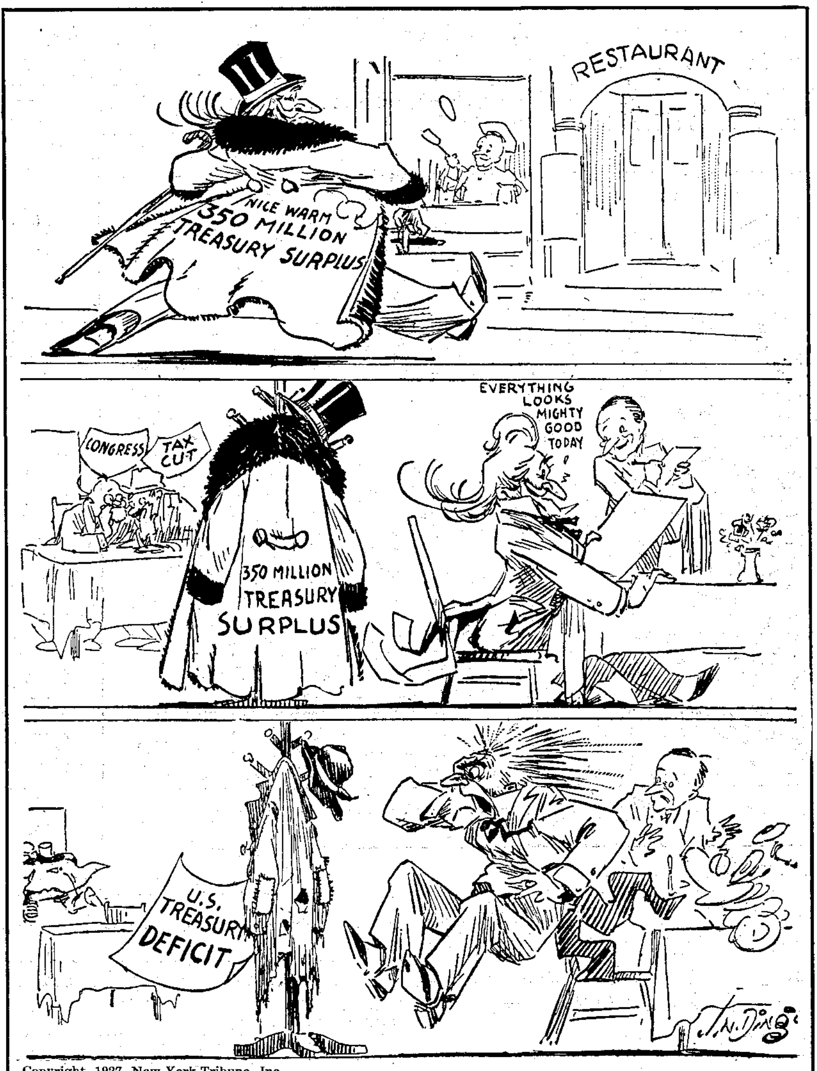
ANYWAY, Lindy still chooses to fly.—*St. Louis Star.*

ONE reason murderers are rarely hung in America is that juries often are.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

MISTLETOE, briefly a glorious opportunity, is once again a mere parasite.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

AMERICANS haven't anything like a bull ring, unless you count the one candidates throw their hats in.—*San José News.*

"THE world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings," was written some time before the world got full of dictators.—*Arkansas Gazette.*



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WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

THIS is the season when no man should be criticized for the necktie he wears.—*Indianapolis Star.*

A KING still has it soft in many ways. Michael of Roumania gets a lump of sugar after taking his cough medicine.—*Detroit News.*

THIS country, in sending Lindbergh and his plane to Mexico, certainly put its best feat forward.—*Marshall County* (*Minn.*) *Banner.*

As the owner of most of the gold in the world, America cordially welcomes Italy back to the gold standard.—*Springfield Republican.*

IN this wet-and-dry conflict, there's something about a politician on the fence that reminds you of a refugee. *Publishers Syndicate.*

IT wasn't the development of more deadly weapons that abolished dueling; it was the development of common sense. — *New Britain Herald.*

NOW it is suggested that the $750,000,000 naval building program is for trading purposes at another disarmament conference. And if another trader shows up with a billion-dollar program, then what?—*Detroit News.*

THERE is a girl in this neighborhood who is so vivacious that she always reminds us of a picture cabled from London.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE homes are said to be failing in their greatest duty, but at least they keep places open where the children can come home to sleep.—*Newark* (*Ohio*) *Advocate.*

THE resemblance of women to angels may be more pronounced than that of men, but so far no woman has been able to fly across the ocean.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

MANUEL QUEZON during his Detroit visit indicated that the Filipinos harbor some resentment against this country in spite of all the nice promises that our last five or six Presidents have made them.—*Detroit News.*

AMERICA'S new diplomatic slogan: "Say it with flyers."—*New York Sun.*

LONDON has a club for asthmatics. Presumably its members meet and exchange wheezes.—*Boston Transcript.*

CIVILIZATION has contrived to refine everything about petroleum except its methods.—*Nelson* (*B. C.*) *News.*

THE only men whose political opinions differ widely now are those who belong to the same party.—*Bakersfield Californian.*

WHEN one of our many unofficial envoys arrives in Mexico City he might drop a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Candidate.—*Detroit News.*

AN optimist is a man who reads THE LITERARY DIGEST hoping to find an article that gives only one side of the question.—*Life.*

THE successful politician is one who keeps on his toes all the time but who never gets on the other fellow's.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A VISITING scientist says children can spell better than their fathers. That being the case, why don't they?—*Nashville Banner.*

THERE will be no peace between those famous bedfellows, politics and prohibition, until one of them is de-bunked.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Mexicans have hit upon a neat compliment for our air hero. The double ace in dominoes they call "Lindy."—*Manchester Union.*

THE modern kitchen equipment makes cooking a simple and easy business for the woman who happens to be an expert machinist.—*Chatham* (*Ont.*) *News.*

COME to think of it, the interventionists have a real grievance against Colonel Lindbergh. Can't they sue him or something?—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

THERE were 232 murders in eight months in Mayor Thompson's metropolis, including, we presume, that of the King's English.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

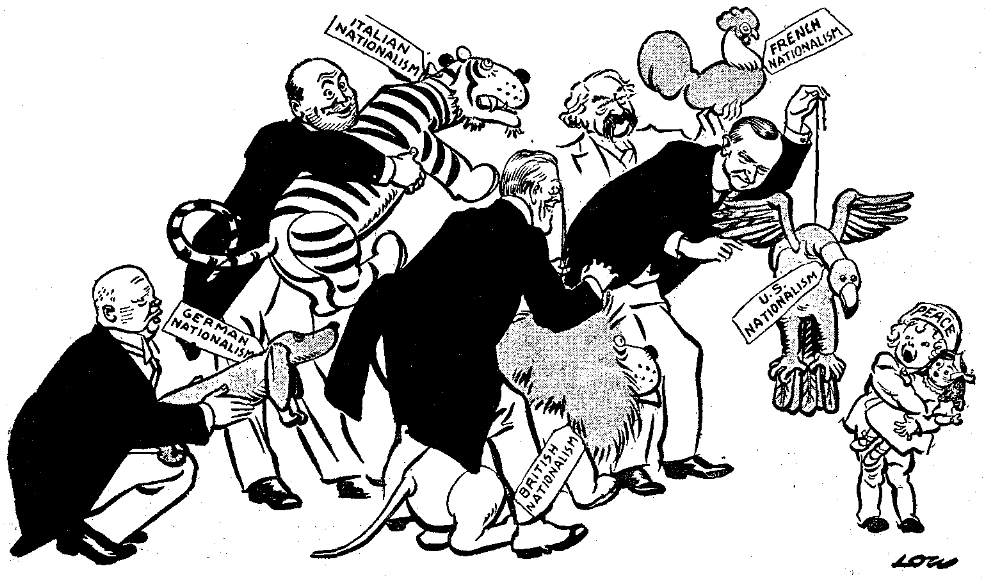
POLITICS is said to make strange bedfellows, and it also makes a lot of them, to judge by the extent to which the electorate is going to sleep.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

DR. RAYMOND PEARL maintains that brilliant children generally spring from undistinguished parents. When listening to proud parents we ourselves have been struck by this.—*Punch.*

WITH a little more statesmanship on the part of our librarians, a plan might be worked out whereby Boston could trade all of its objectionable novels to Chicago for all of its objectionable histories.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AS THE BRITISH VIEW OUR BIG-NAVY PROGRAM



DO STUFFED ANIMALS MAKE GOOD GIFTS FOR NERVOUS CHILDREN?

—Low in *The Evening Standard* (London).

A CERTAIN RESENTMENT is discovered in some sections of the British press in their comment on the American "big-Navy program" which calls for the construction of twenty-five light cruisers, nine destroyers, thirty-two submarines, and five aircraft carriers. But, also, there are those English editors who say flatly that, if the United States is willing to pay for a big Navy, she has the money and is entitled to do so. As was pointed out in these pages last week, various American commentators look upon the proposed new ships as "paper ships" because Congress is not asked to appropriate the $725,000,000 required for their construction, but is merely requested to "authorize" them. This point is strest in various dispatches from New York and Washington sent abroad by the correspondents of British newspapers. For instance, we have the statement of the New York correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* that:

> "It should be strongly emphasized that this is a paper program only. Even if adopted by Congress it is extremely unlikely that the ships will ever be built, authorization being intended to give the United States a bargaining point in a future naval conference."

In the eyes of the world, remarks the London *Times*, the United States is now definitely committed to the idea of a big Navy, and it adds that forces have been set in motion which in the end may possibly secure for the United States a Navy bigger than any other, or even than all the others combined. This is a step in the opposite direction from the disarmament of which so much has been heard during the year, we are told, and it sets the attitude of the American Government to disarmament proposals in "an entirely new light." This newspaper continues:

> "The outside world, which can detect in the present condition of the world no possible menace to the security or the prosperity of a great continental Power, far removed by ocean distances from any conceivable attacking force, simply can not understand for the moment the object of this new and astonishing American naval effort. Here in this country we are acutely sensitive to the opportunities and dangers of the sea. As an island Power, the center of an Empire scattered amid the oceans, we are perpetually aware of our own naval needs, which have now been restricted, as far as may be, on a very careful calculation of the possibilities and probabilities of the near future. We have faithfully carried out the terms of the Washington Agreement. The extent to which we have scrapped war-ships since the war is hardly realized even in our own country. We were prepared to delay even a minimum replacement. To demonstrate our unwillingness to engage in any kind of naval competition with America or Japan, the two Powers who might conceivably be our rivals at sea, the Government declared on November 17, that the construction of two of the cruisers provided for in the estimates for next year would be postponed. On the other hand, the Government of the United States, in spite of Mr. Coolidge's depreciatory reference to the 'Old World competition in armaments,' is now definitely embarked on an armaments program that is in fact competitive, is by implication provocative, and—to judge by a number of hints, pointers, and allusions—is at least designed partly with the object of making a strong impression on British opinion."

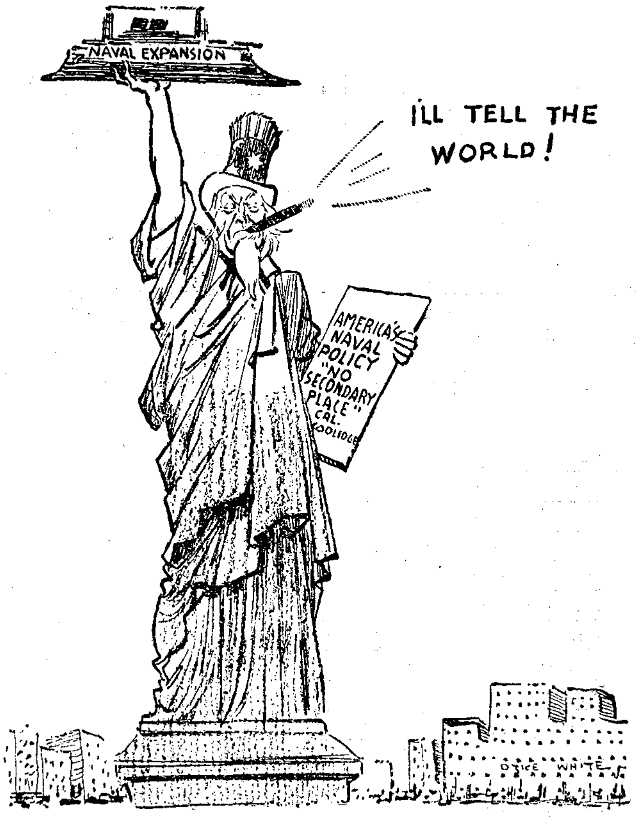
Mr. Coolidge and his Government, it is then declared, have definitely committed themselves to a program of naval expansion with all its incalculable consequences to the United States and the world at large, from which the United States can no longer profess to observe an attitude of complete detachment. This program, it is ventured, may involve the United States "far more deeply than any entangling alliances," and *The Times* proceeds:

> "For the present, so far as our own country is concerned, it is necessary to make one point clear. A clause in the naval bill declares that 'in the event of an International Conference for the limitation of Naval Armament, the President is hereby empowered in his discretion to suspend in whole or in part any construction authorized by this Act.' It is suggested that this clause implies that the bill does not really mean what it says, and that its present purpose is to use indirect pressure to bring about another conference. If there is any basis at all for the suggestion—and it is difficult to attribute such motives to the authors of a bill which we are asked to take seriously—then it must be said at once, that it is not by means of this kind that Great Britain will be induced to take a hand. The suggestion is wholly irrelevant. It implies, if it exists at all, that an entirely false interpretation of the British attitude at Geneva has gained currency in America and has even received official sanction. Our delegation and our Government had no ulterior purpose in that conference; its sole aim was the reduction of the burden of armaments. There was an initial error; sufficient pains were not taken by diplomatic means to elucidate all the implications of the American attitude. That error must not be repeated. But, for the moment, all that is necessary is to study carefully and quietly the diplomatic and political consequences of the new program of naval expansion. There can be no question of accepting any underlying challenge either to a new conference or to a fresh spurt in building."

A great, even a very great Navy, is a "bagatelle" to the American people, observes the London *Evening Standard*, while a Navy barely sufficient for Britain is a severe burden and must be increasingly oppressive unless and until "stern self-denial in public expenditure" with its unfavorable effects on trade improves their position. As between Great Britain and America, this daily adds:

> "There can be no ground in this case for the kind of race which proceeded between Great Britain and Germany after the launch of the first dreadnought up to the verge of the Great War. That should be clear to the common sense of both nations. Our Admiralty and our Government will have to consider what provision must be prudently made for the general security of the Empire and the special needs of our overseas trade. But it would be equally absurd and dangerous to enter on a program of construction which could by any possibility be interpreted as a challenge or the acceptance of a challenge.
>
> "Security is, after all, a relative term, and 'reeking tube and iron shard' are not the sole elements of national safety. Others as important are the spirit and enterprise of the nation, its financial resiliency, and the extent of the margin between actual and potential power."

Similarly the London *Daily Express* declares there is no need for excitement in Britain over President Coolidge's big-Navy program, and it adds that there is no need even for criticism. As to the propaganda which Mr. Coolidge warns the world "will not cause us to change our course," this newspaper says that, if such propaganda proceeded from England, it would be out of place and even offensive, adding that:

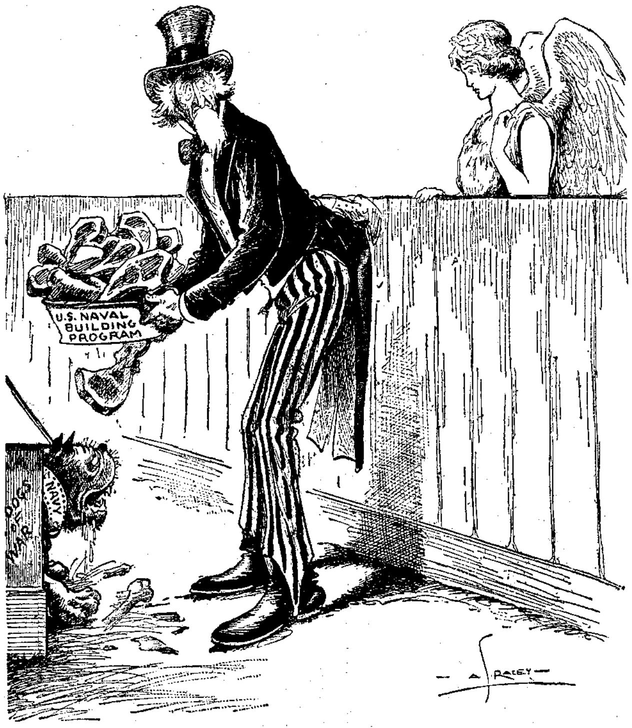

NAVAL EXPANSION
I'LL TELL THE WORLD!
AMERICA'S NAVAL POLICY "NO SECONDARY PLACE" CAL. COOLIDGE

UNCLE SAM LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

—*The Record* (Glasgow).

> "When Germany was building up a great fleet she was doing it for one special purpose, and that purpose was to threaten and to smash the security of the British Empire. The naval situation as far as it affects and is affected by the United States is wholly different. Any idea that Great Britain's interests would suffer through a greater American Navy is so ludicrous that it hardly calls for denial. America has the right to look after her own business and to have a big Navy if she cares to pay for it."

The London *Star* thinks that the new American naval program may seem to come rather ungraciously on top of the British decision to lay down only one cruiser instead of the three contemplated for next year, but—



THE DISAPPOINTED LADY

WORLD PEACE: "O, Samuel!"

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

> "We hope it will not be made an excuse for carrying out the full program here. The British Admiralty has allowed itself to be led up a blind alley in regard to American competition in armament. Every authority entitled to speak has told us that in the prewar years America was placed outside the calculations on which our own standards of armament were based, yet it is American standards which seem to have become the measure of our own. This country has now a chance to get back on a surer basis, and make it clear that it refuses to enter into an armament race with the States."

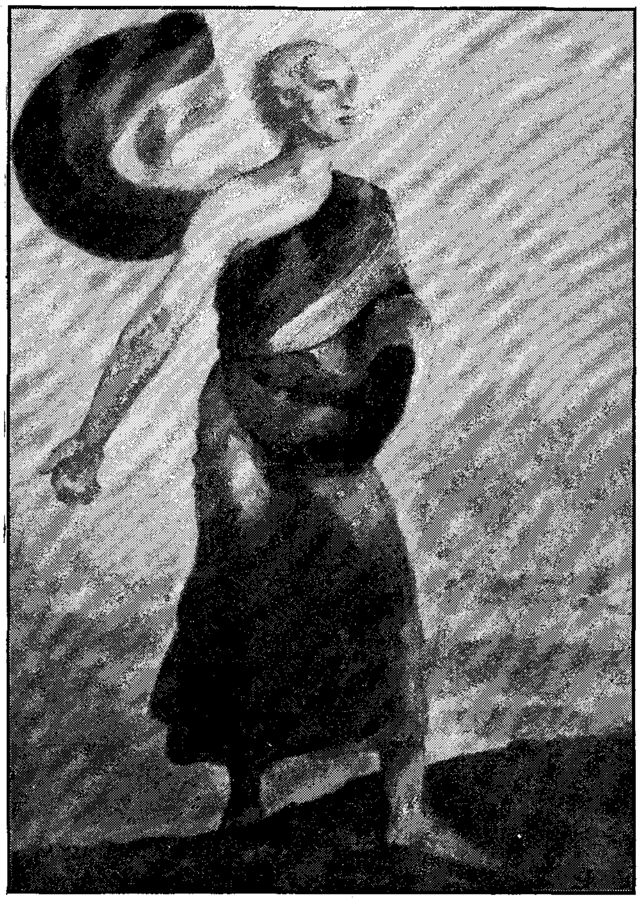
There is nothing to stop America from building as many ships as she likes, rather quaintly remarks the London *Daily News*, except the common sense of the American taxpayer, who has been rather rigorous in his scrutiny of this sort of expenditure in the past and is not likely to be less so in the future. We are reminded then that:

> "It has generally proved a popular and easy thing to launch a big-Navy program in the States; and a much less popular and easy thing to pass the bill to pay for it. So far as this country is concerned the number of ships which America chooses to build is no concern of ours. Beyond a vague promise of continued cooperation with the League in its investigations, the President's Message contains nothing helpful to the cause of disarmament. Here again the arguments advanced are the old arguments that have been used to defend militarism from the earliest days."

The talk of America's big Navy leads the Laborite London *Daily Herald* to assert that in both England and the United States there is an interested minority of men who are, consciously or unconsciously, working for war. In both these countries, this newspaper goes on to say, there is a much larger minority of men and women who are awake to the movements of the militarists, and are straining every nerve to defeat them and their deviltry. But between the two opposing forces, we are then told, there lie the apathetic masses most of whom wish to live in peace with their neighbors, but would, like the man in Tolstoy's fable, follow the war drums when they began to beat.

GERMANY'S BUSINESS OUTLOOK

A YEAR OF GOOD ACTIVITY in industry and commerce, but with only moderate profit returns, is the description given of Germany's trade by the Berlin Chamber of Industry and Commerce in its report for 1927. Looking forward, the Chamber's forecast, as summarized in Berlin press dispatches, indicates that "there are no basic grounds for regarding a descent from the height now scaled as having begun or as being inevitable." Germany's industry and commerce, we are further told, feel themselves healthy and free of the ailments of former years and prepared for steady progress. A German trade organ, the *Uebersee Post* (Leipzig), affords interesting light on the present German business spirit in its report of the Frankfort meeting of the *Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie* (National Association of German Industry), in which it advises us that the central subject of all discussions at the meeting concerned the possibilities and success of German "quality work as opposed to quantity production." Also, it is remarked that:



LABOR, THE SOWER

—*Wahre Jakob* (Berlin).

> "Influential circles in the *Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie* like to point out with emphasis that the requirements of the German home market exceeded by far German production for export purposes and that, therefore, Germany's economic difficulties may be best overcome by means of measures for the strengthening of the home market, but particularly by increasing the buying power of agriculture and the working classes. This buying power was greatly reduced in the years immediately following the war, and the inflation that followed thereafter completed the annihilation by destroying all capital and savings. But about one and a half years ago a wonderful revival of home trade set in, which is still alive, and it has caused an extraordinary increase in production accompanied by a very sensible reduction in unemployment. This wave of prosperity is almost unanimously explained by the inflow of foreign capital which is supposed to have been used for purposes of consumption. In as far as this is true, the revival can not be considered sound, and a far-seeing economic policy ought to pay particular attention to that part of German production which labors for export purposes. For a considerable time the German balance of trade has been in a very large measure passive. And as there exists no so-called 'invisible' export, the resulting figures of the trade balance may be almost exclusively applied to the German balance of payment, whose passiveness has hitherto been covered solely by foreign loans. That this state of things is not without danger is quite certain, tho the German currency is less likely to be affected by it than the circulation of money for reasons upon which we can not enter for want of space."

The *Uebersee Post* goes on to report that according to one authority at the Frankfort meeting of the National Association of German Industry in the past year the export of finished goods did not grow in an appreciable measure. It was estimated that the prewar value of German exports was 562,000,000 Reichsmarks, said to be the monthly average of the year 1913, whereas in the first seven months of 1927 it was only 434,000,000. We read further that the percentage of finished products for the first six months of 1927 amounted to 75 per cent. of the German total of exports as compared with 78 per cent. in 1924. But it is pointed out that it must be taken into consideration that in statistics semi-products such as yarns, leather, iron bars, etc., are classified as finished manufactures, and this monthly proceeds:

> "The export of raw materials and semi-products has remained stable, and may even be said to show a tendency to improvement. German export encounters increasing difficulties in such countries that formerly bought European finished goods but are now endeavoring to develop their own young industries by means of high protective duties. These difficulties in the world market are also encountered by other old industrial countries, and have induced them to prevent imports by erecting high customs walls around them. The most striking example for this way of safeguarding national industries is England, which has completely relinquished its old principle of free trade. German export trade is further burdened with its contributions to the National Insurance Scheme, its share in Germany's obligations under the Dawes plan, and by the interest payable on foreign loans. Hence, Reichsminister Curtius quite justly indicated the two great aims of German economic policy for the immediate future as being reciprocal participation in world economics and the formation of German capital."

Germany's special and urgent task, we are then advised, is to obtain a footing in the world market despite high duties and differences in price, and it should be her economic policy "to reach this goal by the production of quality goods." Meanwhile, it seems that a number of speakers digressed into requests that the Government take steps for the furtherance of German exports because "it is a fact that the extreme burden of taxes and the lack of long-term credits, the excessive expenditure for national insurance purposes, and the reckless height of railway and postal tariffs" are held up as being the chief obstacles to an untrammeled export trade and they "can not be eliminated without the assistance of the Government." One of the industrial authorities who was present at the meeting urged the development of trusts and syndicates for the promotion of quality work and for the training of a new generation of highly skilled artizans in every branch of industry. We read then:

> "There is no doubt that a very considerable part of the German export of finished goods is based on quality work. The stigma Professor Reuleaux once attached to German production in labeling it 'cheap and bad' has long since been replaced by the good repute of German manufactures, which was enhanced by the unfavored but nevertheless very effective mark 'made in Germany.' But it must be kept in mind that quality products form a comparatively small part of the goods in the world market as compared with that other far larger part whose selling qualities are merely defined by the price. Hence, an effective improvement of the German balance of trade will, in the first place, have to be based on the elimination of price-raising factors, and in addition thereto also on energetic endeavors to obtain for the German production the same rights in the world market as are

enjoyed by the rival products of Germany's competitors, the best means for this purpose being the conclusion of commercial treaties on the basis of the most-favored-nation clause."

In a Berlin press dispatch by Lincoln Eyre to the New York *Times* allusion is made to the annual report of the Berlin Chamber of Industry and Commerce which is mentioned above. He relates that the report strongly urges governmental economy along the line advocated by S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General of Reparations, because "only at the end of this road there beckons to us the much-desired possibility of arriving at a tolerable limitation of our war burdens and a solution of the economic puzzle still inherent in the application of the Dawes plan." As summarized by Mr. Eyre—

> "On the whole, the Chamber voices agreement with the criticisms of the Reich's financial system formulated by the Reparations Agent-General. Its statement dissents, however, from his proposals for diminishing the flow of foreign capital to private German enterprise.
>
> "Fixing at 2,500,000,000 marks the total of the loans received from abroad by German trade, it indicates that only through this sum was Germany enabled to present a favorable balance for the payments for the year, her foreign trade balance having been strongly passive. The report demands State interference with private industrial and commercial undertakings cease.
>
> "Regretting the tendency toward tariff barriers existing abroad, the Chamber remarks that while blows have been struck at the roots of this false policy, 'trees of high protective tariff still stand throughout the entire world.'
>
> "The past twelve months are pictured by the report as an exceptional year in which, for numerous reasons, domestic consumption in Germany reached an abnormally high level and which therefore can not be regarded as a barometer pointing to the country's ultimate capacity for paying the normal Dawes annuities. The revision of the Dawes plan it depicts as absolutely imperative."

RUSSIA'S MAN OF STEEL

"STRONG, VIRILE, STILL UNDER FIFTY," Joseph Stalin is "more and more assuming Lenin's mantle" and "molding the new Russia to his will," we are told by F. A. MacKenzie, author of "Russia Before Dawn," writing in the London *Sunday Times*. His very name signifies strength, for in Russian *stal* means *steel*. Instead of relying on personal magnetism, as Trotzky does, he relies "on the strength of his organization." Thus, he has triumphed over "the most intellectually brilliant, and, in some ways, the most romantic figure that the Russian Revolution has produced," and "been able, since Lenin's death, to discard one after another of the veteran Communist leaders of yesterday, stripping them of power, prestige, and almost of character." According to Mr. Mackenzie, "Trotzky and Zinoviev do not stand alone among his stricken foes. Kamenev, five years ago the deputy and acting Premier of the Russian Republic; Radek, the ablest and most brilliant Bolshevist journalist; Shliapnikov, once the most potent leader of Labor; Rakovsky, creator of the new Ukraine; Laskevitch, the soldier administrator of Western Siberia," along with "hosts of proletarian workers, who regarded themselves as the champions and shining lights of the Communist State," have "been swept aside, apparently without a qualm." Mr. Mackenzie tells us that:

> "Until four years ago Stalin was little more than a name, even to the rank and file of his own party. His signature was found at the end of documents, but scarcely anything was known about him save that he had been an active revolutionary worker from his youth up, and was now Secretary of the Russian Communist party, and People's Commissar for Outer Nationalities. Every workman could tell you some tale of Trotzky's courage or Trotzky's terrorism, and almost every peasant was as familiar with Trotzky's portrait as he was with the face on the ikon, which is still kept, half furtively, hanging in the corner of his living-room, but Stalin was not even a name to them.
>
> "He was rarely seen on public platforms. While Trotzky would stand on the great rostrum in the Red Square, smartly drest and surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers, receiving the salute of 30,000 soldiers and the plaudits of tens of thousands of people, with the guns from the Kremlin firing their salute and war planes darting overhead, Stalin would stand back, unrecognized save by a few, in the semi-uniform dress of Communist workingmen."

While Trotzky kept pouring out pamphlets, magazine articles, and books, Stalin long refused even to be interviewed, but "in the inner circles of government he was recognized as a strong man, likely to go far." Mr. Mackenzie remarks:

> "In 1921, when I was visiting Moscow, Communists urged Stalin's greatness on me. 'If you want to understand what is happening here, you ought to see the People's Commissar for Outer Nationalities—his name is Stalin.'
>
> "Stalin, then a man in the early forties, was working under Lenin's personal direction, building up the machinery of the Russian Communist party. Simultaneously, he was proving his qualities as an administrator. The many races absorbed by Imperial Russia had been promised their independence when the Bolshevists assumed power. This was a promise that would have been awkward to fulfil. Stalin took these Outer Nationalities in charge, conciliated them, allowed them to live their own lives in their own way and kept them in the Soviet Republic."

During Lenin's last illness, Stalin's "fight for supreme power" began, and Mr. Mackenzie prefaces his account of it by this explanation:

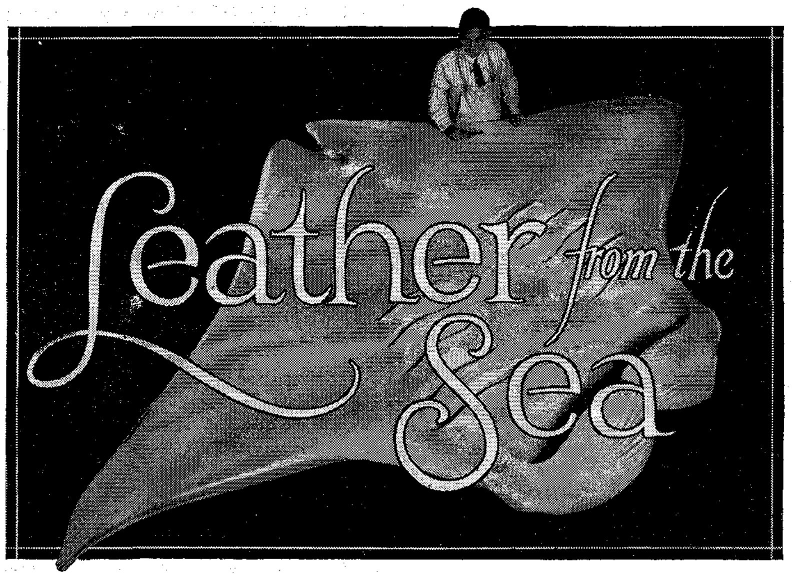
> "The Russian Communist party is nominally democratic, local 'nests' electing their representatives and these electing others, who attend as delegates to the annual conference which chooses the governing committee of the party.
>
> "Stalin accordingly set out to control the 'nests.' He fostered a wide-spread system of espionage inside the ranks of Lenin's followers, which brought him reports about every man's chance words. Local leaders, whose loyalty he doubted, found themselves transferred, Stalin's nominees taking their office.
>
> "Gradually, some of the strongest elements among the Communists revolted at the bureaucratic control, and demanded real representation and real discussion inside the party. Stalin was told that he had lost touch with the feeling of the country.
>
> "Trotzky supported the opposition. Stalin took up the gage of battle with all the weight of the machine in his hand, overthrew the protesters, and rode roughshod over them. Large numbers of men who had counted themselves good Communists suddenly found their names held up to scorn as traitors and reactionaries. They were drummed out of the party, and a large proportion were imprisoned and sent into exile. Their place was taken by tens of thousands of workmen of a poorer type, whose great merit was that they would be subservient to Stalin's wishes."

On the whole, as Mr. Mackenzie finds, Stalin has "used his power better than might have been expected, and, we are told:

> "He has concentrated effort, so far as possible, during the last year, on internal problems rather than on external agitation. It has not been possible to root out the pernicious activities of the Communist International at once, and probably no leader in Russia to-day could afford, for political reasons, to do so. But at least Stalin has cut the funds of the Communist International, especially for its work in Europe. He has made peace with the Church, modifying, and in part suppressing, the persecution of religion. The charge constantly levied against him by the Trotzky opposition is that, in place of a State where the workers exercise untrammeled rule, he is creating a petit bourgeois State. It is certainly true that private enterprise has been obtaining during the last year bigger opportunities than before.
>
> "He moves cautiously, and when he strikes, strikes hard. Save when his Georgian temper momentarily overcomes him, he shows real political sagacity. This was demonstrated when, in his campaign against political insurgents, he struck hardest against the Jewish leaders. Trotzky, Kamenev, and Zinoviev are all of Jewish descent. Now, the large masses of Russia proper hate the Jews to-day even more than they did in Czarist days. The temper that caused the hideous pogroms of other years could be stirred into furious passion in a very short time. So far as the character of Stalin's administration can be defined, it may be called Slav. Real Russians are more and more taking over administrative posts. Russian interests are counting more, and world revolution less."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

Leather from the Sea



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

THE HUGE MANTA, OR GIANT OX-RAY

Largest of all the ray-fish family, yields a fine quality of leather, tho it has not been found in sufficient numbers to start an industry.

THE USE of the skin of large fishes for leather, suggested in an article quoted several years ago in these columns, and familiar for some time on a small scale, at any rate in the case of the shark, has now actually reached the stage of production on a considerable scale, we are told by Hamilton M. Wright in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, February), at least two fishing stations near the Florida coast being devoted to this industry. Says Mr. Wright:

"If a buyer had been told a few years ago that inexhaustible supplies of the finest leather were to be had from the sea, requiring no pasturage, superintendence, or other financial outlays, he would have considered his informant an idle dreamer.

"Wholesale leather dealers, however, are now obtaining marine leather from man's traditional enemy, the shark, and the sawfish, a huge member of the ray family and closely allied to the sharks, has recently been added to the list of commercial leather producers. It yields a leather pronounced quite as valuable, commercially, as that of the shark. Shark leather, owing to its peculiar fabric and crossweave, has far greater strength than most other animal leathers. When treated and tanned, it becomes very soft and pliable, yet tough, and shows great resistance to stretching. Made into shoes, it is as nearly indestructible as any material which can be manufactured into comfortable footwear. It is also finding use for upholstery and luggage covering.

"Many sharks yield leather of beautiful hue. The leather of the dreaded leopard shark, with its exquisite markings, can be used in the most ornamental upholsteries, and is so tough as to be practically indestructible.

"The abundance of sharks in many parts of the tropical oceans, the ease and economy with which they can be captured, as well as the proximity of the shark-fishing stations to ports from which the hides can be exported without reshipment to the great leather centers, are attracting many to the possibilities of shark leather as a world-wide industry. That shark leather presents the basis of a big industry not possible in the case of many other marine animals is pointed out. Tho other creatures of the sea, such as the walrus, a mammal, yield valuable pelts, their quest is often attended by numerous difficulties and dangers.

"The walrus, which yields a valuable pelt, is generally found in arctic and antarctic waters, remote from lines of travel and therefore reached at considerable expense. While the aggregate yield of walrus pelts amounts to considerable value, the supply comes in slowly from scattered stations. Walruses are not taken in sufficient numbers in any one location to render their hunting commercially attractive, and the catch is usually limited to certain seasons of the year. This condition is true of whales, porpoises, and many other forms of marine life which, tho existing in large numbers, are normally so thinly distributed as to be unattractive to a large industry. Sharks, however, are often found localized in vast numbers where the food supply is abundant and where their depletion through fishing is made up by other sharks attracted by the presence of food."

Several years ago, Mr. Wright tells us, a shark-tanning station was established on Big Pine Key, one of the larger islands in the chain which extend from the southern tip of the Florida peninsula. Another station has recently been started in the vicinity of Key West. In order to see at first hand this strange industry, the writer and a companion made an entire circuit of the Florida keys, and watched the shark fishermen at work. He goes on:

"The annual catch of edible fishes in this region reaches many millions of pounds. It is no unusual thing in the Florida keys for sharks to cause a fisherman who uses hand-lines to abandon his anchorage for the day, so vicious and persistent is their attack on the fishes which he and his men are pulling in. Altho the sawfish will seldom rob fish-lines, it is scarcely less detested by fishermen.

"All sharks and sawfishes large enough for commercial leather are caught in gill nets. Hand fishing or spearing would be too slow. The capture of a big shark with a heavy line is strenuous and often dangerous. A big shark can tow an ordinary-sized launch for several hours. It could easily pull a man from a wharf or moored launch, while, if an attempt is made to snub the line and bring it up short, the shark will bring its weight against the rope and break the heaviest sashcord as tho it were a piece of cotton thread. Gill nets, therefore, furnish the only expeditious means of commercial shark-fishing. They are enormous affairs, several hundred yards in length, twenty feet or so in depth, buoyed up at the top with cypress plugs and weighted at the bottom with lead.

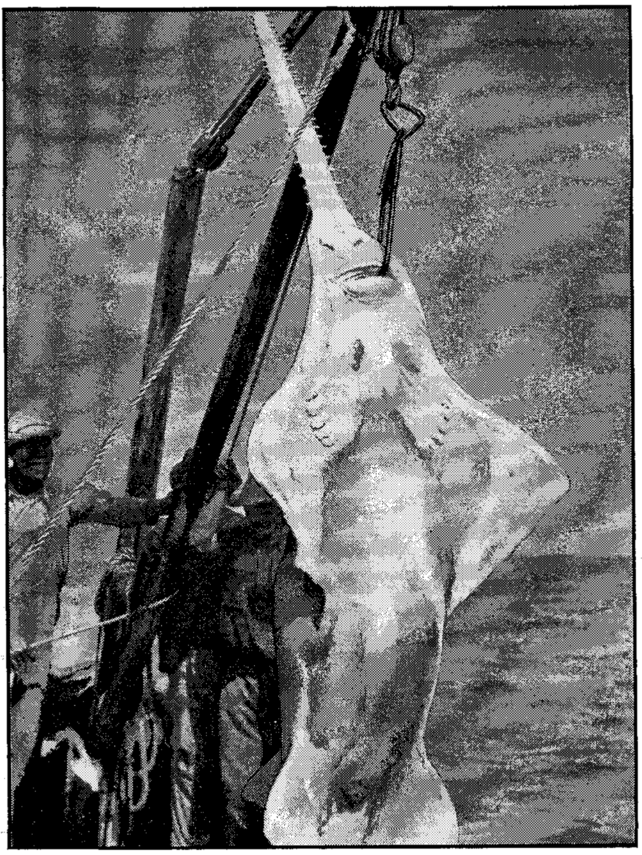
"When a shark is caught he raises a fearful commotion in the net. He lifts the leaden slugs from the bottom as he surges forward and pulls the cypress buoys beneath the water. The net of heavy cord slips neatly behind his gill crevices, restricting his breathing. When hauled to the surface, the sharks are almost invariably dead, having drowned themselves in their frantic efforts to escape. As the meshes of the net are of similar size, there is considerable uniformity in the size of the sharks which are brought to the surface when the nets are hauled up in early morning. Sharks prowl around most actively at night, and usually follow the tide. Fishermen are well aware of this habit. As many as three hundred big sharks have been taken in a single night at Big Pine, but there is no record of any man having been attacked by sharks in these regions.

"The sawfishes, which are more lethargic than the sharks, are found alive in the nets. They are hauled to the surface by a block-and-tackle on the fish boat, and are then clubbed to death. Their long, flat snouts are sawed off, and the huge bodies, weighing from 600 to 1,900 pounds, and from thirteen to twenty feet long, are hoisted upon the big, wide fishing-boats, the nets are raised from the water and also hoisted aboard, and the launch sets out for the skinning station.

"Arrived there, the nets—the fishermen's first care—are raised to the docks and spread on racks to dry and also for the repairs which are necessary in the capture of such powerful and savage fish. Then the great bodies are hoisted to the dock by winches.

"The skin of both sharks and sawfishes is then rapidly flayed from the body. The operation requires only a couple of minutes by expert hands, and the hide is placed, inside out, over a cylindrically shaped table and all adhering flesh is carefully removed. It is then salted and set out in the sun to dry for twenty-four hours, when it is removed to the shed to await export to the North, where the final touch in finishing is applied. When salted and dried, the flesh of the shark is of the consistency of dried codfish and almost pure white in color. The oil, it may be observed, is almost entirely confined to the liver, and is not apparent in the flesh. The head, when boiled, yields a large amount of glue, while from the pancreatic gland a rich content of insulin of value in the treatment of diabetes may be taken. The enormous bones of the jaws, when stript of flesh and cured, make trophies for which good prices are paid, while walking-sticks can be made of the backbones.

"The ordinary run of sharks taken in the Florida keys yields a pelt much smaller than that of a grown steer, thirty-six to forty inches each way being a fair average. The enormous head and great tail, which add immensely to its size, do not figure in the cutting of leather, which is taken from the larger circumference of the body. The sawfish, being characterized by great girth, yields a larger pelt than the shark."



LANDING A GIANT SAWFISH OFF KEY WEST

Where many leather-yielding specimens are taken.

LAST SUMMER'S WEATHER

THE "YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER," predicted for 1927, did not really come off, despite Dr. E. E. Free's assertion, quoted some time ago in these columns, that the forecast has been as good as fulfilled. At any rate, this is the claim of *The Scientific American* (New York, January), which supports it in an article in its department "The Point of View," entitled "The Last Laugh." We read:

"The past summer did not reward its prophets. Three years ago, two unofficial meteorologists, Mr. Herbert Janvrin Browne, of Washington, and Mr. H. H. Clayton, of Massachusetts, began predicting that 1927 would resemble that famous year of 1816, still remembered as the 'year without a summer.' Now comes our turn to laugh.

"The summer of 1927 came and went, and only after its advent were accurate, systematic day-by-day and hour-by-hour records available. After a detailed study of these records, Mr. Alfred J. Henry, Editor of *The Monthly Weather Review* published by the United States Weather Bureau, states that, while the summer of 1927 was out of the ordinary run of summers, the month of August having been one of the coolest months of the same in the last fifty-odd years, the summers of 1903, 1907, and 1915 were about equally cool, 1915 actually being cooler.

"In the first place, the records for 1816, the much-talked-of 'year without a summer,' pertain only to New England; elsewhere they were not kept at that early date. Had they been, it is not impossible that the figures for the rest of the area between the two oceans would have offset the frigidity of New England. However, if we insist on regarding New England weather as a criterion for a year without a summer, then, according to Mr. Henry, there have been subsequently twenty-nine or more cooler summers than that of 1816! So much for the trustworthiness of an ancient tradition.

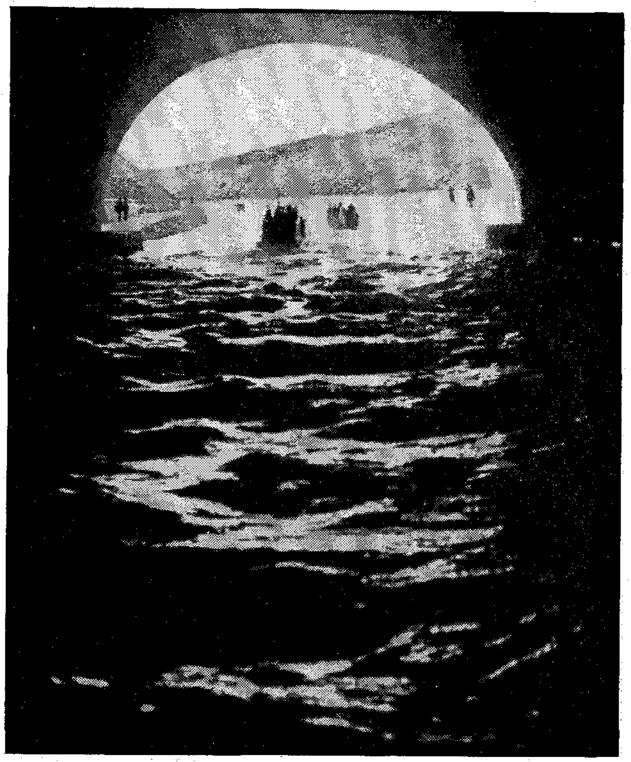
"At New York, the month of August was admittedly wet and cool, and this condition obtained over at least three-fourths of the country. It may have been the four-degree subnormality of that month in one particular locality that provoked our good friend, Dr. E. E. Free, to rush into print in a metropolitan daily with a claim that the long-range weather predictions of Messrs. Browne and Clayton were vindicated, a claim which was subsequently reprinted in THE LITERARY DIGEST and thus spread before millions of readers throughout the nation.

"Now it is a fact that most of us are more mindful of the weather as it is than as it was. When it is winter we wish it were summer; and when it becomes torrid, we long for a snow-storm. Last impressions are the strongest. One frigid day wipes out the memory of many warm days. Many of those whose nerves became a little frayed by the pure cussedness of the month of August were therefore in a receptive frame of mind to believe that 1927 was really turning out to be the prognosticated summerless year.

"But Weather Bureau statistics are impartial. They ignore our general impressions. The meteorologist does not simply say, 'Oh, I guess that on the whole this has been a cold month.' He accurately adds up daily and hourly records just as an accountant refines his sums to a penny. And so from *The Monthly Weather Review* we get the following facts concerning the summer of 1927: For June, July, and August the weather of the United States averaged three degrees below normal; or, if we choose

A DAY'S CATCH OF SHARKS AND SAWFISH

On a landing platform at a shark station, ready to be flayed as the first step in producing marine leather.



Illustrated by Courtesy of *The Scientific American*

THE ROVE TUNNEL'S NORTH EXIT

the astronomical summer from June 21 to September 21, the depression below normal averaged just one degree, Fahrenheit!

"The weather guessers allotted too much weight to the hectic month of August. They should have remembered the old proverb: 'It takes more than one swallow to make a summer.'"

THROUGH A MOUNTAIN BY CANAL

AN EPOCH IN THE PROGRESS of Marseilles, long a leading port of the Mediterranean, but without water connection with the interior, is marked by the completion of the Rove Tunnel link in the canal leading to the Rhone River, we are told by *The Scientific American* (New York, January). We read:

"Largest of its kind in Europe, both as to length and cross-section, this tunnel will allow passage of river boats that previously found it practically impossible to negotiate the thirty-mile sea trip from the mouth of the Rhone to Marseilles.

"It is 72 feet wide, 51 feet high from top to ground, and has a tow-path six feet wide along each wall. Total length is 23,900 feet, or 8,900 feet longer than the similar canal tunnel from the Marne to the Rhine. At each end of the tunnel there is a handsome portal entrance, that nearest Marseilles being 200 feet long and 70 feet wide.

"Fifteen years were required to complete the Rove Tunnel, and its cost, estimated in round numbers at 135,000,000 francs, or 6,000 francs a running foot, was borne by the French Government, the city of Marseilles, and the Chamber of Commerce. This debt is to be cleared off by future toll charges.

"The cross-sectional area of the Rove Tunnel is about six times that of an average double-tracked railroad tunnel. More material was taken from this than from any other tunnel in Europe, figures showing that 60,000,000 cubic feet were removed, as compared to 48,000,000 from the Simplon, 22,000,000 from St. Gotthard, and 30,000,000 from the Lötschberg.

"The masonry lining above the water represents 75,000,000 cubic feet of stone; that below water, the basin, 3,000,000 cubic feet. Cement required for the bottom of tunnel was 1,000,000 cubic feet; for the tow-paths 360,000 cubic feet; and for the access trench, 2,000,000 cubic feet.

"A novel method of construction was followed by the builders. Starting at the spring of the arch, a semi-elliptical outline was cut inward for 10 or 12 feet to give space for the stone arch, which was laid on timber supports. After the walls were built, the material in the center was removed, the basin dug, and the tow-path constructed."

SMOKE THAT DIMS THE DAYLIGHT

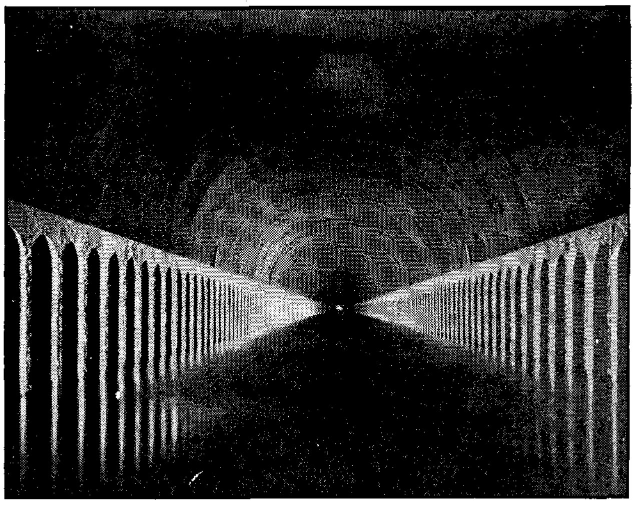
SMOKE IN THE ATMOSPHERE, especially whe combined with mist to produce fog, brings about a ver great lowering of the daylight, says *Health News*, issue by the U. S. Public Health Service (Washington). Great loss o light, we are told, results in large cities from this effect. A stud of it now being made by the Public Health Service in New Yor City, at the lower end of Manhattan Island where the air is ver smoky, showed an average loss of daylight due to smoke i January of 1927, on sunny days, of 42 per cent. at eight o'cloc in the morning, and of 18 per cent. at noon. We read:

"These losses decreased, as the year advanced, to 33 per cent at 8 A. M., and 6 per cent. at noon, in June. The figures are fo clear, sunny days; for foggy days the loss is much greater. Th loss of light due to smoke in the atmosphere is greatest early i the morning or late in the afternoon, and least at noon. A would be expected, the loss of light is greater in the winter tha in the summer. The figures given show the great importance o getting rid of smoke in our great cities. Loss of daylight or th light rays is not the only evil resulting from the presence o smoke in the atmosphere; smoke also cuts out to a much greate extent the ultra-violet rays which are so necessary for goo health.

"The amount of light reaching us at different times of the day at different times of the year, and under different conditions o weather is of interest. Illumination is measured in a unit calle the foot-candle, one foot-candle being the illumination on a surface at a distance of one foot from a standard candle. Record of daylight in Washington, D. C., have been made since July 1924, by the United States Public Health Service. These record show that at noon on a bright day in midsummer the illumination seldom exceeds 10,000 foot-candles. In midwinter at noo on a bright day it seldom exceeds 3,500 foot-candles. Th difference in illumination on sunny and cloudy days is illustrated by the average illumination for such days in Decembe 1924, and in June, 1925. In December the average illuminatio on cloudy days was found to be about 23 per cent. of that o sunny days. In June this ratio was about 26 per cent. Grea variations in daylight take place when small clouds pass over th face of the sun on a clear day. In such cases the light may fal from 9,000, or more, foot-candles to 3,000, or less, in one minute' time, and return to the original amount during the succeedin minute.

"Large increases of light may be produced by the reflection o light from banks of white clouds to the north of the sun, and ve great decreases by the heavy clouds of thunderstorms.

"Sunlight is of great interest and importance, since work in th office, shop, schoolroom or on the farm is performed under i and the preservation of eyesight, the general health, and the prevention of accidents, throughout childhood and adult life, ar largely dependent upon having plenty of sunlight both inside an outside the buildings in which we live and work."



PARTLY FILLED

Beautiful perspective view, showing perfect arch construction and the six-foot wide tow-path along each wall.

OUR CHRISTMAS COMET

THE COMET DISCOVERED EARLY in December by J. F. Skjellerup in Australia is probably on its first visit to the neighborhood of the earth. At least, no one has been able to identify it with any of the periodic comets that are members of the solar system and that come to see us again and again. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"These periodic comets move in orbits around the sun much as the earth and the other planets do, except that most of the cometary orbits are much elongated, like stretched rubber-bands, while the orbits of the planets are nearly circular. When one of the periodic comets makes its visits to our neighborhood, it is seldom identified by its appearance, for comets may change rapidly in shape, color, and other features. Even those that return every few years are often found to have altered in the interval. The returning visitors are not recognized by their faces but by the paths that they follow. If a new comet is found to be occupying the path of an old one it is assumed to be the old one back once more. So far as the astronomers have been able to determine, the present comet is following a new orbit, never previously occupied. It is possible that it may have visited us many years ago, before accurate astronomical records were kept, but it is more likely that it belongs to the still more interesting class of cometary visitors that arrive, no one knows from where, out of the depths of space and go off presently, never to be seen again."

The comet is behind the schedule first set for it, according to Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

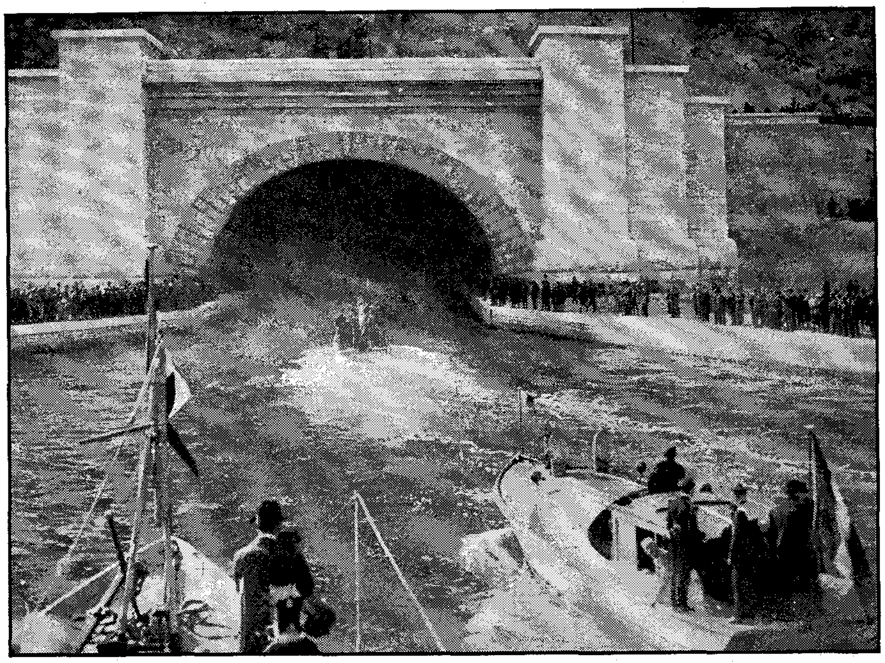
"On December 18 it was in the constellation of the Serpent, but considerably nearer the sun than previously supposed. It is continuing to move in a northerly direction, toward the bright star Vega, in the constellation Lyra, which shines brilliantly low in the northeast now in the early evening. As the comet is still fairly bright, it should be visible for several weeks in the western evening sky after sunset, as a faint patch of light.

"Tho only a few of the stars visible in the sky exceed this comet in brightness, it is really an 'airy nothing.' Even if it had landed on the earth, it would probably not have done any particular damage. Some comets have been bright enough to be seen in full daylight, and to stretch their tails half-way across the sky. But even these have not contained enough material to make a first-class asteroid, or little planet, the largest of which are not over a hundred miles in diameter. It has been estimated that Halley's comet, one of the most famous of these visitors, contained about a twentieth of the material excavated in digging the Panama Canal. It has also been said that the brightness of Halley's comet would have been what it was if it were made up only of a dozen bodies as big as small marbles in a cubic mile of comet!

"Even the head of a comet is transparent enough for stars to shine through it. Probably as it approaches the sun it consists of a clump of tiny meteorites, which is seen, if at all, by reflected sunlight. Then it is drawn closer to the sun by the latter's gravitational attraction, the tiny cometary particles having just about enough gravitational effect to hold the swarm together. Then it gets nearer the sun, and warmer. The heat causes gases that have been carried in the meteoric material to come out, carrying with them much finer particles, or dust. These are so small that the light from the sun exerts a pressure on them and so they travel away from the sun, to form the tail. When approaching the sun, the tail is behind the comet, but after it has passed around the sun, and moves out into distant space again, the tail comes first, the head trailing along behind. Finally it returns to pretty much the same state as when it entered the influence of the sun, but with some of its material lost to it forever.

"The brightness of the comet when near the sun is partly reflected sunlight, and partly a glowing of the gases in the tail under the influence of the rays of the sun. In this respect it is something like the aurora. The sun is sending out, besides visible light, numerous electrons, or 'cathode rays.' These cause a luminescence of various gases, when highly rarefied, an experiment that can be duplicated in the laboratory. The very thin gases in the comet's tail, or in the upper atmosphere in the case of the aurora, are made to glow by these rays.

"After the comet has passed the sun, it may go out into space to be lost to us forever. But many of the cometary orbits are ellipses, so that the comet returns again and again, in a period varying from a few years to many millennia. Sometimes the comet may approach within a short distance of one of the large planets, especially Jupiter. The great gravitational attraction of the planet will then put a considerable kink in its orbit, so that when it returns again near the earth it may be almost unrecognizable as the same comet. But the comet, being so light, has no appreciable effect on the planet."



ENTERING THE MARSEILLES PORTAL OF THE ROVE TUNNEL

HOW PLANTS MAKE FOOD—One of the most important of natural processes, the secret of which has hitherto escaped the scientists, may be explained by recent experiments of Prof. E. C. C. Baly of the University of Liverpool, reported to the Royal Society of London, says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York). This is photosynthesis, the way in which the leaves of plants manufacture all the food in the world. He writes:

"From the air these green leaves absorb a gas called carbon dioxid, the same gas that makes the bubbles in soda water. Traces of this gas are always present in the open air. The plant roots absorb water, which is then drawn up into the leaves. The leaves also absorb sunlight. These three things, sunlight, water, and carbon-dioxid gas, the leaves use to manufacture a variety of sugar which is the raw material of plant growth as well as the material for producing the starch that plants like wheat store in the grain or that plants like the potato store in their tubers. All the animals that eat plants, as well as human beings who eat both these animals and the original plant foods, really get their living from the work of the green leaves. In spite of years of effort, scientists have never been able to duplicate this important process artificially. The living plant has always been needed to do the trick. Professor Baly himself has been at work for years trying, always unsuccessfully, to duplicate the action. At last he believes that he has succeeded. A fine powder of the carbonate of nickel or of cobalt is suspended in water containing the carbon-dioxid gas and is exposed to sunlight. Sugar is produced. This is probably not exactly the same way in which the living plant does the same trick, but it may serve, Professor Baly believes, as a starting-point from which to complete the full discovery of the plant's secret."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

EZRA POUND CROWNED

Courtesy of *The Dial*

THE EXPATRIATE POET

Ezra Pound, who describes himself in "Who's Who" as "poet and hack writer," receives the *Dial* award for 1927 for "Service to Letters."

EZRA POUND LATELY MADE an onslaught on prizes—literary prizes; and as a rejoinder *The Dial* offers him its "award" for 1927. Mr. Pound accepts. The *Dial* award is not exactly a prize. There is no conscious competition. How the beneficiary is selected is a secret of *The Dial's* editorial sanctum; and the gift of $2,000 goes to encourage the writer in ways approved by *The Dial.* "Service to letters" is the phrase they employ. It is one of the intelligentsia who is usually chosen—names like T. S. Eliot and Van Wyck Brooks occur to us as past wearers of *The Dial's* laurel. In the files of THE LITERARY DIGEST—November 27, 1909, to be exact—will be found Mr. Pound's first introduction to the American public. It was not here, however, but in England that he had won a spur. *Punch* had noticed him and made merry over his name, suggesting Mr. Ezekiel Ton as an alternative, but declaring that "he has succeeded where all others have failed, in evolving a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgia Italy." Mr. Pound has gone on writing poetry and also prose, much of which has been employed pounding America for her ways not pleasant to the poet. Mr. Pound seems not overproud of this form of his output, for his letter of acceptance states:

"It is impossible for me to accept an award except on Cantos or on my verse as a whole. . . .

"It wd. be stupid to make the award on prose-basis, as my prose is mostly stop-gap; attempts to deal with transient states of murky imbecility or ignorance."

The Dial declares it "had never any different notion about it." Then it goes on "to draw attention briefly to another service of his to letters which many are aware of and which many seem anxious to forget":

"Writers are the most ungrateful animals. They suck their orange as dry as they are able to, and forever after it disgusts them to have to think about that orange at all. The innumerable little contemptuous paragraphs uttered by the younger (up to sixty) Parisian writers when Anatole France drew attention to himself by being buried are an exaggerated example of this disgust.

"One uses a Parisian example because things are always clearest cut in Paris, where the writers outside the Academy exhibit the charming unanimity of flying-fish. Perhaps the only similarity between Mr. Pound and Anatole France is that they both encouraged new writers. Where Anatole France encouraged mostly bad ones, it can be said that Mr. Pound has never made a mistake. When he was foreign editor of *The Little Review, The Little Review* was the most interesting magazine of a quarter-century. Furthermore, his encouragement is worth something. Many an encomium is no more valuable than the hair oil applied after a hair cut, the aroma of which has been known to repel people.

"What Mr. Pound perceives he gives value to. Without any of the antics of generosity, he is the most generous of contemporary writers. And if he will not admit that he has written any good prose it may well be because of his belief that good prose is the expression only of hatred.

"Apart entirely then from the influence of his verse, we can assert that Mr. Pound is one of the most valuable forces in contemporary letters. This is not to say that he sees his ideas taking effect, his theories carried to any conclusion; it is rather a question of life-blood."

On another page of *The Dial* Mr. Pound is discust by his friend, T. S. Eliot, another American expatriate. He declares Mr. Pound has an "immense influence, but no disciples," and this because "that influence can be exerted through form, whereas one makes disciples only among those who sympathize with the content." Mr. Pound is credited with a "complete and isolated superiority as a master of verse form." Mr. Eliot continues:

"No one living has practised the art of verse with such austerity and devotion; and no one living has practised it with more success. I make no exception of age or of country, including France and Germany; what there may be in other languages I can not judge. Nor do I limit the 'art of verse' by the necessary but dangerous word technique. A man who devises new rhythms is a man who extends and refines our sensibility; and that is not merely a matter of 'technique.' I have, in recent years, cursed Mr. Pound often enough; for I am never sure that I can call my verse my own; just when I am most pleased with myself, I find that I have only caught up some echo from a verse of Pound's.

"The term *vers-libres*, never a happy one, is happily dying out. We can now see that there was no movement, no revolution, and there is no formula. The only revolution was that Ezra Pound was born with a fine ear for verse. He has enabled a few other persons, including myself, to improve their verse sense; so that he has improved poetry through other men as well as by himself I can not think of any one writing verse, of our generation and the next, whose verse (if any good) has not been improved by the study of Pound's. His poetry is an inexhaustible reference book verse form. There is, in fact, no one else to study. One or o eminent writers have tried to take their lessons direct m Whitman. But (as their work shows) Whitman is not a fe model unless you have a better, or at least a more reliable r than Whitman; it is wiser to absorb your Whitman through und.

‘ There is another thing to be said about Pound's Art of rse. As many persons prefer his early poems, I must record y conviction that his verse has steadily improved, and that e Cantos are the most teresting of all."

This brings us to the cond problem about und:

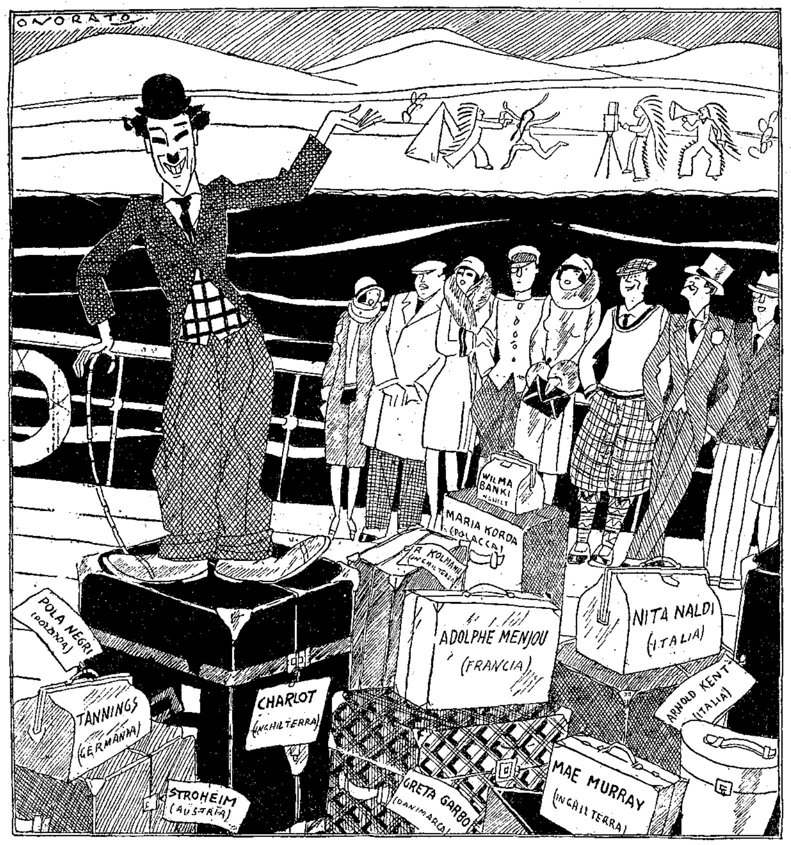
"I confess that I am ldom interested in what is saying, but only in e way he says it. That es not mean that he is ying nothing; for ways saying nothing are not teresting. Swinburne's rm is uninteresting, cause he is literally ying next to nothing, d unless you mean mething with your rds they will do noth- g for you. But Pound's losophy, I suspect, is st a little antiquated. e began as the last sciple of the 'Nineties, d was much influenced Mr. Yeats and Mr. rd Madox Ford. He ded his own extensive udition, and proceeded a curious syncretism uch I do not think he s ever set in order. e is, of course, ex- mely romantic. His mance has enabled him revive much that eded to be revived; he s made people read ante, who might never ve read him; he has fought successfully the English con- ntions of good poetry, and has made his point that there e vital qualities of style which are found in Provençal and alian verse, and which are not always found in English rse. He has induced a more critical attitude toward Shake- eare; he has put Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel back n the map,' even for those who can not read them. For all ese gifts, and others, we can not be too grateful: Pound's itical influence is immense, and beneficial. (I wish he would me edit his critical essays, instead of doing it himself.) My n critical debt to him is as great as my debt in versification. t I feel that there is a muddle somewhere. Pound has gone , and will go on, with vast and restless curiosity in every- ng that is said and written; it is not that he does not keep with the times. But I sometimes wonder how he reconciles his interests: how does he reconcile even Provençal and alian poetry? He retains some medieval mysticism, without lief; this is mixed up with Mr. Yeats's spooks (excellent eatures in their native bogs); and involved with Dr. Berman's rmones; and a steam-roller of Confucian rationalism (the religion a gentleman, and therefore an inferior religion) has flattened er the whole. So we are left with the question (which the unfin- ed Cantos make more pointed), what does Mr. Pound believe?"

Probably no man living to-day, says Harry Hanson in the ew York *World*, has done so much to help free poetry from the ackles of nineteenth-century convention as Ezra Pound.

"With Pound's attack poetry became pure singing again. It gained color, movement, brilliancy, forcefulness. The idea rounding out four stanzas merely to provide a tail-piece in a agazine went completely overboard." Next week we will cite amples of Mr. Pound's verse.

THE WAR IN THE FILM WORLD

WHILE POLITICIANS ARE DEBATING the pros and cons of a future war, hostilities seem to have already broken out in the movie world. Europe and America are the protagonists. "England, France, and Germany have mapped out a plan of operation that eventually will curtail American exhibition and distribution abroad 75 per cent." So declares *The Film Mercury* (Hollywood) in reviewing the situation. A wily scheme has been in operation of lending us the best of Europe's film actors and directors in order to establish their popularity here before recalling them to work at home, thereby compelling exhibitors to buy from Europe as Europe has hitherto bought from America. An Italian paper, as our cartoon shows, seems to think that a retaliatory act of exclusion has been established here in favor of purely American stars, and sees our "lots" peopled with the native redskin while the enriched stars return to home fields. Of course, a few unconsidered mimes like Doug and Mary, Meighan and Mix, and some others may be left to us. But the outlook, as *The Film Mercury* visions it, is disturbing:



GENTLEMEN, WE GO!

(In America there is a growing tendency to exclude non-American artists.)

—*Il Travaso* (Rome).

"Feeling the time ripe for action, each respective country is calling its directors and players back to their native heaths and production abroad is to assume a healthy impetus within the next few months.

"A second Hollywood is to be established on the Riviera—Germany, England, France, Sweden, and Denmark joining hands with the sponsors, to work together as producers of films for world-wide distribution, enhanced by players and directors possessing a following in each country and adept in the technique of American production methods, gleaned by months of work and patient study in American studios.

"It is roughly estimated that American film distributers take a revenue of over fifty million dollars annually from abroad. This revenue is certain to be slashed when the combined foreign contingents get started. If the American distributers do not welcome the foreign-made product, a retaliation will be forthcoming whereby European theaters will ban American pictures.

"Numerous stock promotions are springing up all over Europe. Movie securities are being offered by almost every Tom, Dick, and Harry. The insistent propaganda for 'Home Product' has brought this about. Millions of dollars will be lost, but out of the chaos something real and definite, in so far as foreign-made pictures are concerned, may develop. Surely the prospect is not encouraging to American producers who have let themselves become entangled in a net of their own weaving.

"To-day, in Hollywood, secret meetings are in order, with every prominent film mogul attending. Ways and means to combat conditions are being discust and cussed. Stars and directors are being dismissed only to be engaged by waiting foreign emissaries for trips abroad. On each hand the local movie moguls are faced with a dilemma they find hard to overcome. If they discharge a star or director there may be some one waiting to engage them, and at the same salary they are receiving. In the end the local magnates will be paying the salaries in negative costs because they will have to purchase the productions, produced abroad with the stars they dismissed, in order to fulfil their part of the international film quota law.

"England is movie mad at the moment. Exhibitor factions are fighting; American theater chain circuits are endeavoring to buy up English theaters through English-named subsidiaries, because unless they can be assured of an outlet for their product American producers will lose their foreign market. Now, the opposing forces are using the same stars and directors American producers exploited to the seventh heaven to advance their own enterprise.

"These stars and directors are foreigners. Some of them are big box-office attractions in this country and draw exceptionally well everywhere else. If a foreign producer can recoup his production cost from Europe then whatever he realizes from his American sale is clear profit. On this basis of operation the foreign producer can not lose. The American producer usually gets his production cost from his foreign negative sale or exhibition, and what he makes in the United States and Canada is profit. Europeans are now playing the same game."

MR. POUND ON "PRIZES"

THE PRIZE GIVING AND WITHHOLDING pageant of the past five weeks makes Mr. Pound's comment on the subject at least a matter for reflection. Besides all the little prizes for poetry there were the great prizes of $25,000 offered and withheld because no novel written by a man was worthy, as we presented the matter last week, and no essay on Woodrow Wilson submitted to the Foundation was "sufficiently impressive." But these prizes occur seldom. Mr. Pound's comment in *Poetry* (Chicago) applies to the more modest offers, one of which, as our leading article shows, falls to his benefit:

"Speaking historically, I may say that I have known times when fifty dollars would have been of service to letters, I have known times when nothing less than twenty thousand dollars would have been of any use. If at the present moment I were asked to spend a sum of money on literature or the arts I should have to pause and make inquiries. From 1908 to 1914 I could have 'placed' amounts of any size, from two dollars upward; for I then knew and believed in a certain number of people whose work has since been recognized as having value, people who were then frequently worried by perfectly simple eliminatable causes.

"Money for the arts is often more like a medicine than a food. It can *not* produce art or letters. Like a cure for cholera, it is needed only when the malady is raging. If one knows of a writer actually impeded by poverty, one can apply the remedy.

"I think my past is sufficiently known to clear me of any accusation of wanting to keep down the rising generation, to nip any new bud in the stalk, etc. But if any one is itching to chuck another five hundred dollars at literature, I should say the most intelligent process would be to inquire into the status and disposition of, let us say, twenty of the already somewhat known writers who have shown promise, or definite talent; and make the donation on that basis, not asking them to do a new job to specification.

"As to the better-known writers, nothing, so far as I know, could be of any use to any of them, save some unheard-of largess, some endowment equal to that given Mr. Fliggenstug, M. A., Ph.D., for instructing three post-graduate students in the morphology of seedling tomatoes in mittel-gothland, or of tracing the transmography of the umlaut in the Bavarian dialects of the late middle ages, or for renovating the state of the faculty in the State university of Misarkanippi by writing theses on the *vers-libre* movement in England in the early decades of this century.

"The whole system of prize-giving, tho it smacks of the high school, is better than nothing. It is an immense improvement on the attitude of mind of Miss Lowell's generation; it is a step up from the age of Gilder. But it belongs to an uncritical epoch; it is the act of people who, having learned the alphabet, refuse to learn how to spell. It has not the excuse of there being no known better way. An improvement of the system does not demand discovery or invention.

"The percentage of American authors who are on easy street is, of course, small enough; there will be no literary or educated party in American politics in our time; neither Mr. Sandburg nor I, nor even Mr. Ben Hecht, is likely to invade the halls of Congress or lead any one over the barricades."

A HUNGARIAN VISITOR

FERENC MOLNAR, known to the American stage
his "Liliom" and "The Swan," is now a visitor in perso
His wife, Lili Darvas, is the leading woman in the Rei
hardt Company, and this explains the presence of the Hungari
novelist and dramatist. A "stocky, white-haired man with
round clean-shaven face," says Emory Deri, interviewing h
for the New York *Times Magazine* and finding out what
"thrilling adventure" discovering New York is, tho Mr. Moln
takes it in a way original enough to be set down in his own wor

"Since I arrived in New York I have lived in a constant sta
of dizziness. I am dazed and dazzled and overwhelmed by t
city. I must say, however, that this is a kind of premeditat
overwhelmedness. I came to America with the determination
being surprized and astonished, and as this is a thrill so seldo
experienced in mature years, I pursue my aim of being ov
whelmed with all possible energy. This is one of the reaso
why I never go sightseeing and why I object to be shown aroun

"Of course this thrilling adventure of discovering New Yo
all for myself is, to some extent, made difficult by my ignoran
of the English language. But this ignorance has its advantag
too. I can't offend the feelings of any one, I can not be tactless
can not make unforgivable mistakes."

Mr. Molnar's views come through to us in some mediu
however, and Mr. Deri makes them seem spontaneous. H
says he, "knows a few novels of Sinclair Lewis"—who doesn'
Also he knows "three plays of Eugene O'Neill." And of t
latter is an interesting observation:

"But, speaking particularly of O'Neill's dramas, I did not fi
them to be characteristically American. Their characte
with their passions and underlying motives, represent someth
that I may call human; these men and women could have liv
just as well in Europe as in America. This is, however, ve
probably a phenomenon that can be found in the modern lite
ture of every country. Plays and dramas are gradually los
their national character and are becoming literary products
international character. I think the reason is that the exchan
of products in the international theatrical world has become t
swift. Nowadays we can hardly speak of characteristical
American, German, or Hungarian stage literature. We are liv
in an age of internationalism, and the stage reflects the spirit
the age."

Mr. Molnar expresses the view that the film has "not y
found its real territory, and that it is in a state when it can
longer develop the material it has been working with for the pa
years." But, he adds:

"I do not wish to reiterate here the old and banal argume
that pictures can never become full-valued substitutes for t
magic of the spoken word—for the charm of dialog. But I wi
to call your attention to another fact, which is mainly responsib
for the fact that people are 'getting bored with the movies,' a
that we can never be thrilled by films as much as by spok
drama. It is too dead sure and it lacks the thrill of eventualit
Suppose I see a scene in the movies. I know beforehand that
is going to be perfect, and, because it is the product of a machin
it never deviates by a hair's-breadth from technical perfectio

"To be better understood, I shall use a simile of which I thi
so often when I see a movie. Did you ever hear Caruso's voi
on a phonograph? The reproduction is perfect, the timbre a
color of the voice are glorious, and yet one had not the same th
that one experienced when one heard that great artist singing
the stage. Why? Because one knows when one hears this voi
swinging itself up to formidable and dazzling heights that th
final tone in the highest spheres of the scale will be perfect; the
can be no possible chance for a slip, because if there had been
slip the record would have been thrown away and remade.
is the possibility of a slip, the eventuality of the events th
thrills us. The film, like the phonograph, is too much of
machine.

There is, however, a field where the film could find what
needs—its own materiality. There is such a thing as the poet
of objects and movements. For example, I once saw a Russi
film in which there was a really fascinating scene. A man w
to convey a very important document across the snow-cover
steppes of Siberia. The snow crumbled under the hoofs of t

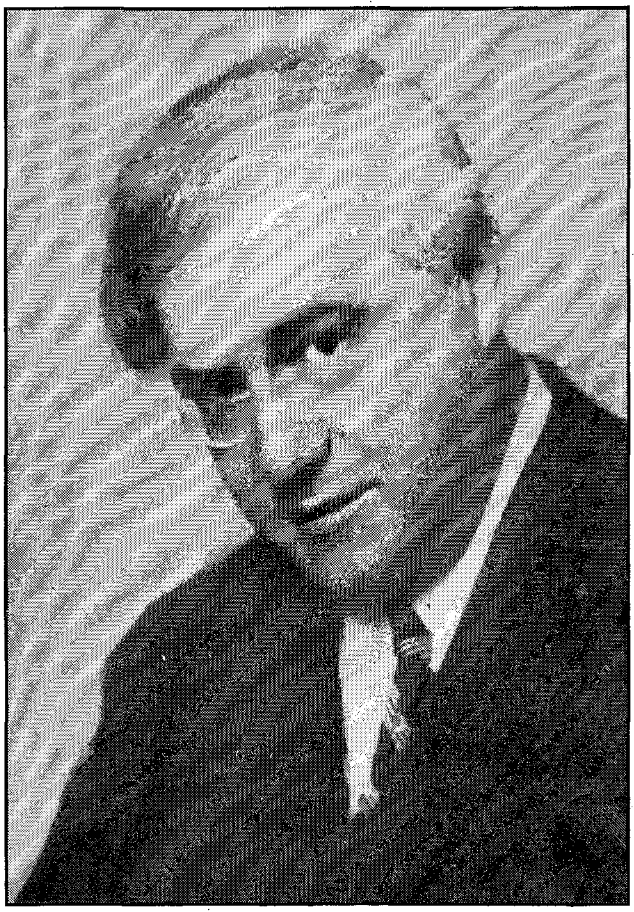
six horses pulling the sleigh at a terrific speed. The man searched for his pipe in his pocket and as he pulled it out the briefcase containing the document slipt out and fell. The sleigh continued its mad rush through the snowy steppes, and, while the briefcase lay buried in the snow somewhere, its possessor was smoking his pipe unconscious of the drama that had just occurred.

"These are the things I call the materiality of the movies and the proper field they have to develop, instead of producing faint copies of spoken dramas. Whether I will try my hand at that, I don't know. To tell you frankly, I don't know if I have the ability to write good scenarios. A playwright thinks in terms of dialogs, whereas a good scenario writer should think in terms of movements and pictures."

The interviewer remarked that "the strange sophistication which is the greatest charm of Molnar's plays could hardly be squeezed into mere pictures and movements," and it brought "an interesting definition and defense of the philosophy of sophistication" from him:

"What you call sophistication is in my eyes a mixture of skepticism and self-irony, and it is absolutely necessary to counterbalance the flood of artificial sentimentalism that is being turned upon us by people devoid of conscience. Sophistication has a great educational value because it calls people's attention to many things, teaches them to avoid becoming ridiculous and shows them the falseness of artificial sentimentalism, manufactured wholesale under the cover of art. I find it simply outrageous that there are people who base their artistic or literary career on making other people weep without any real reason at all.

"It is basically different from cynicism, which is a deep philosophy of life. Sophistication is not a philosophy, I admit, but it is a means to make life more charming, more interesting. I am only glad that I have done my small part in making people a bit sophisticated, that is, a bit cleverer and more conscious of the importance of the apparently unimportant. It is a job infinitely finer and more honorable than the manufacturing of heart-rending stories with the ignoble purpose of making money out of the stupidity of a certain number of men and women who can weep about stories that are not tragic, but merely annoyingly untrue and false."


THE HUNGARIAN PLAYWRIGHT
Ferenc Molnar, who does not find O'Neill's plays "characteristically American." Instead, they are cosmopolitan.

Mr. Molnar then corrects one of our impressions of Europe, and also pays some compliments:

"What many people here and abroad say about Europe as a defunct continent is simply (excuse the word) bunk. In spite of the temporary economical setback experienced by Europe, art and science are flourishing and you can find great and brilliant men in every walk of life. The fact that Europe adopts various forms of American life can be explained by what I have said about the swifter pace of exchange of values in the theatrical world. Customs, habits, systems, and methods travel nowadays very quickly and they serve to bring about a general leveling of life.

"A thing that I like so much in American men and women is that the problems of love and sex do not occupy such a prominent place in their mental make-up as is the case with men and women in Europe. Love is a great thing and passion often governs our destinies, but still there are more important things in life.

"What strikes me the most in the American men, and seems to me to be the most outstanding trait of their character, is their innate amiability. . . . If it is true that this has something to do with the so-called naïveté of the Americans, then this trait in their national character is still more beautiful. Naïveté means in this case artlessness and the unhampered development and fearless display of precious natural qualities.

"As to the American women—well, that is a different story. They are of a conquering type. Their most captivating quality seems to be their astonishing beauty. It is not a natural gift, but a trait of character. It is one of the mysteries of feminine psychology that women can become beautiful at their will. That this will to be beautiful is incomparably strong in the women of America is proved by the fact that it is not the great individual beauty of the few that captivates the eye of the visitor, but the astonishingly great number of beautiful women. European women are more beautiful today than they were years ago because they imitate the women of America. The boyish figure, the bobbed hair, the fashion of wearing dresses which are but an ingenuous imitation of shirts and all those things that enhance the charm of the women's outward appearance, are American inventions."

All these interesting views issued from a man, as the interviewer says, from whose "lips a mildly ironical smile is playing" while he is "looking merrily from behind the monocle which is firmly rooted in his right eye."

THE COVER—Mr. Patterson's ship pictures have appeared on our covers before. He catches the life of the sea of old days before the usurpation by steam-driven vessels. His ships are the kind that Conrad deals with in his novels. The history of the ship *Euterpe*, now the *Star of India*, is furnished by the painter. It runs thus:

"The *Euterpe* was an iron ship of 1,197 tons, built by Gibson & Co., Ramsey, England, in 1863. She was first owned by Shaw, Savill & Co., of London. Under the Shaw, Savill and Albion house-flag the *Euterpe* made a number of voyages between Australia and the United Kingdom, and was sold and placed under Hawaiian registry in 1898.

"In 1900 the *Euterpe* was purchased by the Alaska Packers' Association, of San Francisco, which company still operates a number of sailing vessels in their Alaska trade. The vessel was altered to bark rig, and in 1906, by special act of Congress, had her name changed to *Star of India*, to conform with the other names of the company's ships, *Star of France*, *Star of Italy*, etc., etc. The *Star of India* made the trip to the company's canneries every summer until 1923, when she was laid up at Alameda, California, after sixty years of sea service. Last winter the old vessel was purchased by the Zoological Society of San Diego, California, to be used as a maritime museum. It has been planned to keep the *Star of India* in very much the same rig, outwardly, as when the was an Alaska Packers' Association ship (or rather, bark), enough running gear being rove off to give her the appearance of being nearly ready for sea. In the cabins and fishermen's quarters changes are planned so that exhibits of fishing gear, nautical instruments, and other marine objects of interest can be placed on display. Several of the cabins and part of the 'tween decks will be taken over by the local battalion of the Naval Reserve. This old craft is still very strong, the iron plates being in good condition, a tribute to the honesty of her construction sixty-four years ago."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

DR. CADMAN ON THE MORAL PLIGHT OF YOUTH

YOUTH'S WILD SCRAMBLE for pleasure and pursuit of pagan gods, about which there has been such great outcry by distracted elders, are traceable to the lack of piety in the home, to the surrender by the very elders who make complaint of those moral restraints and gentle urgings of which Burns sang in his immortal "Cotter's Saturday Night." So says Dr. S. Parkes Cadman in an article prepared by request for *The American Review of Reviews*, in which he tells us that the young people of to-day are essentially what their predecessors have been, that "they too nearly resemble their parents to be saints, and are too much like themselves to be anything but human." When we recall, he says, the widespread demoralization and anarchy which ensued after the war, "in which fatuous promises of 'a new world fit for heroes and heroines to live in' turned to dust and ashes in the mouths of those who made them, we ought not to be surprized that social stability was severely shaken, or that a universal slump in authority has seriously impaired home supervision and religious guidance." Yet that is exactly what has happened; the surprize of the older generation has not been about its own sins of omission, but about youth's sins of commission.

CITY PRIEST

By Anne Higginson Spicer

SO HE droned on, of parish work and claims;
Of weddings, funerals, the constant call
Upon his time and strength; and through it all
Came mention of rich men with powerful names,
Who were his friends. He spoke of sports and games
To lure the young from the low dancing-hall,
And while he talked I watched the lift and fall
Of well-kept hands, gesturing of his aims.
I did not follow all the things he said.
Those smooth hands vanished from my sight. Instead,
A picture built itself before my sight
Of a rough work-bench, where with saw and blade
A young Lad labored at his Father's trade.
I cannot think that Jesus' hands were white!

—*The Christian Century* (*Chicago*).

Dr. Cadman, who is so well known as hardly to need introduction, is President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and millions listen to him over the radio every Sunday. Now he gives us a profound and considered analysis of the moral situation in which the world found itself in the years after the war, in which we thought we had discovered moral salvation and a salve for all our sins. Coming at the passing of the old year and the dawn of the new, when we are supposed to take stock of our souls, his article is a timely offering—a timely offering for those who are sincerely puzzled by the problem which has been with humanity since the first mother looked into the face of her first-born, but which seems to us now more than usually appalling. Whether true or not, it is generally taken for granted that the younger generation of to-day is the worst in the cradle of the race. Dr. Cadman acknowledges that conditions are bad, but he sees a saving remnant, at least, which will preserve civilization and keep intact the faith with which most of us are born.

Like most prophets of all time, Dr. Cadman looks to the home as the unit of civilization, as the nucleus of all that is permanently good in the history of man. "If parentage is noble," he tells us, "so is its progeny; if it is treacherous to its trust, the consequences fall upon the children." But in too many homes the old pieties have been abandoned. "They have been forsaken," Dr. Cadman tells us, "at a crisis when mechanical and materialistic elements assert themselves on every side, with the result that much shallowness and cynicism mar the zest of life, and youthful but prematurely stale souls become inert and useless before their fight has well begun. Neurosis, depression, crime, and even suicide, ravage youth unfortified by domestic religion and its faith in a righteous and loving God." The old Biblical formulas are not accepted by modern youth; secularism has had some sort of triumph; materialism has been overstrest, the attainments of science have been used too much to promote physical welfare and comfort, and the new learning and much of current literature are too much devoted to inculcating an individualistic philosophy of life. And, says Dr. Cadman:

> "We here confront conditions which measurably justify the complaint that the new learning has shaken traditional domestic morality. The economic independence of girls and young women, their dress and demeanor, the free use of the motor-car, the passing of the chaperon and the practise of contraception augment the severity of the problem, and seem to require a wise superintendence which is not always in sight. Nor will it be so while parents and adults in general are untrue to their loftiest professions.
>
> "The resultant confusion of values bewilders young people whose natural guardians are so deeply engaged in money-making or in the diversions money procures that they are impotent for their responsibilities. What is labeled education frequently omits the high if it is hard of attainment, and temporal prosperity breeds a flabby type of manhood which prevents the unselfish service to which youthful idealism inclines."

Of course, there are compensations, notably in the teaching of Prof. Michael Pupin, who says in his latest book on "The New Reformation," quoted by Dr. Cadman, that "human experience, derived from contemplation and analysis of the creative power of the human soul, led human reason to the belief in God, the fountainhead of all spiritual realities," and "in the saving gift of humor in our countrymen," which "sustains their immunity to the propositions of naturalistic skepticism."

Approaching a delicate subject with delicacy—a subject which would have been tabu in the former generation, Dr. Cadman refers to the "intricate difficulties of sex, for which sympathetic understanding and mutual help are most needed and least supplied." He tells us:

> "Life, with what it yields of joy and wo, hope and fear, depends to a great degree upon sex relations. These, to quote Emerson, are abnormally powerful. Nature was so intent on preserving the species that she overloaded the procreative passion at the risk of perpetual crime and disorder. So it would be a Hamlet minus the Prince to ignore this passion in any discussion of youth, and it is nothing short of injurious folly to do so at a moment when young people are openly concerned as perhaps never before with the sex problem. They resent the evasions or repulsions with which the issue has been treated by their parents, and they do this the more readily because they are well aware that questions concerning the origins of life naturally arise in the mind of every healthy adolescent.
>
> "Not a little morbid curiosity, immodesty, and even impurity in youth is traceable to an unwise repression of knowledge which leaves the boy or girl at the mercy of casual companionships and the back alley. Matters demanding the home's most delicate

Springfield, Missouri

care and the sympathetic counsel of parents, teachers, physicians, and pastors are dragged in by street arabs to enforce foul allusions or obscene stories. This neglect, and the subsequent perversions, account for a large number of unhappy marriages.

"On the other hand, it is significant that Dr. Katherine B. Davis should ascribe the large majority of one thousand successful marriages which she personally had investigated to proper sex instruction obtained beforehand.

"A sound understanding of the technique of love would remove inhibitions and prevent the blundering which either exterminate the passion altogether or accelerate its degenerate phases. The celibates, the mismated, childless, divorced, and the mental or moral wrecks who write me weekly furnish convincing evidence of the evils of sex ignorance and sex prostitution, and also of the close relation between them."

The Pope himself, notes Dr. Cadman, has rebuked the abuses of purposed sex appeal and of extravagant feminine attire and adornment, and countless clergymen of all the churches have done likewise. "Yet there is no material change in the dress of girls and women, and there will be none till they decree it for themselves. Granting their somewhat slavish subservience to fashion, and that the poorest of them often spend money recklessly to gratify its whims, it still remains true," concludes Dr. Cadman, "that tho an ill-drest woman is a social nuisance, a well-drest one is a social necessity."

After making sufficient allowance for the number of young men and women who deliberately throw their lives into the discard, Dr. Cadman finds that there is "an effective remnant which is blazing trails to a better civilization with prescience and daring," and he notes:

"The Friendly Relations Committee of the Young Men and Women's Christian Associations are doing a heroic thing in leveling the barriers which obstruct fellowship between the diversified sections of our polyglot population. The vast racial morasses that divide the East from the West will ultimately be drained out by the younger life of America, Europe, and Asia. In its restless searchings true religion is reborn and the breeding-grounds of hate, injustice and war are abolished. The ocean lanes are annually crowded with ships carrying the young of both sexes from one country to another. Their commerce in ideas disrupts provincialism, and prepares the way for the humanism which must ramify the civilization we inherit, if it is to be secure.

"We have reiterated from pulpit and platform, press and magazine, the obligation of a self-governing people to manifest a more wide-spread and intelligent interest in politics and in religion. This interest is being kindled in the serious-minded student groups which are the leaven of youth's mass. The young men and women to whom reference is made are not monopolized by fraternity frivolities, midnight drinking bouts, or petting séances.

"Six hundred different Student Conferences of both sexes held in the United States last year in behalf of national purification from recognized evils and world peace challenge the sneer that youth has set the feet above the head to swear the brains are in the feet. Abused, calumniated, and caricatured tho they are by furious propagandists and the hirelings of an espionage system, these young people will have to be heeded.

"Again, since religion is vital, they ask for data procured by laboratory methods which prove that vitality. Judged by their declarations they are on the right track, altho at intervals at a distance from the center. Judged by their honesty, sincerity, detestation of cant, and unselfishness, they stand head and shoulders above the youth of my generation."

IMMORTALITY

By Will Spencer McGann

THERE is no death. The winds of yesterday
Have fled to stir the grasses otherwhere.
Nothing shall die. The rose that bloomed last May
Will wake next spring as sweet, as subtly fair.

The ripened seed that left its withered pod
But fell to earth to sleep beneath the snows;
It was not dead; nay, in the plan of God
It will revive again when summer glows.

Nothing shall die. What though the darkness falls
Across dim eyes that gaze their last on light!
Look up, oh Heart, to where the splendid halls
Of God's great palace shine beyond the night.

There is no death. The flower may droop and fade,
The ripe seed fall, the wind be hushed to sleep;
The night will pass, and, gloriously arrayed,
The Day Star burn above the eastern steep.

—*The Churchman* (*New York*).

THE ATHEISTS' "INTOLERANCE"

THE AMERICAN ANTI-BIBLE SOCIETY has undertaken a task which might well stagger a modern disbelieving Hercules—to stamp out confidence in the Bible, and, as part of its immediate program, to have the Gideon Bibles taken out of all the hotels. For this purpose the society, writes Esther A. Coster in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, plans to spend nearly $100,000 this year. Propaganda literature is to be sent to every commercial traveler and to every hotel keeper in the country, and every member of the society is pledged to place in every Bible he sees a sheet containing pictures of Old Testament patriarchs, with a bit of alleged history. For instance, we read, under the picture of Moses is printed: "Murderer, confidence man, originator of the infamous law against witches; orders the slaughter of innocent women and children, but saves all young girls for immoral purposes." In one of the circulars, says the writer, it is stated: "The Bible sanctions every deed in the category of crime, including lying, cheating, thievery, wife-stealing, adultery, polygamy, prostitution, stoning old women as witches, killing prisoners of war, human sacrifice, and cannibalism." This is a sufficient sample of the methods to be pursued by this atheistic band.

However, there is no alarm in the camp of the believers, as will be seen in the statement from a representative of Dr. George William Carter, secretary of the New York Bible Society, which the writer includes in her article:

"The more they do, the more the desire will be to read Bibles. People will want to read for themselves and see if these charges are true. The society will kill itself by its very vindictiveness. The literature they propose placing in Bibles throughout the country will meet as many friends as foes, perhaps more, for it is usually those interested in the Bible for itself who read the volume in hotels and other public places. So some will not see the leaflet at all or will leave it in the book through indifference; some will destroy the leaflet in indignation and disgust; and perhaps a few, sympathizing with the movement, will destroy the Bible itself. Then we will replace the lost Bible. So I can not see where the society will get very far in such a campaign. The more the matter is discust, the more the demand for Bibles will grow. We have been in existence as a society for 118 years. That speaks for itself."

Nor are the Gideons, as the Christian Commercial Travelers Association is popularly known, worried about this assault on the citadel of belief. They have placed 833,000 Bibles in hotel rooms, we read, and expect to finish the distribution of 1,000,000 by June 30, 1928. In New York City the New York Bible Society has placed 100,000 Bibles in hotel rooms during the last ten years, and in 1926 the American Bible Society issued 9,907,361 Bibles or parts of Bibles, establishing a new record in circulating the Book in every nook and cranny of the world. This has involved translation into 168 languages. During the 111 years of its existence the society has distributed 184,028,960 volumes of Scripture. Thus we gain some notion of the task which the disbelievers have taken upon themselves, and, so far as the New York *Herald Tribune* can see, without rime or reason. Placing Gideon Bibles in hotel rooms is certainly not forcing religion or creed down anybody's throat, says this paper. "Hotel guests can take the Bibles or let them alone." Of the American Anti-Bible Society's program *The Herald Tribune* has this biting criticism: "Here is prejudice carried to an extent which would amaze the most prejudiced religious fanatics who have figured in the history of civilization. It is cheering to know that this intolerable intolerance is extremely limited, and that its astonishing campaign appears to have little chance of making any headway." The society, says the New York *Sun*, should compose a book exceeding the appeal of the Bible "to human minds disciplined, undisciplined, cultivated, uncultivated, gentle, rough, gay, depressed, astute, simple, and distribute it as the Gideons distribute the volume of their choice. The rest may be left to the discrimination of the guests."

THE CARPENTER

By G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

I WONDER what He charged for chairs at Nazareth.
And did men try to beat Him down
And boast about it in the town—
"I bought it cheap for half-a-crown
From that mad Carpenter?"

And did they promise and not pay,
Put it off to another day;
O, did they break His heart that way,
My Lord, the Carpenter?

I wonder did He have bad debts,
And did He know my fears and frets?
The gospel writer here forgets
To tell about the Carpenter.

But that's just what I want to know.
Ah! Christ in glory, here below
Men cheat and lie to one another so;
It's hard to be a carpenter.

—*"More Rhymes from a Padre."*

DANGERS OF FALSE PATRIOTISM

PROFESSIONAL PATRIOTISM, as pictured by Dr. L. O. Hartman, editor of *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), is a growing menace, more calculated to get us into trouble than to keep us out of it. Dr. Hartman's editorial on the subject appears simultaneously in *The Christian Leader* (Universalist), because, we are told by the editor of that paper, John van Schaick, Jr., it expresses also his editorial position. The question of what patriotism is, writes Dr. Hartman, is becoming more and more pertinent "when militarism, war profiteering and the enterprises of unscrupulous big business are so frequently identified with love of country." As he writes, he tells us, a large package of false patriotic literature lies before him. In it he finds "a pamphlet indorsing the development of poison gas and other life-destroying chemicals for use in 'the next war,' and another advocating compulsory military training in schools and colleges, together with leaflets exhorting the reader to 'save the home,' and warning him against the wide-spread plans of radicals to 'corrupt youth.'" The stock in trade of these "professional" patriots, we are told, consists largely of unfounded stories, rumors and sections of addresses and speeches wrested out of their original settings. Whether or not we place any stock in the fears exprest in this sort of literature, Dr. Hartman places no credence in it, and he makes this rather startling statement:

"Of late the movement for 'defense' has reached such a hysterical stage that to-day any public man or woman who advocates open-mindedness and fair play, espouses the cause of human brotherhood, and works for world peace, runs the risk of being blacklisted as 'dangerous to the Republic' by the militarists. Among those high-minded citizens who in one way or another have been 'listed,' we mention the names of Jane Addams, William E. Borah, Bishop Benjamin Brewster, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Samuel McCrea Cavert, the late Francis E. (Father Endeavor) Clark, Bishop F. J. McConnell, George Albert Coe, Henry Sloane Coffin, John Dewey, Sherwood Eddy, Charles A. Ellwood, Zona Gale, Charles W. Gilkey, Stanley High, Rufus M. Jones, William H. Kilpatrick, Halford E. Luccock, Frederick Lynch, Henry Noble MacCracken, Charles Clayton Morrison, Kirby Page, Francis B. Sayre, William E. Sweet, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas, Oswald Garrison Villard, Stephen S. Wise and Mary E. Woolley. Could any better list of real patriots be compiled? And yet this despicable propaganda literature either openly declares or strongly intimates that each of these self-sacrificing lovers of humanity is dangerous!"

Patriotic and defense societies have grown up like mushrooms since the war, says Dr. Hartman. Some of them have been organized in all sincerity, we are told; but "dozens of others, some of them private enterprises, are thoroughly irresponsible." One of the worst features of this propaganda movement, as pointed out by the Methodist editor, is "its growing opposition to the Church and Christianity," and he tells us:

"Ex-newspapermen without any knowledge of religion are enlisted to write articles expounding the principles of a safe and sound Christianity. Organizers and promoters of so-called patriotism are attempting to tell preachers what to preach. We are instructed almost in plain words by the one-hundred-percenters that where there is a conflict between Christ and Cæsar, Christ must go. The Gospel of our Lord as a set of principles by which the human race ought to live is repudiated, and in opposition to it Americans are urged to adopt a program of survival of the fittest, of pagan ruthlessness.

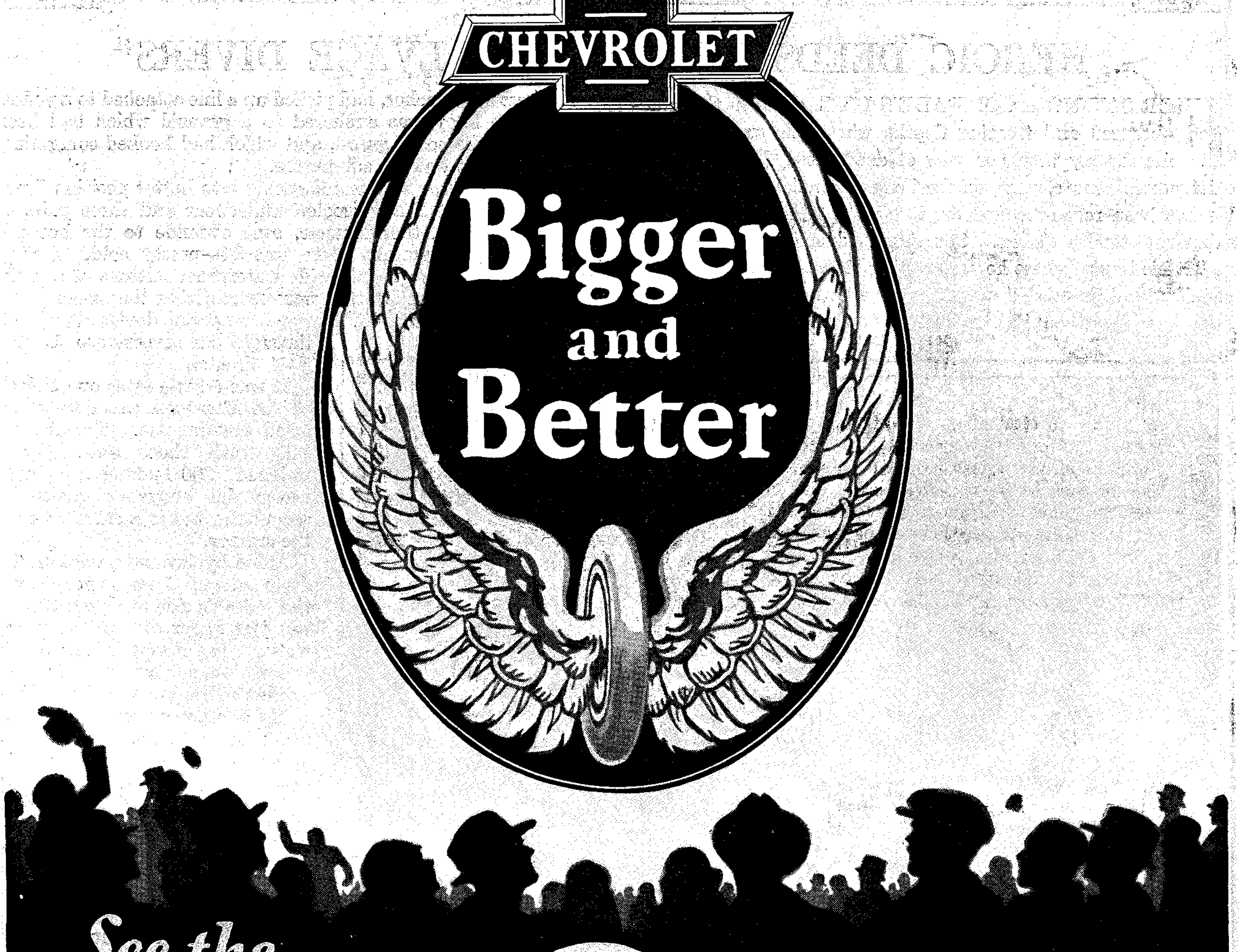
"Must the Church take its cue from the professional patriots? Must Christians be forced by these self-constituted leaders to crucify their Lord afresh and accept the thirty pieces of silver? We think not. Every follower of Jesus is called upon to be true to His teachings, even at the cost of being blacklisted."

What is to be done? asks Dr. Hartman. "How can America be stirred to a new recognition of that real patriotism which dominated the minds of the founders of the Republic?' It is, he says, a task for the schools and the churches, and he urges that—

"Every Christian, for example, ought to denounce roundly the wrong done to Jane Addams, than whom no nobler woman ever lived. As a result of insidious propaganda, this gentle, kindly soul, whose whole life has been one of self-sacrifice for others, is made to appear so dangerous that organizations have been poisoned against her. What ought to be the attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church toward the professional patriots who declare that the peace resolution of the General Conference of 1924, which breathes through and through with the spirit of Christ, is simply a good example of communistic propaganda? It is time for organized Christianity to arise and smite this blatant enemy of the true faith.

"What is the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America doing about this menacing movement which is busy creating dangerous radicalism, undermining the very foundations of the Republic, and openly defying the principles of genuine Christianity? The Council should, we believe, face the question without delay. It should thoroughly inform itself of the activities of these one-hundred-percenters and convey the facts to Christian leaders from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it should call American citizens back to the true patriotism of the fathers What more important issue confronts the followers of Jesus in America to-day than this dangerous development of false patriotism? The Council has gained an excellent reputation in recent years for breadth of insight into its task and for courage to deal with difficult questions. Let it now squarely face this problem and help both the country and the Church to a new faith in God and man."

for Economical Transportation



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Marvelous new bodies by Fisher . . . longer, lower and roomier! A 107-inch wheelbase . . . the longest ever offered in a low-priced car! An improved valve-in-head engine . . . smooth, powerful and swift in acceleration! Four semi-elliptic shock absorber springs . . . permanent assurance of delightful riding ease! Non-locking four-wheel brakes . . . powerful dependable and velvety in operation! That's what the Bigger and Better Chevrolet now provides! Small wonder that it is everywhere being hailed as the world's most luxurious low priced car! See it now at the showroom of your nearest Chevrolet dealer!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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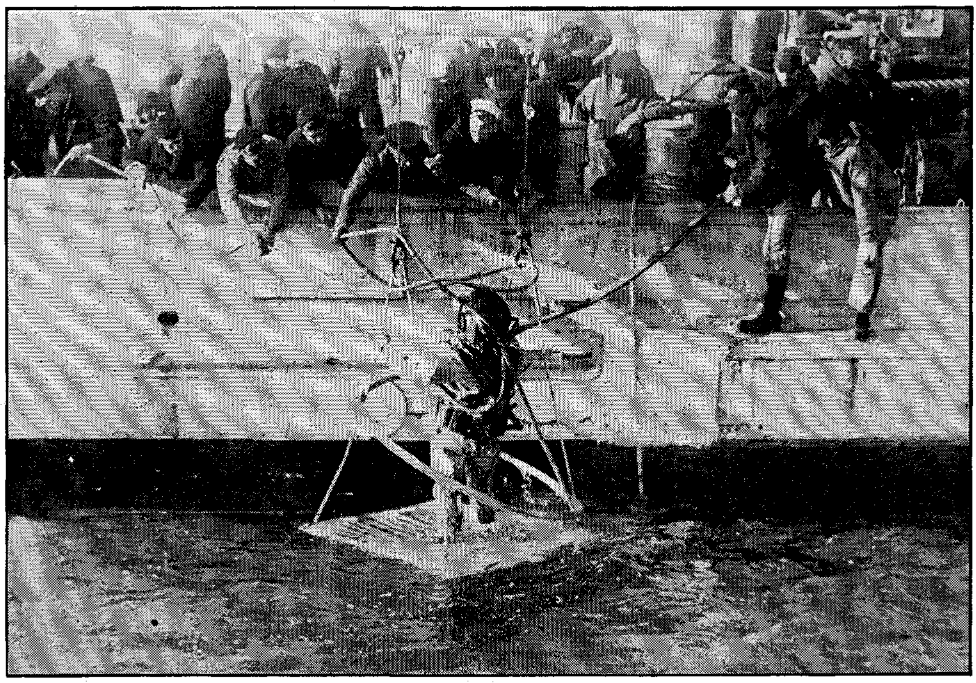
4 Wheel Brakes

QUALITY AT LOW COST

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

HEROIC DEEDS OF THE *S-4* SALVAGE DIVERS

FOR SAVING A COMRADE'S LIFE, down in the mud-obscured and freezing depths where the smashed submarine lay with her crew of dead men, Thomas Eadie, chief gunner's mate, may win the Congressional Medal of Honor. He has been recommended for it by Captain Hartley, of the submarine tender *Falcon*. Courting "extreme personal peril," he left his bunk, where he was resting after an arduous dive of his own, and descended again into the water—now lasht with storm and swathed in the darkness of night—to rescue his successor at the task, L. S. Michaels, chief torpedo-man, whose lines were fouled. In undertaking that desperate struggle, Eadie was risking his own life in more ways than one, especially as he had only just left the recompression chamber in which a diver remains for some time after returning to the surface, as a precaution against the dreaded "bends." Other gallant exploits of the Navy divers have marked the salvage operations over the *S-4*, just as they did those over the *S-51*. In fact, we learn from the New York *World* that Eadie, who is over forty, "holds the Navy Cross for heroism in the *S-51* disaster," also that "Admiral Brumby says he will recommend him for the highest honors the Navy can offer."


International Newsreel photograph

ALL ABOARD FOR DAVY JONES'S LOCKER!

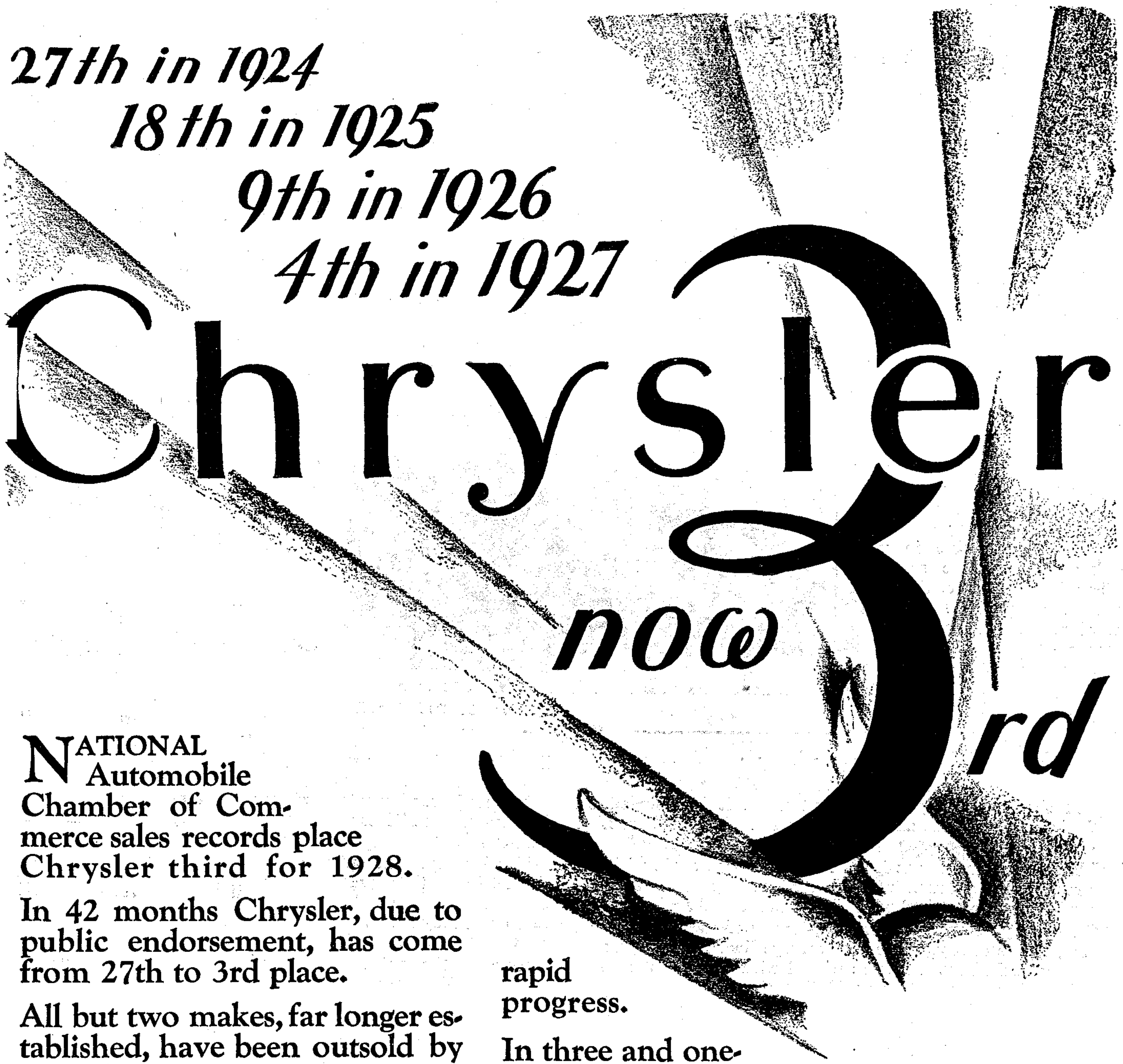
One of the navy divers has here been helped overside from the submarine tender *Falcon*, and is about to descend to the *S-4*, 102 feet below.

It was at the end of a crowded day for the veteran chief gunner's mate that he got into his clumsy diving dress and helmet for the second time to respond to an S. O. S. from the bottom of the sea. He himself unfolds the whole story in his own language, under copyright of the North American Newspaper Alliance, and *The World* prints it under his name. Thus:

> When word was flashed that the submarine *S-4* had sunk, I was at my home in Newport on week-end leave. The officer of the deck at the station telephoned me the news, and said all divers were to report at once.
>
> After we were assembled, eleven of us, we started in three fast automobiles. The Rhode Island State police cleared traffic to Fall River. From there the Massachusetts State troopers gave us clear roads to Fair Haven. We arrived in Provincetown at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning. I boarded the *Falcon*.
>
> The vessel, at anchor, had picked up a line attached to a yellow buoy. The buoy was anchored to a grapnel which had been dragged by the coast guard, and which had hooked something. We all hoped it was the submarine.
>
> While the *Falcon* was maneuvering into better position I put on three suits of heavy woolen underwear and three pairs of woolen socks. A thermometer, sent overside to the bottom, showed the temperature there was 34—pretty cold. I wore woolen gloves which fitted inside waterproof mittens of canvas, lined with rubber, and in turn were cemented at the wrists to the diving-suit. This combination was a special device developed through our experience in the *S-51* disaster.
>
> It was a little after one o'clock in the afternoon when they finished dressing me. The diving-suit, with shoes and helmet, weighed 200 pounds. Under water the buoyancy makes it seem light, but it is clumsy above the surface.
>
> Aided by two men, I got on the diving stage. I was lowered over the *Falcon's* side until my helmet was just under the surface of the water. The lowering then stopt, while I tested out the telephone inside the helmet, and the air-line
>
> My equipment consisted of the usual heavy knife, which divers always carry, a hammer and a small piece of line. As it was daylight, I did not take a lamp along. I regretted this later, because the visibility around the submarine was very poor, and at best I could see only about four feet ahead.
>
> When I had completed my tests I called into the telephone transmitter: "Everything is all right. Carry me to the descending line."

This, he explains, was the line leading down into the ocean from the yellow buoy. And he goes on to relate that the men on the *Falcon* moved the diving stage over to the line, whereupon Eadie threw one arm and one leg around it to guide his descent and slid down as rapidly as possible. Reading on:

> The whole drop of seventeen fathoms, 102 feet, took less than a minute. I landed on the extreme top of the conning-tower between both periscopes. At least we had found the submarine.
>
> I climbed down off the conning-tower to the forward deck. On landing there I heard a faint signal. I hadn't sent any signals, but they must have heard the thump of my shoes, weighted with lead, when I started forward and stept down on a projection of the conning-tower.
>
> The signal was a tapping sound. I started along the deck in the direction I thought it was coming from. I heard it again, and then sent a signal by hitting with my hammer on a metal part of the deck.
>
> I hit once. The answer came immediately. This gave me a better idea where the signals were coming from. Hoping to locate them exactly, I knelt on the next hatch I came to and pounded with the hammer. I held my other hand, palm down, on the hatch, which, of course, was of steel and led into the torpedo-room.
>
> Answering, they hit the hatch just beneath my hand. I felt it distinctly. The vibration was transmitted through my diving-suit to the telephone inside the helmet so distinctly that the torpedo-man on the *Falcon*, who was wearing the telephone receiving set, knew there were persons alive in the submarine even before I shouted, "There's life aboard."
>
> I gave the imprisoned men another signal, three or four taps with my hammer. Their answers were all made by six raps.



NATIONAL Automobile Chamber of Commerce sales records place Chrysler third for 1928.

In 42 months Chrysler, due to public endorsement, has come from 27th to 3rd place.

All but two makes, far longer established, have been outsold by Chrysler.

The order of precedence at the National Automobile Shows is determined by the dollar volume of sales in the year ended July 1st. In these 12 months, Chrysler sold 193,750 motor cars—a volume of $275,000,000 paid by the public.

No other make of car has ever recorded such phenomenally rapid progress.

In three and one-half years, production and sales have increased six-fold over the original record-breaking first year of Chrysler.

There can be no more impressive public endorsement of Chrysler performance, Chrysler long life, Chrysler quality, Chrysler value.

, , ,

All Chrysler models are exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; and in the Balloon Room and entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 28th to Feb. 4th.

CHRYSLER

"52" "62" "72"
40 Body Styles Priced from

Imperial "80"
$725 to $6795 F. O. B. Detroit

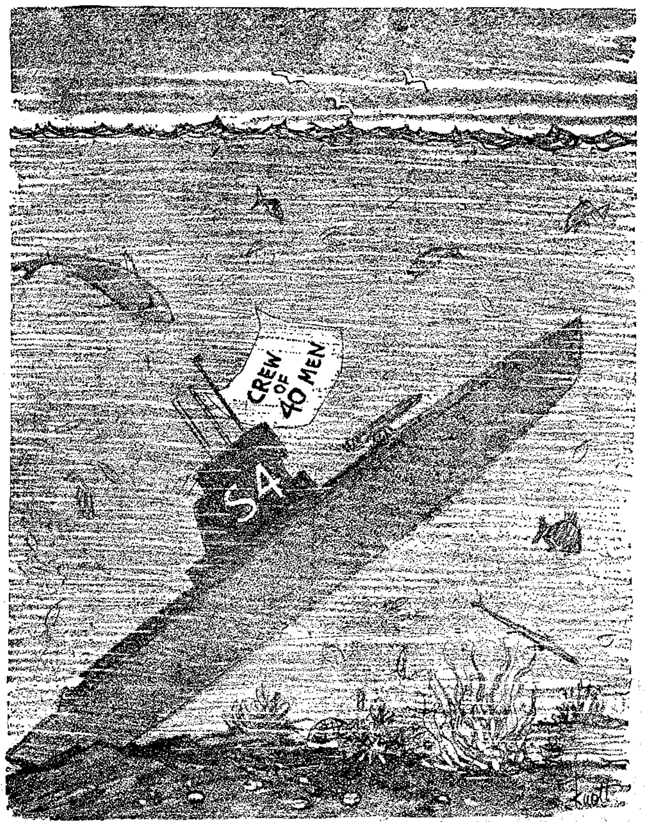
They were trying to tell me there were six of them in there.

I tried to learn what damage had been done. I walked aft. The amount of wreckage there was more terrific than in the case of the *S-51*, altho the actual damage to the submarine is probably less.

She was cut half-way through and seemed to have been struck a little aft of the torpedo-room. A hole had been torn in her hull from there to a point about eight feet forward of the gun, which is on the deck forward of the conning-tower.

I walked forward again and got on the bow, because the people on the *Falcon* wanted to know the direction in which she was lying. I telephoned the *Falcon* that I was on the bow and was going to walk aft. As I walked the bubbles caused by escaping air from the air-control valve in my helmet rose to the surface. They formed a line, showing the direction the submarine was headed. Her bow pointed southwest.

When I got aft, I tried the conning-tower with my hammer to see if there was life inside. I received no answer. I tried to look inside through the four-inch glass portholes, but I couldn't see anything. I next walked farther aft along the port side. I then found myself checked by my air-line, and found it had fouled on both the radio antenna and the yardarm of the signal mast of the submarine.



AS MAGRUDER SAID: "TOO MUCH WASTE IN THE NAVY"

—Knott in *The Dallas News*.

I knelt and, reaching as far as I could, tapped again with the hammer. But I got no answer. I convinced myself the only life aboard was in the forward part. I started forward again.

On my way I stopt at the conning-tower and opened the hatch leading to the connection for the salvage line. The officers on the *Falcon* asked me if I was satisfied with my inspection, and I replied that I was. They said that they had another man ready to come down and asked me to stand by to go up.

The men above pulled me up by the life-line until I was forty feet beneath the surface. They held me there five minutes to accustom me to the change in pressure and then pulled me up ten feet more. I remained at that depth fifteen minutes and then was hauled rapidly to the top. Within two minutes after my diving-suit had been removed, I was in the recompression chamber. This is a sort of tank in which a diver is confined after coming to the surface. The air is pumped into it under pressure, and this pressure is gradually lowered. I remained in the chamber twenty-seven minutes.

Bill Carr, chief bo'sun's mate, then went down to the submarine and secured a line of salvage air-hose to the ballast tanks. After Carr came up, chief torpedo-man L. S. Michaels went down to attach a second salvage air-hose.

He started down at eight o'clock Sunday night. The *Falcon* was yawing badly because of the heavy seas. Under normal conditions no diving would have been attempted.

"Mike" carried a diver's lamp of 1,000 watts, a device perfected during operations on the *S-51*. With that light he could see through the water ten feet.

A northwest wind was blowing thirty miles and getting stronger. The sea was running whitecaps. The *Falcon* was riding to one anchor and was held aft by two hawsers. They left from each side of the after deck and were made fast to the *Lark* and the *Mallard*, which were anchored behind the *Falcon*. This was to steady her as much as possible.

"Mike" had been down half an hour when he signaled that he was fouled. His air-line had become tangled within two or three minutes after he landed on the submarine, and he had spent the rest of the time trying to free himself.

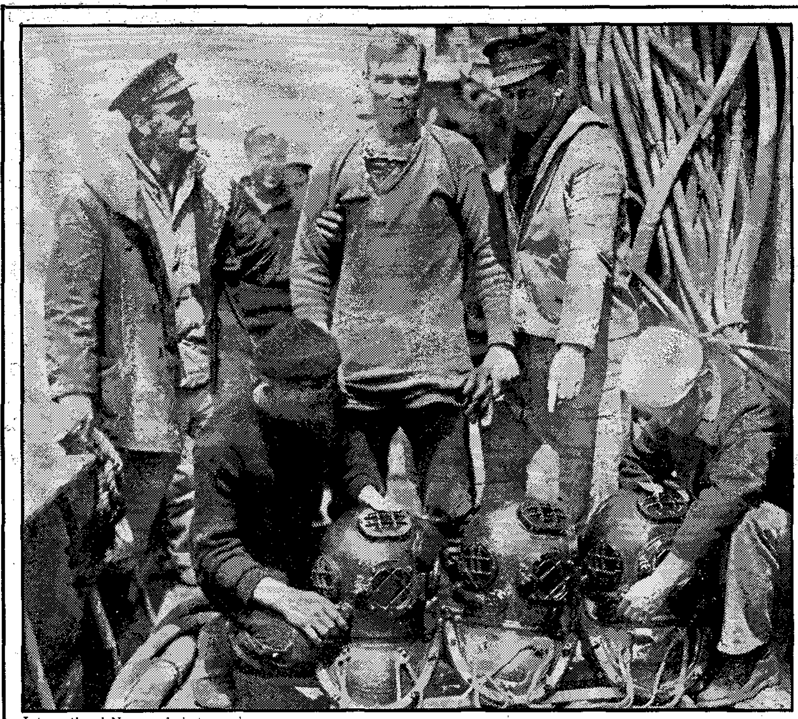
When "Mike's" signal came, I was in my bunk asleep. I was called by Captain Hartley. He told me "Mike" was fouled, and that they would like to have me go down. The men on deck were waiting with the diving-suit, and as fast as I could get into my woolen underclothes and socks I rushed to the after deck.

I knew it was important to have my hands free on this dive, because "Mike's" last signal was, "Tell Eadie to bring the heavy wire-cutters."

The boys had the cutters ready, but I knew I couldn't use them if I wore the clumsy mittens. These are very stiff, and have only three fingers, one for the thumb and two for the four fingers. So I coated my hands with grease and pulled on a pair of woolen mittens. I also took a lamp, and, of course, I had my knife.

To reach the spot where "Mike" was trapt, I slid down on his life-line. When I got above him, I saw he was lying face down on the forward deck of the submarine.

His air-line was drawn across his back in a big loop. One side was held in a U-shaped piece of wreckage on the starboard side. The other side was fouled on what I think was a piece of steel from the bow of the *Paulding*, the craft which collided with the *S-4*. It was caught down near the bilge keel on the port side of the submarine.



International Newsreel photograph

BACK FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

The central figure is that of Diver Michaels, whose lines became entangled in wreckage, and who was rescued by Diver Eadie.

Because of the heavy seas, "Mike's" air-line was 150 feet more than the depth of the ocean, and Eadie explains:

> Usually the line is nearly taut, but we couldn't do this here because the rescue ship was plunging up and down.
>
> The bottom of the U-shaped wreckage was nearest me. I climbed down on the starboard side and tried to get the loop of air-line out around the ends of the U. I found I couldn't do this. I took hold of the U with both hands and tried to pry it apart. I soon learned this was impossible.

"Watch your ~~step~~ throat"

Due to overheated homes, stuffy offices, crowded cars, sudden changes of temperature, and exposure to bad weather, you are in constant risk of colds, sore throat—or worse.

You can reduce this risk considerably if you care to. Every night when you get home, gargle with Listerine used full strength.

Many a cold and sore throat threatening to become serious has been quickly checked by this pleasant antiseptic.

Listerine immediately attacks the germ-producing bacteria in the mouth, nose, and throat.

The wise thing to do, of course, during bad weather, is to use Listerine systematically night and morning. Rinse your mouth with it. Inhale it through the nose. Gargle with it full strength.

It may be, and very probably will be, the means of sparing you a long and trying siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home

In the THROAT *and nose more than* 50 diseases have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

Watch your throat!

ITS NAME ALONE. The name Listerine Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best paste that scientific knowledge could achieve. Large tube—25¢

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

I put my helmet close to "Mike's" and asked if he would hold the lamp for me. He understood, but he threw the rays in my eyes and blinded me. It wasn't that "Mike" didn't know; he couldn't help it.

I examined the U again and found it was an angle-iron broken almost in two. I telephoned the *Falcon* for a hack-saw. They tied the saw to a heavy shackle and lowered it. I got it and then stept into the wreckage and began to saw the angle-iron.

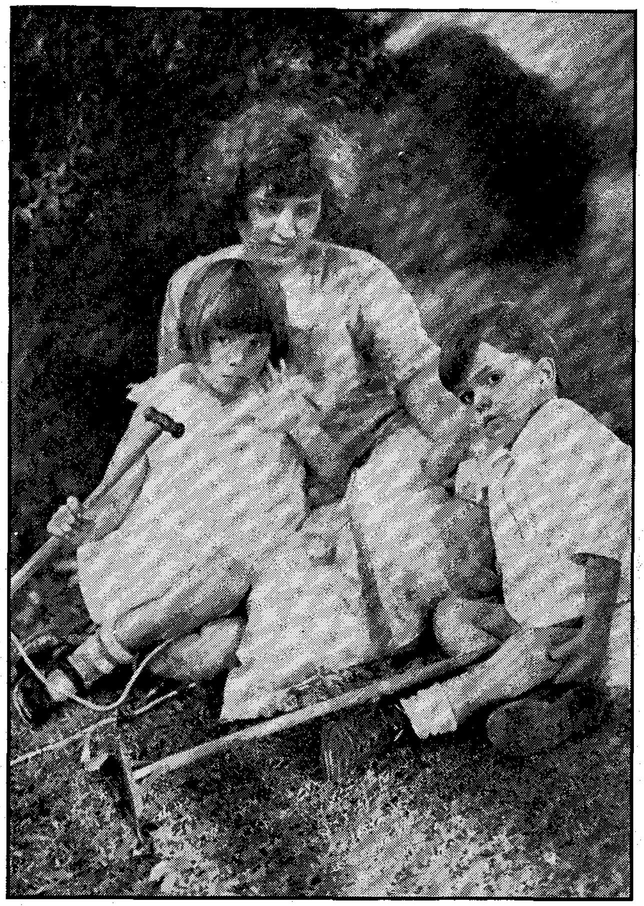
It took me an hour to cut through, because I had to work slowly. I was afraid of breaking the brittle blade of the hack-saw. Finally I cut it through and got "Mike's" line clear.

"Mike" then thought he was free and wanted to leave me. I shouted to him and said, "You're still foul on the other side, 'Mike.' Hold the lamp while I clear you there."

"Mike" was swaying and playing the light at random. He was practically unconscious, but was kept from falling by the buoyancy of the air in his helmet and the upper part of his suit.

I took the lamp out of his hand and went to the port side to see how he was fouled there. I climbed over the side of the submarine and suddenly felt myself drop rapidly, and my feet hit on some wreckage. I found the air-hose caught under a piece of jagged iron twelve feet down, and with the air-line swaying under it the iron would soon have cut the hose in two.

It took me less than a minute to get the air-line loose. I then opened the air-control valve and let more air into my suit to give me additional buoyancy. I started to climb up the side of the submarine, but caught the leg of my trousers on the jagged piece of metal and had the bad luck to rip a hole in my diving-suit.


P. & A. photograph

COMMANDER JONES'S HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

The tragic fate of the ship's company of the *S-4* is emphasized by this glimpse of the commander's wife and children.

I could feel the water coming in, and before I got to the deck it was up to my neck. But it couldn't get into my helmet. My underwear and socks were soaked through. It was pretty cold, with the water only two degrees above freezing.

When I got to "Mike" he seemed to have recovered a little. I telephoned up to haul in slack on the life-line. I didn't know "Mike's" life-line had caught around my life-line. I telephoned "All right on 'Mike,'" and they started to haul him up. I felt a tug on my line and I yelled, "Don't haul me up; haul 'Mike.'"

The tugging stopt and I looked up and saw "Mike" swaying above me, his feet just within reach. I pulled him down to the deck. I opened the spit-cock in his helmet to release excess air and cut down his buoyancy a little. I then picked him up in my arms, this being easy because it was under water, and passed him around me so he was clear of my life-line.

I closed the spit-cock, and thinking it would be better if we could get to the descending line I started walking toward the conning-tower. I motioned "Mike" to follow, and held the lamp behind me so he could see.

When I got to the line I looked back for "Mike." He was nowhere in sight. I kept playing the lamp toward where I had left him. But I couldn't see him. I telephoned up and asked, "Where is 'Mike'?" I didn't get my answer. They said, "Do you want to come up?" It was so cold I didn't think I could hold out much longer, so I said, "Yes, please haul me up."

Before the line became taut I walked back on the deck of the submarine and played the light all around to make sure "Mike" was being pulled up.

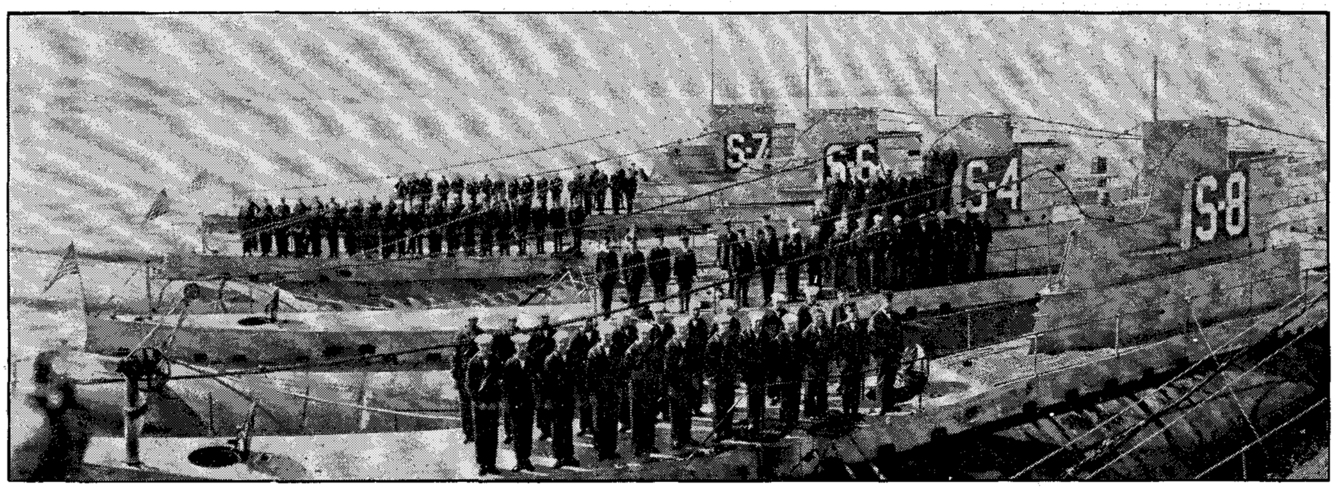
They hauled me straight from the bottom to the surface without making any stops for decompression, because my suit was full of water. They rushed me into the decompression chamber and I got out of my suit. "Mike" was in there too. We had to cut his suit and gloves off his underwear. It took two men to bend his knee. We wrapt "Mike" in blankets soaked in hot water.

I got my own underwear off and wrapt up in a blanket. They ran the air-pressure up to sixty pounds, ten more than the pressure on the bottom, at the place where the submarine was sunk.

I was sitting by "Mike's" side watching him at 3:30 o'clock Monday morning when he first opened his eyes.

The labors and perils of a diver's life were perhaps never set forth more realistically than in this laconic narrative. The sequel of the story is that "Mike" was stricken with a bad case of the "bends," and the *Falcon* rushed him ashore to a hospital—an unexplained trip which gave rise to the mistaken impression that the work of rescue was being abandoned. And now comes another story of under-water adventure, rivaling that of Eadie in the light it throws on the chances that confront the men who go down into the sea in diving-suits. As

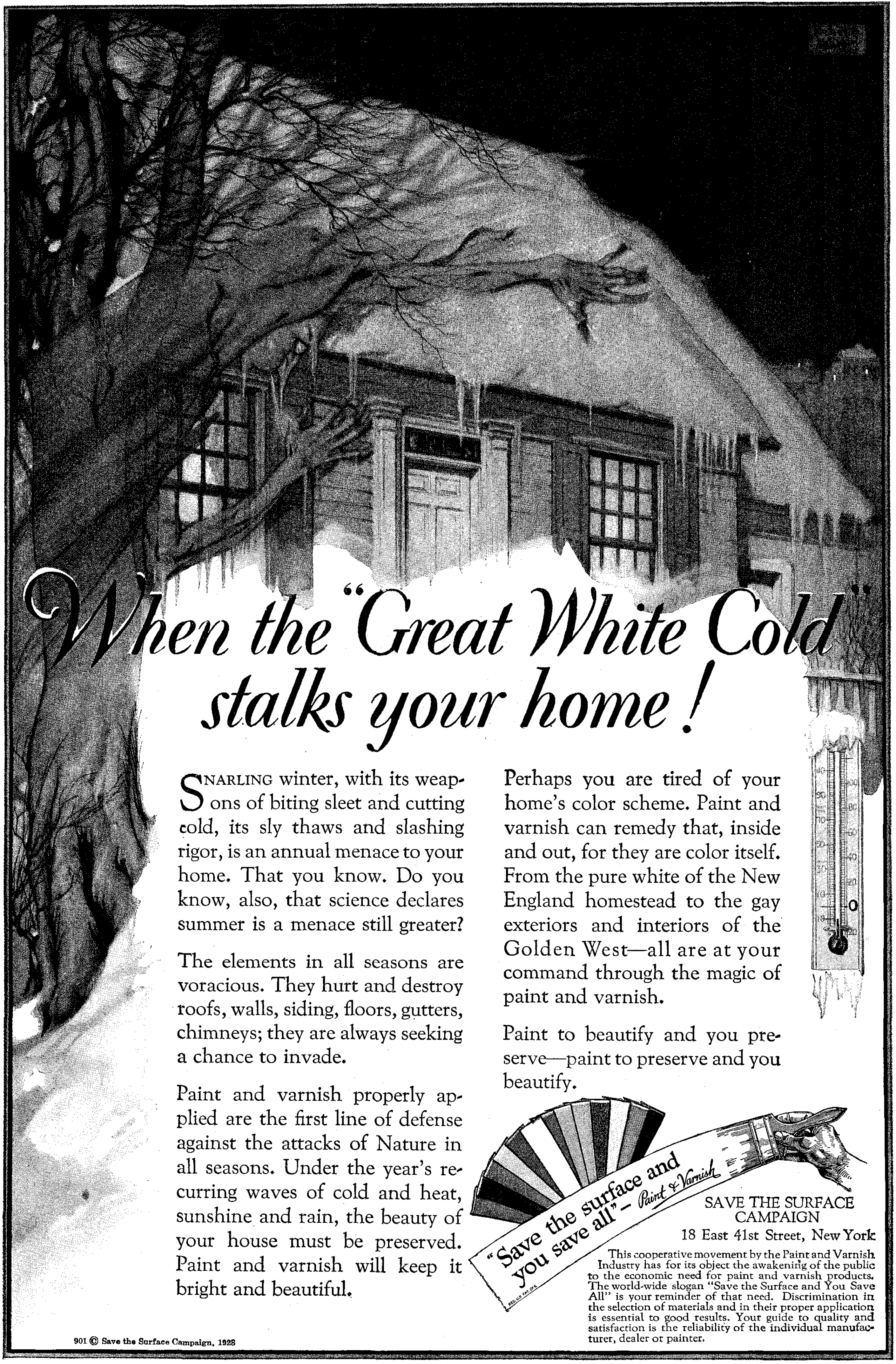
(*Continued on page 41*)



P. & A. photograph

THE *S-4* IN A FAMILY GROUP, WHEN ALL WAS WELL WITH HER AND NO DANGER LOWERED

Here the doomed submarine is seen peacefully cuddled with her sisters, the *S-6*, *S-7*, and *S-8*, in San Diego Harbor, California.


"Save the surface and you save all" - Paint & Varnish
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

When the "Great White Cold" stalks your home!

SNARLING winter, with its weapons of biting sleet and cutting cold, its sly thaws and slashing rigor, is an annual menace to your home. That you know. Do you know, also, that science declares summer is a menace still greater?

The elements in all seasons are voracious. They hurt and destroy roofs, walls, siding, floors, gutters, chimneys; they are always seeking a chance to invade.

Paint and varnish properly applied are the first line of defense against the attacks of Nature in all seasons. Under the year's recurring waves of cold and heat, sunshine and rain, the beauty of your house must be preserved. Paint and varnish will keep it bright and beautiful.

Perhaps you are tired of your home's color scheme. Paint and varnish can remedy that, inside and out, for they are color itself. From the pure white of the New England homestead to the gay exteriors and interiors of the Golden West—all are at your command through the magic of paint and varnish.

Paint to beautify and you preserve—paint to preserve and you beautify.

SAVE THE SURFACE
CAMPAIGN
18 East 41st Street, New York

This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world-wide slogan "Save the Surface and You Save All" is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

HERE is *The Forum* prize poem (1927), translated from the poem by our French Ambassador, called "L'Enfant Jésus de Prague." The translator writes to *The Forum's* editor: "I was imprest by the beauty and mysticism and simple faith of the great Claudel when I first read the poem in the original, and I tried to keep those qualities in my translation":

THE CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE

By Molly Anderson Haley

Without—the great world dead, December snow,
But in the little room what cozy glow
Of firelight weaving shadows on the wall!
The kettle's song—peace brooding over all.
Above the beds, high on his sturdy shelf
Beneath a glass, the Blessed One Himself,
The Little Christ of Prague, is looking down.
Dressed in His splendid robe, His halo-crown,
He holds the world safe in one hand and spreads
The other over sleepy little heads
That trust it so. The hearth illumines Him,
As shines the Host in sanctuary dim,
The Infant God, Who till the new day's start
Shall guard the little brothers of His heart.
Hushed as a breath exhaled, His presence fills
This simple room, the Eternal One Who wills
To be the equal of the humblest here.
No hurt can come to us while He is near.
Jesus, Our Brother, watches while we rest,
Our own, as these are ours that we like best:
The lovely doll, the wooden horse, the sheep,
Safe in the corner, safe for us who sleep.
Beyond the curtained snugness of the room
Some kind of clock sounds through the snowy gloom.
The child in his warm bed with happy sigh
That One he loves is hovering near by
To fend away all danger and all harm,
Stirs drowsily, and stretches out his arm;
Makes vain attempt to rouse himself and then
Drifts back contented to his dreams again.

THERE are so many candidates for our hero worship to-day that this reminder from *The London Mercury* comes not amiss. Note the perfection of the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas:

CREDITORS

By Robert Herring

One or two have lived and died
Made the world worth living in.
But to think of them is pride
Sets the heart above its din.

Not the ones with ringing names—
They are legends that display
Something raised them o'er the flames
That, in warming, crack our clay.—

But the casual wayfarers
Who, though little met or known,
Have such gifts and graces theirs
That our minds become their throne.

By some freedom in the gait,
Turn of head, or fearlessness,
They, beyond their estimate,
Blunt the edge of our distress.

By some token in the eye,
They in all their doing, give;
Make us not forget we die,
But rejoice that yet we live.

Many such, not beautiful
(Save in mind—nor wholly there),
Make this life's dark duty full
For that moment when their hair

Gave point to a pointless crowd,
Or they spoke, or did not, till
Our hearts rise to cry aloud;
Cry one moment, then be still.

PERHAPS the motorist who flashes by misinterprets the wakeful listener within doors; he may be starting on a different journey. Take it either way, *The Century* leaves you the choice:

HIGHWAY

By Ralph Emerson Hackett

All day the motors droning past
In merry wanderlust
Sing one familiar song to me,
Then vanish in the dust.

"A road that takes you round the world
Is handy by your door.
You'll find it smooth for many miles,
And rough for many more.

"The road is old and you are young;
Come out and choose your star!
Each mossy milestone left behind
Will prove the man you are."

All night the cars go droning past
In conquest of the dawn.
I will not hear their chant again—
To-morrow I'll be gone!

TOPICAL verse has a place even in a page devoted to serious themes. The underlying seriousness of this theme, treated, with aid from Macaulay, in the Boston *Transcript*, is our justification:

THOMASIUS

By J. McCulloch Sturgis

Mayor Thompson of Chicago
By the nine gods he swore
American ideals
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it
That he would end this thing,
This sinister and deadly blight
Destroying freedom over night,
The work of England's king.

Yea here within our very midst
King George all unperceived
Doth scatter poison in a way
That scarce can be conceived.
Within our schools and libraries
He's working night and day
To rob us of our birthright
And snatch our coin away.

His aids are thirty million,
Thrice thirty million more
Stand ever at his elbow
To strike at freedom's core.
Evening and morn these millions
Do spread their wicked net
Baited with English titles
America's best to get.

Alone stands Big Bill Thompson
Facing this British horde
That's captured schools and principals,
And some say even boards,
The wicked band that slyly crept
Within the library walls
Polluting with pro-British books
The shelves and stacks and stalls.

The winds of Windy City
Howl like wolves at night,
But the voice of Thompson thunders
And all who hear take fright.
Shrill screams the Lake Front tempest
And raucous roar its waves,
But the voice of Thompson drowns them out,
"All Englishmen are knaves."

Of Britain must our teachers
Speak only words of scorn
And all pro-British writers
Still wish they'd ne'er been born;
Upon the spacious Lake Front
This year we'll start a fire
To burn whatever we don't like,
Whatever stirs our ire.

East and West and South and North
Sport Hermann's eye is turned,
Consigning all pro-British books
To Lake Front to be burned.
Shame on the false pro-Britains
Who harbor in their homes
Such books as these when Thompson
Is burning all such tomes.

For we, the self-appointed
To censor as we please,
Are Simon Pure Americans
At liberty to seize
Whatever in our wisdom
Is wrong for men to read.
The gods be praised that we are here
To help in time of need.

A LITTLE belated for the season, but how many of us would fly the rigors of our Northern winter even in spirit! *The Commonweal* (New York) probably knows:

NOW AUTUMN IS HERE

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Now Autumn is here I yearn for a Roman villa
(A villa and peace!)
With mosaics of grapevines twined with the leopards of Bacchus,
And a bronze faun from Greece
Standing jocund and drunk in the midst of a modest fountain
Where the slow-moving carp
Nose the water to circles of ripples as thin and as silver
As the strings of a harp.

How pleasant to sit in a peristyle wide to the sun
But walled from the breeze,
And to smell the fragrance of grape swelling sweet from the press,
And see over the trees
An arrow of wild geese flying—how pleasant to smile
And, sighing, write down
A word of regret and content, engraved on wax tablets,
To some friend in the town.

FROM a new volume, "A Horn from Cæleon" (Harold Vinal, Ltd.), we cull this:

HOW BEAUTY CAME

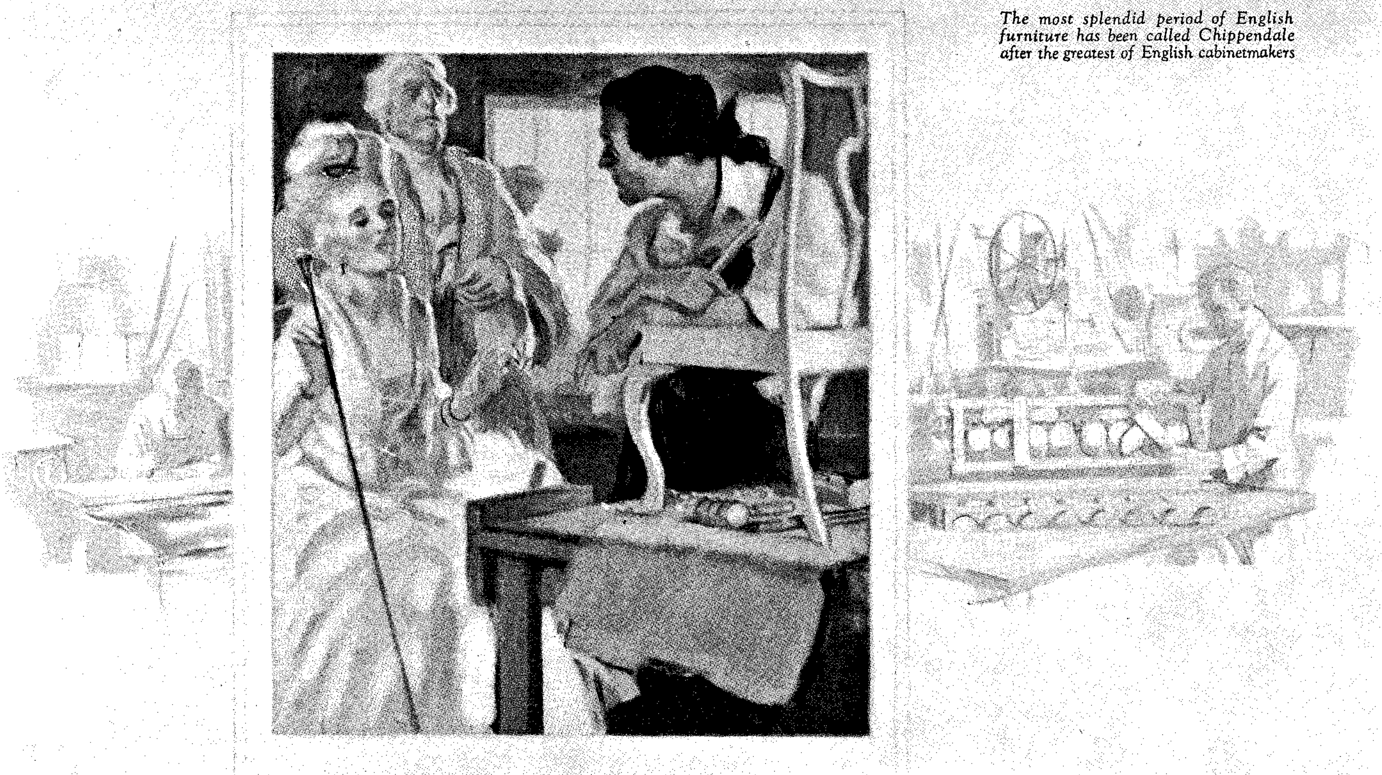
By J. Corson Miller

Not through the massive sun-washed doors,
Flung wide in the noisy house of the mind,
To these and the newly varnished floors
Her gypsy eyes were blind.

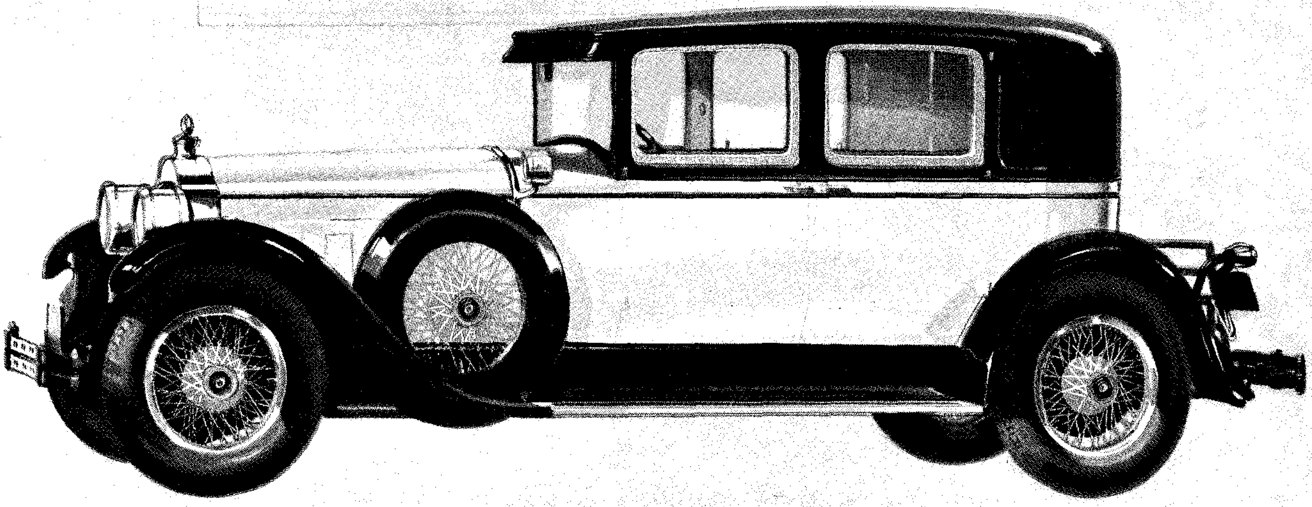
The heart that we rigged as a cloister-garden,
With young wild flowers to feast her eyes,
She passed, like a restless prison-warden
When dusk on the cell-tier dies.

The lighted towers of sense and sight
Grew lonely straining for her face
In vain, we borrowed music's might
To lure her from her hiding place.

But when each soul was scoured with flame,
And every heart by sorrow swept,
Then, cold and naked, Beauty came
Into our house and wept.



The most splendid period of English furniture has been called Chippendale after the greatest of English cabinetmakers



THE MASTER cabinetmakers of the 18th century left their names permanently attached to distinct and original styles. Modern furniture still reflects the genius of Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton.

Within the graceful, characteristic Packard lines lies the workmanship of modern masters of woodworking. Their expert craftsmanship is no less exacting because it remains hidden from the eye.

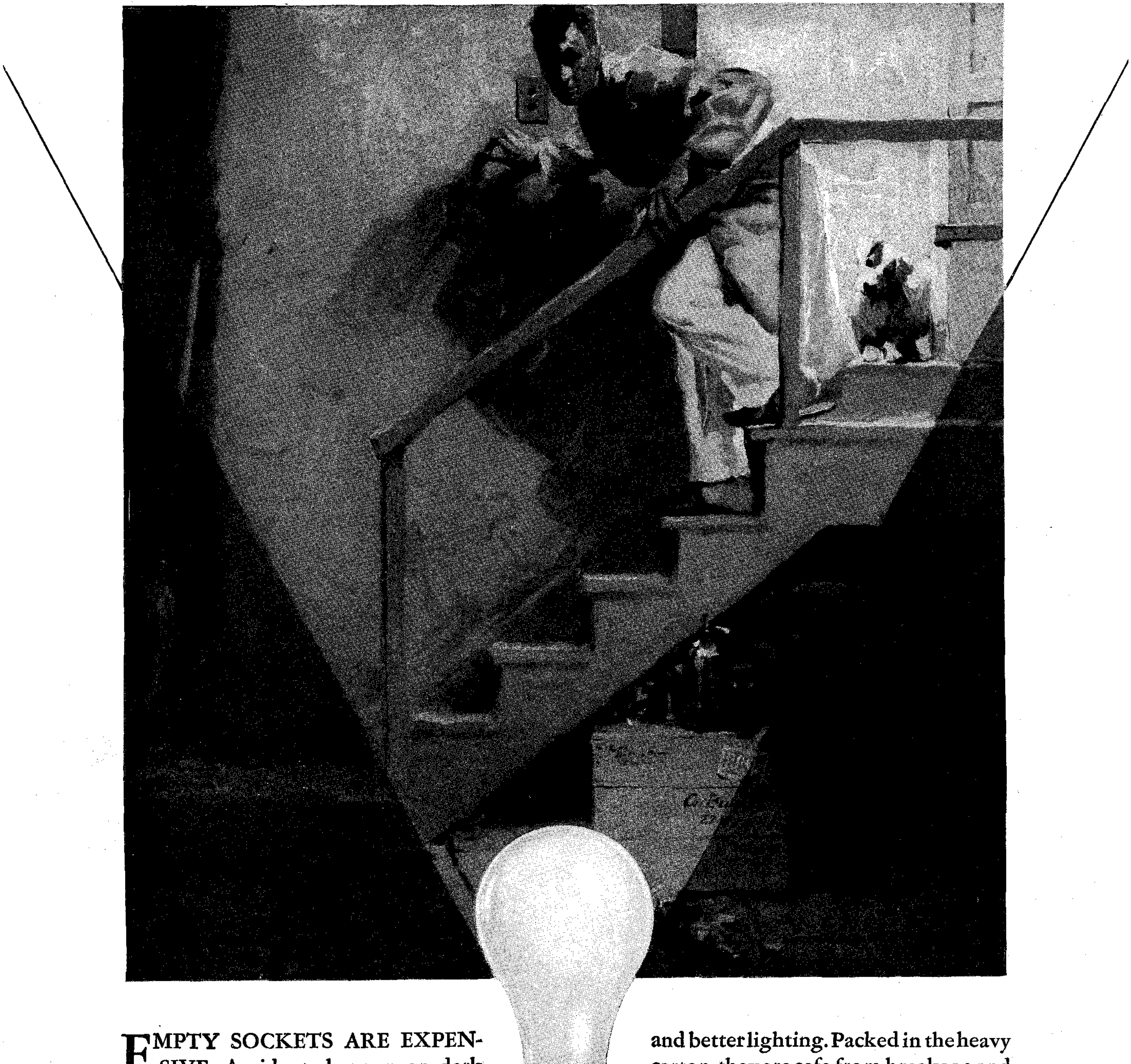
For Packard bodies, whose sturdy framework is of fine hardwood, must be as long lived as Packard chassis. Packard beauty must endure under years of stress and strain unknown to workmen of the past.

And Packard beauty is enduring in another sense also. For Packard, in twenty-seven years, has created a lasting style in motor car design which like the work of the old cabinetmakers has been much flattered by imitation.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Light up....for safety



EMPTY SOCKETS ARE EXPENSIVE. Accidents happen on dark stairways; dishes are broken in dark pantries; clothes are torn in dark closets. Be sure you keep a supply of Edison MAZDA* Lamps on hand. Fill empty sockets with the right lamps and assure yourself plenty of light whenever you need it.

People are buying Edison MAZDA Lamps by the carton, for convenience and better lighting. Packed in the heavy carton, they are safe from breakage and always handy when sockets need refilling.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 36*)

transmitted by Whitney Bolton, a staff correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

A graphic, stirring story of the vicissitudes encountered by divers as they tread the floor of the sea in the effort to salvage the submarine *S-4* was related aboard the *Falcon* late this evening by Lieut-Com. Edward Ellsberg. Twice in peril of his life, a third time apparently buried alive, the master diver discust his forty-minute joust with death in the simplest terms.

Surveying the torn hulk of the submarine, he was engulfed in mud particles stirred up by his movements. Blinded, his suit sleeve torn and leaking, he toppled off the submarine and into the deep mud, which immediately sucked him under. The underwater telephone saved his life.

"I went down to find out how badly cut she was," he said as he sat on the *Falcon*, apparently unconcerned by his battle for life seventeen fathoms down. "I could see no danger of her breaking. It was not a clean-cut break, like the *S-51*, but a jagged one. I landed at the bow and examined the S-C tube and found it in good condition.

"As I was walking back I came to a place twenty feet aft of the torpedo compartment. Here the superstructure was ripped away at an angle of forty-five degrees. It was a clean rip except for two planks on the port side. To get aft I dropt into the depression created by the torn-away superstructure and found the plating on top of the boat in perfect condition.

"I walked twelve feet aft just in front of the gun. The gun was slewed muzzle down to port and breach high to starboard. Just aft of the gun was a part of the *Paulding's* hull hanging over the port side. I crawled over and saw no damage aft. The *Paulding* apparently sideswiped the bridge, because the forward lines (hand-lines on the deck) were torn away and the after-lines were sagging."

Lieutenant Ellsberg spoke slowly, tracing the cruelly torn submarine in the air with sensitive fingers. He seemed to feel every gash ripped into it by the plowing bow of the *Paulding*. He seemed to feel sorrow for the *Paulding*, as he described her torn plates hanging in the water.

"I was going to go aft," he resumed, "but so far I hadn't seen any reason why the boat sank. I had not seen the hull. I crawled back over the gun to see where the hole was that let the water in. Just at this time my life-line and air-hose started to sag toward the wreckage, and I told them above and they took in the slack."

He described the slime gathering on the shell of the submarine and the dark, cold water that surrounded and impeded him in movement and vision.

"I could see the submarine shell all right, but it had become covered with a fine film of mud, and when I walked forward it had been stirred up and I couldn't see the submarine below."

This was when three desperate encounters with possible death seized him in quick succession, calling on him for everything he ever had learned in diving to preserve life in emergencies. A mud-slippery steel cylinder under him, leaden, ungripping shoes and a heavy suit to contend with, made the fight one against tremendous odds. The dark and cold added to the terror and almost took him to death with the forty silent men in the shell he crawled over.

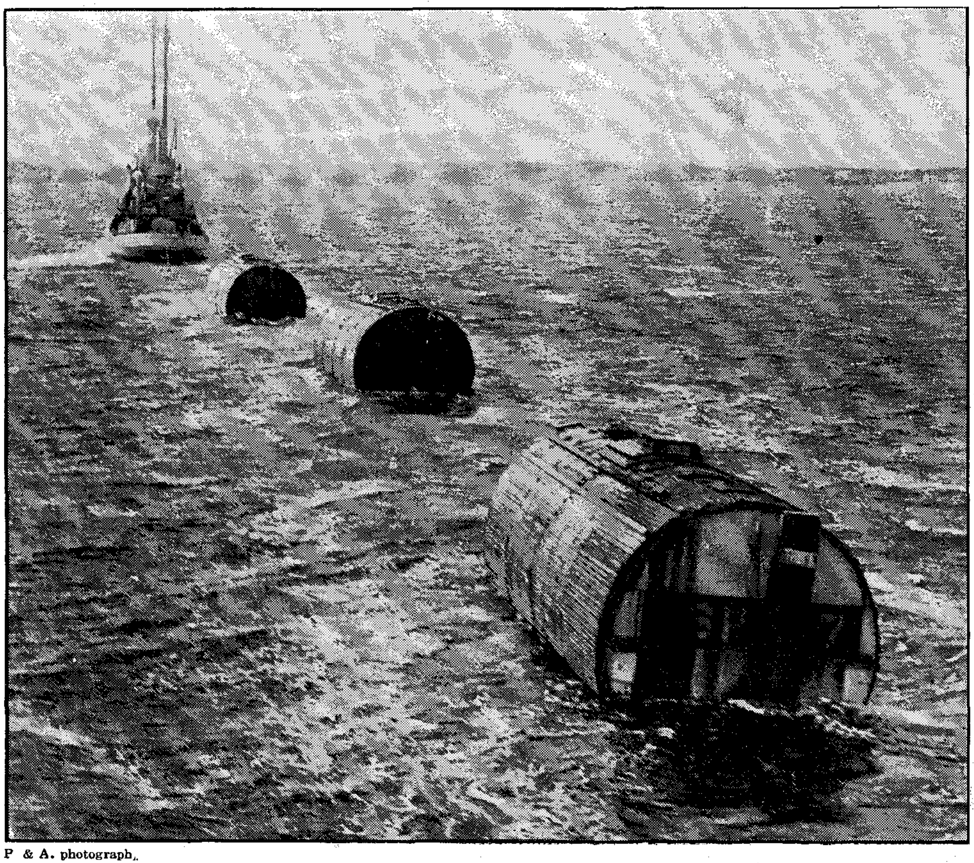
"I leaned way over to see which way was forward," he said. 'The line suddenly gave a pull, which threw me off balance and I slipt off the starboard side into a hole.

"It was a V-shaped cut. I tried to grab at the top of the hole, but a sharp edge cut my right-hand glove open. I tried to crawl up, but the water was running in my sleeve. I tried to work away, but I wasn't able to hold on—and I slid down the starboard side to the sea bottom and landed on my right side in soft mud.

"Before my eyes it was dark. I could see nothing. I stopt struggling. I could feel a lot of pieces of broken steel which apparently had fallen off the submarine. I asked for a pull, and they asked me if I wanted any help. I said I certainly did."

A diver working on the opposite side of the submarine was ordered to abandon his work and rescue Ellsberg. Before his ungainly clothing would permit him to mount the great hulk and slide down to Ellsberg's muddy, gravelike hole, Ellsberg had called his diving lore into play and, taking a desperate chance with the bends, freed himself. The other diver was William Carr.

"Carr was working on the port side. They told Carr to cross over to help me, and Carr started over. I thought it was one hell of a place to have to stay forever, but I felt pretty sure they could get help down to me. I decided to open the air-valve to fill my suit with air.



P & A. photograph.

THE LONG PILGRIMAGE OF THE PONTOONS

All the way from Brooklyn to Provincetown they were laboriously towed, and the Navy is criticized for not having them nearer the habitual scene of submarine activities.

"This air-valve lies at the joint between the helmet and suit. Closed, it maintains air in the helmet only, and the diver breathes all he needs of it. Open, it sends some of the air down into the suit and inflates the rubbery, grotesque garment.

"This would carry me up," Commander Ellsberg explained, "but the danger lay in that if the suit were too light and I came to the surface too quickly. You know what that means—bends.

"I let the air in slowly, and I felt myself floating up. Then I slacked the air off and my head came out of the sticky mud. I could see daylight again."

Commander Ellsberg smiled, partly as if amused at the spectacle of his goggling, helmeted head emerging from the ooze in the face of terrified fish, and partly as if in recollection of his own relief.

"I shut the air off and started to sink again. So, by turning the air on and off and balancing myself I finally got up to where I was in mud only to my waist."

His serious face broke again into a smile, a grim smile born of his victory over the mud that would have taken him lower and lower until he no longer would have been able to extricate himself from the slime.

"I looked up and saw the life-line and the hose-line going straight up," he resumed. "So I told them to lift me up and I came out of the mud. I kicked myself around to try and see the submarine, but I could not see it. Then they pulled me up fifteen feet and I kicked around again, but still I couldn't see it. So I told them to take me up."

He turned away and began examining his diving gear. His story was ended and he saw no reason to prolong the discussion. His gear lay before him, torn by the scissors-like edges of the gashed submarine. He would have to go down again. He must see to its repair.

A few officers, a diver or two, and others stood about during his story of forty minutes at the ocean's floor and beneath the floor.

Actually it was Commander Ellsberg's second gamble with death during the day. On his first plunge, scheduled for one hour, he had been below but fifteen minutes when his air-valve started to shut down. The spring had been drawn too tightly, and it was feeding life-giving air in gasps. Faced with an hour's difficult, hazardous survey of the *S-4*, he could not chance any disorder in the valve.

He communicated his plight by telephone and was pulled up hurriedly. He flopped on the deck of the *Falcon* convulsed with pain because of the sudden, quick transition from the great pressure of the depths to the normal pressure of the atmosphere. Mechanics ripped his helmet loose, and he staggered toward the recompression chamber. His face was distorted with surging, racking pain and he talked incoherently, as if striving to give a message that would not form on his lips.

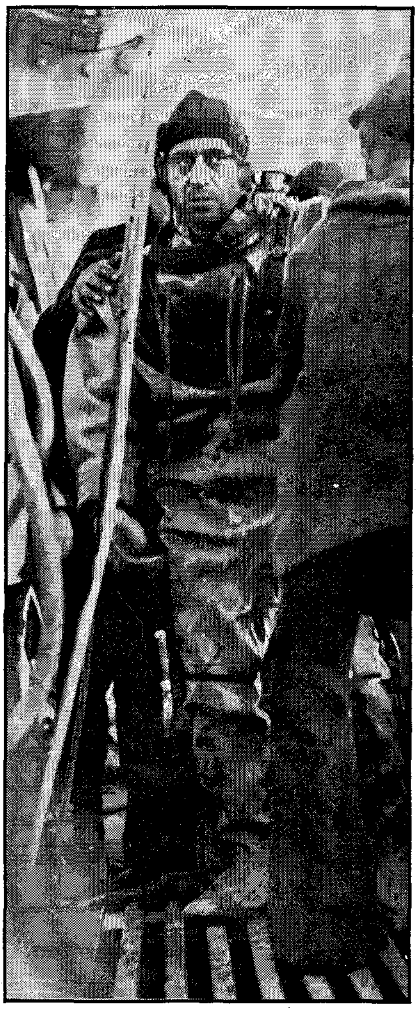
He remained in the chamber for some time, his blood returned to normal flow, and, smiling, he emerged and ordered his helmet for the second dive, the plunge that was to crowd a lifetime of struggle and adventure into forty minutes.

Divers stood about the deck silently as he was lowered the second time. They had nothing to say, no cheers, no applause. The tortures of diving in anything but perfect conditions were too close to them for outbursts over bravery in a mate. The one who hazarded a cheer might be the next to grapple for life 102 feet down against thick ooze and knife-blade steel edges that come out of solid darkness suddenly and viciously to tear at rubber clothes and let water in.

The water closed over a bulging steel helmet, the pumps began to work, the drama of the forty minutes' fight for life was under way.

A new slant to the discussion over the sinking of the *S-4* has come from Secretary Wilbur, according to this Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, discussing the sinking of the submarine *S-4* and the salvaging operations at Provincetown, Massachusetts, said during a visit at Wayne, Pennsylvania, this afternoon on his return from the scene of the tragedy that it was "the business of the submarine to be on the lookout for and immediately sight surface vessels."
>
> This statement, taken by some people as an indirect admission that the *S-4* was sunk because of negligence in not keeping the necessary lookout for surface vessels, came in reply to the question: "Had surface vessels been informed of the course which the *S-4* was to take in her maneuvers?"
>
> "No, of course not," Secretary Wilbur responded. "It is the business of the submarine to be on the look-out for and immediately sight surface vessels. Therein lies their whole offensive strength. If they can't protect themselves in peace-time from surface vessels which are unaware of their whereabouts, well—" and he finished the sentence with an expressive gesture.
>
> In reply to criticisms from civilians regarding the attempt at rescue, he said the best minds of the Navy had been weighing carefully for the last two decades all suggestions made by critics in the last week.
>
> He reiterated that the rescue and salvage forces working under the direction of Admiral Brumby had done everything humanly possible all of the time, and with the utmost speed, to avert the death of the six men who were known to be alive in the submarine's torpedo-room. The Admiral, in withdrawing from the scene a week ago, had taken a brave and just position in the face of equally difficult alternatives, said Mr. Wilbur.
>
> "Admiral Brumby had to choose between risking the life of a brave man who had been severely injured in diving operations at the scene (the diver Michaels) or risking the suspension of diving operations for a quick run to the Navy Hospital at New London. He did the latter, and wisely so, as was proved subsequently, for the increasing roughness of the sea would have forced the suspension of efforts at the scene in any event."



International Newsreel photograph

ALMOST LOST IN THE MUD

Lieutenant-Commander Ellsberg (above) had a narrow escape when he slipped into a hole and ripped his diving-suit.

The men who "go under the sea in ships" are the greates gamblers in the world in the eyes of Navy men, according to United Press correspondent in Washington, who goes on to explain:

> Every time the submarine on which they are stationed takes a dive they bet their lives against $1 that they come up again The extra pay for enlisted men is $15 a month—provided they make fifteen dives. The officers receive no additional compensation.
>
> Very few men in the naval service seek duty aboard submarines They are ordered and they go. When the submarines were first made part of the Navy's equipment, volunteers manned the under-water craft. Now both officers and men are assigned.

Apropos of which the New York *Times* quotes a poem, "The Submarine," the author of which is believed to have been lost in the *S-4*. He was Walter Bishop, radioman, whose home was at 1412 K Street, Washington, D. C. We make a selection from the thirty-four verses of the poem:

You've no doubt heard the people rave
Of battleships, spotless and clean.
But stop! Have you ever heard a word
Of life on a submarine?

In the cankerous mind of the devil
There festered a fiendish scheme;
He called his cohorts around him
And designed the submarine.

I'll try and describe this monster
That the imps of hell have wrought:
And when I'm through there's still the fact
I'll have left out a lot.

The engine room when under way
Is a place of torture for the brain,
With the two big Diesel engines
Roaring and shaking as though in pain

The motor room is another hot place,
Just motors and pumps and things;
But none the less a busy spot
When the diving signal rings.

Most of us in the battery room
Close to a lurking death;
With the storage cells giving off gas
That smothers our every breath.

The torpedo room is a deadly spot,
But we have small choice, you know;
So some sleep there, next the overhead
With tons of TNT below.

When the diving siren sounds,
There's action never seen
At any place upon the earth
But inside a submarine.

We're bottled up, just like a trap,
With nothing in between
The sea and death but a metal cap
Like the lid on a soup tureen.

We get a five-dollar bonus,
They call it extra pay;
But it always goes for dungarees
That the acid eats away.

You've seen these bronco busters
Suffer while doing their stuff;
They don't hold a candle to what we stand
When the gods of the sea get rough.

With all of this it may seem strange
When you ask a gob off any pig boat;
He'd rather be there than anywhere
As long as there's a sub afloat.

We all come back, come back for more,
And there, friends, is the rub:
We like the life beneath the sea—
Life in a damned old sub.

. . . NOW SCIENCE TELLS US HOW MIDDLE AGE WITH ITS DISAGREEABLE SYMPTOMS CAN BE POSTPONED—FOR YEARS

Such Symptoms as these are warnings

Unpleasant Breath . . Headaches . .
Depression . . Lack of Energy . . Bad Skin . .
Indigestion . .

THE body has its sentries. And they signal its alarms. But all too often, warnings that should make us alert are passed by, unheeded.

Unpleasant breath, sick headaches—"the blues"—these are all signals that the body's main line of resistance is being attacked. They are warnings that the large intestine has become unclean, unhealthy. They indicate that poisons originating in the colon are affecting the whole system.

Since Metchnikoff startled the world twenty-three years ago with his announcement that colon poisons were the chief cause of old age and death, science has made immense progress in studying the intestines.

Science knows now that intestinal ill health is caused not simply by constipation. It owes its source to the *nature of the bacteria in the intestine.*

Some of these bacteria are friendly. Some are harmful. In ill-health the problem is to lessen the power of these harmful bacteria, and to increase the resistance of the whole body.

You may feel entirely free from constipation, so far as regularity of elimination is concerned. Yet if you feel depressed and sluggish, you are probably suffering from intestinal poisoning.

Even though elimination is regular, *it may be late.* Laboratory tests show that with many people the process of complete elimination takes from one to three days longer than it should. This gives the harmful bacteria an added chance to do their work.

Inevitably, as the harmful bacteria continue to make inroads on your vitality, your body's defenses are weakened. Youth vanishes. Old age is hastened.

Cathartics may give temporary relief, but ultimately they increase the trouble. The overdose of today becomes the normal dose of tomorrow. Cathartics secure their effect by *nervous irritation* and draw water from the blood and tissues. Their continuous use ultimately weakens the intestinal muscles.

Science shows this new way to better health

SCIENCE today is finding ways to lessen the power of these harmful putrefactive bacteria. The simplest of these ways is the regular use of yeast. We can't all change our diet, but we *can* eat yeast.

Why is Yeast so beneficial? Yeast is a pure, corrective food, as fresh as any garden vegetable. It increases the flow of digestive juices in the stomach, rendering the digestion of other foods easier. In the large intestine, it combats putrefaction, lessens the number of harmful bacteria, and stimulates gently the contractions of the muscles which aid in eliminating waste.

Thus yeast cleanses the intestines, promotes *complete* elimination, improves digestion, purifies the blood, clears the skin, tones up the whole system.

To keep your colon clean and healthy, you should eat Yeast regularly. Each day eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast—one before each meal or between meals. You can eat it plain, breaking a cake in small pieces. Or dissolve it in water, cold or hot (not scalding), or eat it in any other way you prefer.

If you have been a constant user of cathartics, discontinue their use *gradually* as your system is strengthened by eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

We shall be glad to send you a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative information on the subject. Address Health Research Dept. C-109, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

For sheer joy of living . . . seven simple rules

Food: Eat freely of green vegetables, salads, fruits, milk.
Water: Drink six glasses of water daily.
Air: Ventilate every room you occupy by day and by night.
Exercise: Daily do "setting up" exercises, especially for the waist muscles.
Rest: Average eight hours in bed.
Cleanliness: Brush teeth morning and evening. Bathe *at least* twice weekly.
**Waste elimination:* Secure a thorough intestinal elimination daily.

*Whether or not you are able to follow regularly all these rules, you can at least observe the seventh and most important. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*, one before each meal or between meals. Yeast not only promotes complete elimination: it also helps to combat putrefactive poisons, to bring about a clean, healthy condition of the intestines, to increase the vigor and resistance of the whole body. Each month you eat Yeast you should notice added benefit.

WHAT PRIVATE KISSINGER GAVE HIS COUNTRY

"SIR, I SALUTE YOU," said Dr. Major Reed of the United States Army, as he brought his hand to his cap before the young soldier who was about to let yellow fever be pumped into his veins so that the scientists could trace the source of contagion. It is not every day that a Major salutes a private, but Major Reed knew he was in the presence of a hero, and later he made a written report to the Government at Washington, in which he said: "In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army in the United States."

By courtesy of *The World's Work* (New York)

A WAR HERO WHO NEVER FIRED AT AN ENEMY

John R. Kissinger, an American ex-soldier, who by an act of sacrifice for humanity gained only pain and poverty, yet "would do it again if it would help."

Such is the high light in the story of an American boy who loved his country, offered his life for it, gave his health and strength for it, and then, after he had become a lifelong invalid through that one heroic act, came near being allowed to starve to death in rich and prosperous America. For thirteen years he was a cripple, crawling about on his knees, and during much of this time he and his wife had to take in washing, we are told, while the hero-paralytic-invalid washed clothes to earn a living. His name is John R. Kissinger, and he is still living—not very well, but living and not complaining—and Homer Croy, just back from visiting him in Huntington, Indiana, tells his story in *The World's Work*.

It's a rather queer story, remarks Mr. Croy, this story of a youth, buoyed up by patriotism, who wanted to fight for his country, but never had a chance to do it—and yet became a hero—and got a look-in at the poorhouse door as his first reward. "Out of the heart (and shame) of America" he traces its beginning, from the day when a farm boy of nineteen he saw a company of soldiers march through Liberty Mills, Indiana, and went home determined to be a soldier and fight for his country. How the boy joined the militia, how he became a "high private" during the Spanish war, how fate cheated him, time after time, out of reaching the front in Cuba and, later, in the Philippines, and how fortune's changes brought him no more heroic rôle than that of washing the floors in a Cuban hospital—these things make up the introduction to John Kissinger's story. But he was in a battle, just the same, we are told, for in that Cuban hospital the Army surgeons were fighting yellow fever and trying to find out what gave the disease to people. Says Mr. Croy:

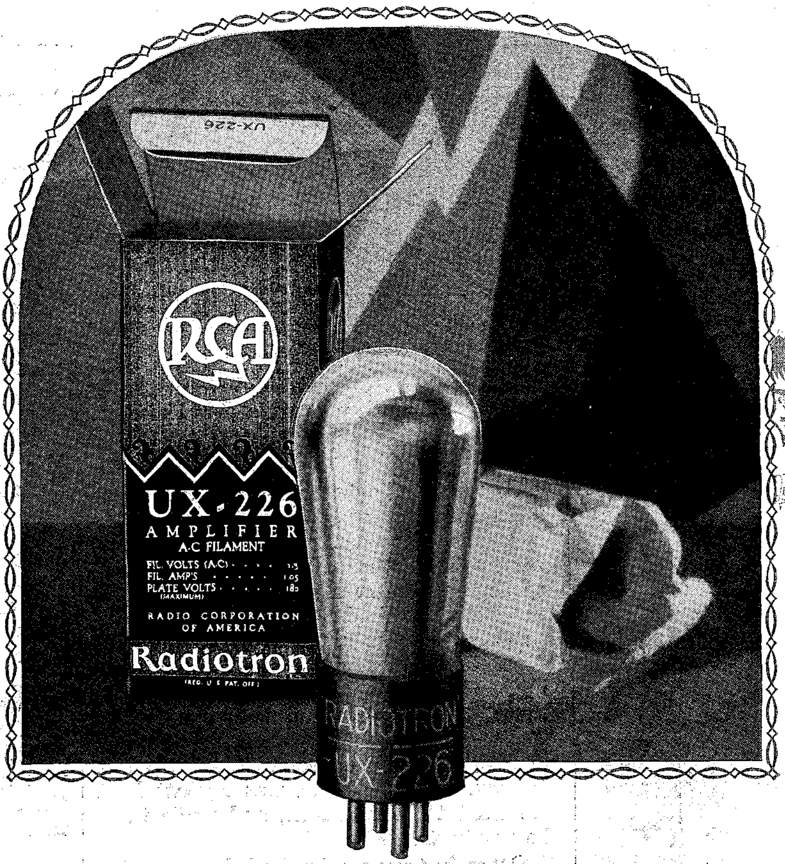
> Bit by bit the quest had narrowed down until the mosquito looked like the guilty party. Four doctors, who have passed into history, were assigned to the work of running down the culprit. They were Walter Reed, Jesse W. Lazear, James Carroll, and Aristides Agramonte, himself a Cuban. In Washington, D. C., stands the Walter Reed Memorial Hospital, raised to the memory of Reed. Dr. Agramonte is the only one of the four alive at the present time.
>
> Now we return to our Boy Who Wanted to Be a Soldier. While going about his duties in the operating-room, carrying pails of water and washing floors, he watched the experiments. These were being performed on mice, guinea-pigs, and rabbits, but they were getting nowhere, because animals do not contract yellow fever, the disease being a big-game hunter. The doctors were beginning to suspect this, but they were not sure.
>
> One day while they were working on the experiments, a mosquito settled on Dr. Lazear's wrist. Dr. Lazear let it take its fill—it would be a test, he said. Three days later he fell ill, and in a little more than a week he died. Dr. Carroll, also, knowing what he was facing, allowed himself to be bitten. He, too, fell ill, but lived.

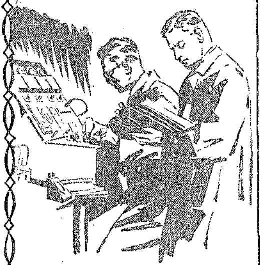
Day by day young Kissinger watched these experiments. He was there when word was brought in that Dr. Lazear had died, but that did not daunt him, for we read:

> One day, as he was going about his duties in the hospital ward, he overheard a conversation among the doctors. It was to the effect that it was hopeless to experiment further on animals, and that a camp would have to be established where all other sources of contagion could be eliminated and experiments performed on a human being. Kissinger, as he made his beds and washed his pans, thought about what he had heard the doctors say. He thought about it all night. He had started out to be a soldier and to do something for his country—maybe this would be a way. The next morning when he reported in, he asked to speak to Dr. Reed.
>
> "I heard you say yesterday that you wanted to get somebody to experiment on," he said. "You can experiment on me, if you want to."
>
> Dr. Reed looked at him in astonishment. Did he realize what he was saying? Did he understand what might happen to him?
>
> "Yes, I understand. I'm willing to try it."
>
> But before Kissinger could give himself up, there were other matters to be attended to. He must get a release from his commanding officer, and he in turn from his—in the end General Wood himself signed the final papers.

Then came the fateful morning when Dr. Reed saluted the young man of twenty-three years who was willing to face imminent danger of death for the good of humanity. Mr. Croy's narrative continues:

> A test-tube of five mosquitoes was brought, and Private Kissinger's arm was bared. After the mosquitoes had bitten him, they were taken off. Days passed, and nothing happened. A second time the test-tube with its singing freight was brought, and again nothing happened. A third time. Seven days later, when Kissinger went to bed at night in the camp where he was isolated, he was seemingly as well as ever. In fact, earlier in the evening he had wrestled and played chase with a dog. He slept a while, and then he awoke. It seemed cold and he pulled the covers about him. A few minutes later he began to shake and was racked by a terrible chill.
>
> "I thought my joints would split," he said later.
>
> After twenty minutes the chill passed, and getting up he sat on the edge of the hospital cot, lit a candle, and took his own temperature—100 degrees. A guard came to see what the light meant, and Kissinger asked that the doctor be called.
>
> "It took, all right," said the medico. "Yellow fever."
>
> Eight days Kissinger wrestled with it, while pains racked him, and the whites of his eyes and his skin turned yellow. Two hundred mosquitoes were fed off him as he lay on his cot, these mosquitoes to be used in other experiments. But at last he





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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

> pulled through, and in those eight days the medical staff learned more about the scourge of the tropics than it had learned before in eight years.

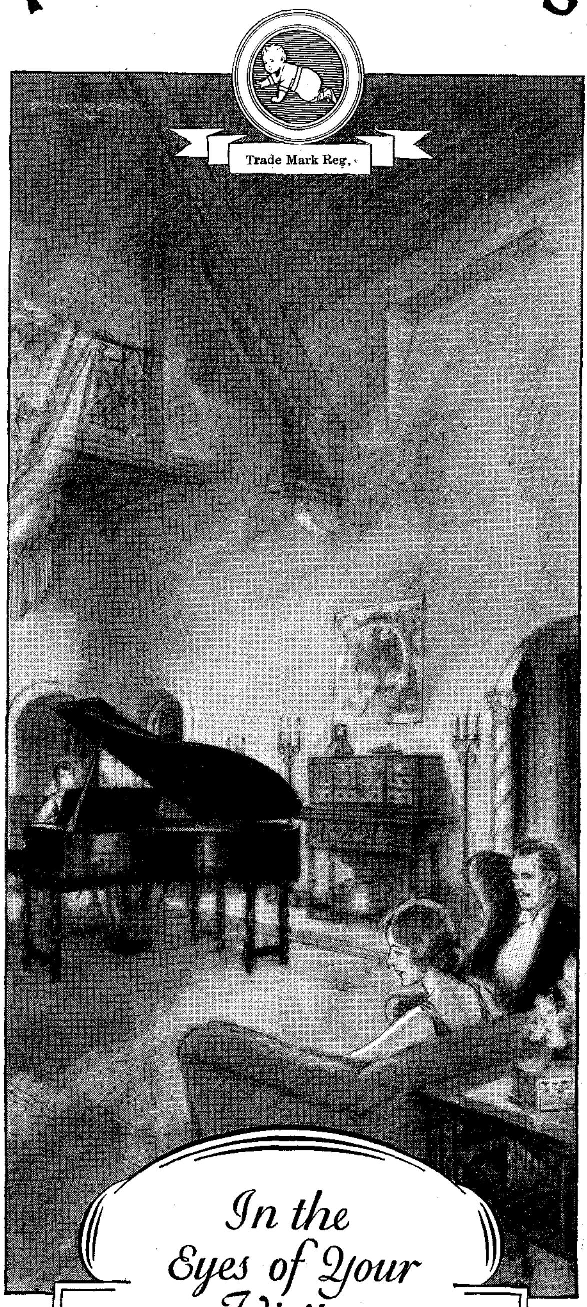
After his recovery, we are told, Kissinger went back to work in the hospital, an immune. Yellow fever was on the run. Then he was honorably discharged from the Army and went back to Indiana without having once fired at an enemy, tho he had helped to save unnumbered thousands from death through a dread disease. Mr. Croy goes on to relate the sequel:

> Seemingly, he had recovered, and again he took up the unromantic duties of walking up one side of a row of corn and coming back on the other side, but he had weak spells and his nerves were jumpy. He had headaches, he tired easily, and he couldn't, as the phrase goes, seem to find himself. He had not the strength to continue farming, and so gave it up; he tried first one thing, then another, all the time feeling weak and tired and dispirited. He worked in a restaurant, and he worked in a box factory, but his health was against him. He went to Washington, and while there he was married.
>
> Other veterans who had been in the service were now out in the world making places for themselves, but he was still half an invalid, still trying to find something that he could do. His friends asked him why he didn't apply for a pension, but his pride was against it. He had tried to serve his country, instead of living off it. At last, in 1903, a lawyer friend, and his wife, against his wishes, applied for a pension. The government in Washington considered it, and in its great wisdom turned it down.
>
> One evening in South Bend, Indiana, Kissinger was walking along the street, talking to his wife. He had been at the box factory all day, and now was on the way home. Suddenly he fell to his knees; his wife helped him up and got him home. The next day there was no feeling in his legs. It was thirteen years before he walked again. Spinal myelitis, they called it.
>
> The job in the box factory was gone, and yet he and his family must live. It was at this time that he and his wife began to take in washing. He wished to do all he could—in fact, it was imperative that he should, and so his wife strapped him in a chair, put a cushion under the strap, and then he, leaning against the cushion, helped with the washing. It was awkward work. The best they could do under the circumstances were two washings a day.
>
> Mrs. Kissinger got a job in the post-office as a scrubwoman; it was better than taking in washing, but her husband's health had become so bad that she had to give up her post.
>
> In 1907, fortune smiled on them, and the Government granted Private Kissinger a pension of $12 a month. This was not the end of the good luck. The street-car company gave instructions to the motormen and conductors that he and his wheeled chair should ride free. But such great good fortune was not to last long. The government in Washington reconsidered and took away his pension. Too many people were getting money they didn't deserve.
>
> Still Kissinger managed pretty well. The man who ran the saddlery shop made him a couple of knee pads and he could get around on them quite easily. The Government was busy elsewhere with solemn duties, but friends had come to his rescue—James E. Peabody of the Morris High School in New York, Dr. Howard S. Kelly and Dr. Caroline Lattimer of Baltimore, and others. If it hadn't been for these loyal friends who knew what he had gone through, well . . .

Congress heard of Kissinger's struggle and in 1911 voted him a grant of $100 a month, we are told; but nobody can run a home on $100 a month. Collections were taken up for him, but, being a soldier, he was sensitive about living on charities. So the story runs on:

> With his grant of $100 a month, he bought a farm; maybe some way he could manage it. But he couldn't and it slipt out of his hands. Taxes, payments, insurance, bad crops. But he must do something and, strengthened by his wife's faith, he bought another farm. It went the way of the first. Even with the grant of $100 a month, he could not make ends meet. He was incapacitated for work, his wife took in boarders, they scraped along, there were doctors' bills. He was living in Andrews, Indiana, a town of a few hundred population, in a house for which he was paying $10 of the $100 a month for rent. Now and then, in the winter, they were on the verge of being out of coal. Things looked pretty blue, but his loyal friends stuck by him.
>
> Mr. Peabody, aided and assisted by the American Association for Medical Progress, came to his aid and took up a collection for him; $6,000 was raised, a dollar here, a dollar there; even school children gave money. One donation was from a group of American women living in South America—they could picture what the country would be if yellow fever hadn't been put on the run.
>
> Then one day the good news came to Kissinger that he could go out and select a house, and that a deed to it would be given to him. Unbelievable! The present of the wheel-chair had seemed wonderful—now a house, a whole house! He looked around and chose a farmhouse, a mile outside of Huntington, Indiana, surrounded by two and one-half acres of land. A palace, indeed!
>
> "Could I have just one thing more?" asked the astonished man.
>
> "What is it?"
>
> "I'd like to have a cow."
>
> And so I saw Sunshine, the pride of the family.
>
> A few years ago, by some medical miracle, the feeling slowly began to return to Kissinger's legs, a little bit at a time. Learned doctors, still studying the effect of yellow fever, came to visit him, and made long and exhaustive examinations, and it was explained that the feeling might return, use of his legs might be given him again, and then at any hour he might fall to his knees as he had thirteen years before on the street in South Bend. A miracle did happen; he rose to his knees, to a wheel-chair, bit by bit he left the wheel-chair for crutches, and then the day came when he needed only one crutch. And then there was the incident of the baby on the couch. Its mother, a relation of Mrs. Kissinger, had left it asleep on the

GULBRANSEN PIANOS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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> couch in the sitting-room, and all had gone to the kitchen except Kissinger, who sat in his chair. Suddenly Kissinger saw that the baby had awakened, had rolled over, and was about to fall on the floor. It's not very clear now, but some way or other he got across the floor without his crutch and saved the baby. He stared in amazement at the crutch left on the floor beside his chair.
>
> "I'm not going to use it any more," he declared.
>
> It was pretty hard work, hobbling along supported by the furniture, or with his hands on the wall, or sitting on the steps baby-like when he went down-stairs, but a soldier is born to fight, and finally the crutch went to the woodshed. It has never come back.

It was there in Dream Home, as they call the neat cottage given them by public subscription, that Homer Croy, the novelist, visited the Kissingers. The war veteran walked jerkily out to meet him, and Mr. Croy says there is still something of the soldier in his bearing. But he is never well, and that is why, the writer says, Congress will be asked this winter to do something more adequate for this neglected hero. The *World's Work* story ends thus:

> Sometimes the pains come back, his nerves go to pieces, pains take him in the head, now and then words slip away, sentences go unfinished. They have been in Dream Home since June, he and his wife, and Bobby, her grandson.
>
> Wonderful as it is, there are still troubles in Dream Home. There are still doctor's bills, borrowed money to pay back, and food to buy. Little things, during my visit, began to come out. While we were talking it came out that the suit worn by the man who had given his body as a laboratory to science, had been sent him by a man in another State. For eleven years these suits alone have covered the old soldier.
>
> They are sensitive about it, sensitive that I had this unexpected peek, for they have pride, Mr. and Mrs. Kissinger.
>
> Another matter: There still runs through him an intense and moving loyalty to his country. It seems never to have occurred to the wreck of a man that America has become rich and powerful since he made his sacrifice twenty-seven years ago. Once he said simply, as we talked after supper: "Of course, it was hard, but I should do it all over again, if it would help."
>
> The simple little sentence moved me; this man who had been practically an invalid for twenty-seven years, who has never known a well day since the singing test-tube was held on his bared arm, saying simply: "I should do it all over again, if it would help."
>
> Another little episode that moved me: Now that he was in his new home, he wanted a post to hold his mail-box, and so he had a post cut and carved and colored to represent his Uncle Sam. And there Uncle Sam stands at the door—in his high hat, his long-tailed coat, and his prosperity.
>
> "Ain't it nice?" said Private Kissinger admiringly, his hand on the colored post, for Private Kissinger, the farm boy, was forced to leave school when he was twelve.
>
> That, as I write, is the picture that lingers in my mind. Private Kissinger walking jerkily out to Uncle Sam to get his mail; and then the other picture—Private Kissinger hobbling out to milk the cow, Sunshine.
>
> At the same time I think of another thing: of the negligible number of cases of yellow fever last year in the Americas.

A MUSICAL GENIUS WHO WAS GLAD HE WAS BLIND

"I WOULD not give a dime to see a mile," cried Blind Boone, turning upon some one in his audience who said: "It is a pity he is blind, he is so gifted." John W. Boone did not consider his blindness an affliction, but rather a blessing. He believed that he owed his genius to it. Boone was a negro, born "under none too auspicious circumstances" in a militia camp, during the Civil War, we are told, and at the age of six he lost his sight; but by some apparently miraculous act of compensation his other faculties became proportionately sharpened, so that when he died a few weeks ago in Warrensburg, Missouri, he left behind him a unique accomplishment as a musician.

Boone was a piano-playing marvel, as a correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reminds us. By virtue of an inborn mimetic gift, plus a patiently cultivated esthetic sense, he could reproduce the most difficult piano compositions with flawless technique and rare emotional coloring. The same writer continues:

> Under the name of "Blind Boone," he traveled all over the earth giving concerts. He made and lost a small fortune, but he never lost a friend. No one ever heard him make a bitter or cynical remark, and he was apparently incapable of doing an unkind act.
>
> Unlike that other blind prodigy of his race, "Blind Tom," Boone had a fully developed mentality and a philosophic grasp of the world as he knew it. Life to him was not a terrifying excursion in the dark. It was an experience made up of pleasant sounds and friendly touches.
>
> Blind Boone's mother was a cook for the soldiery and his father a bugler in the Seventh Missouri Militia, when he was born at Miami, in Saline County. After the war the family settled down in Warrensburg.
>
> If the boy's mother and father had any thoughts of making him a musician, those thoughts were dispelled when he suffered an attack of brain fever and lost his sight. The only practical thing they could do was to have him taught a trade. With that end in view he was sent to the St. Louis School for the Blind, and was told that with patience he could acquire enough mechanical proficiency to become a broom-maker.
>
> The boy, however, had all sorts of inarticulate longings and an obvious musical gift. As a ragged urchin around Warrensburg he had wandered about the streets making tunes on a tin whistle. Sometimes they were original, but often they were the popular airs of the day, any one of which he could reproduce after one hearing. The white people of the town were fond of the lad, both because of his cheerful disposition and his music-making abilities. They would often call him in from the streets,

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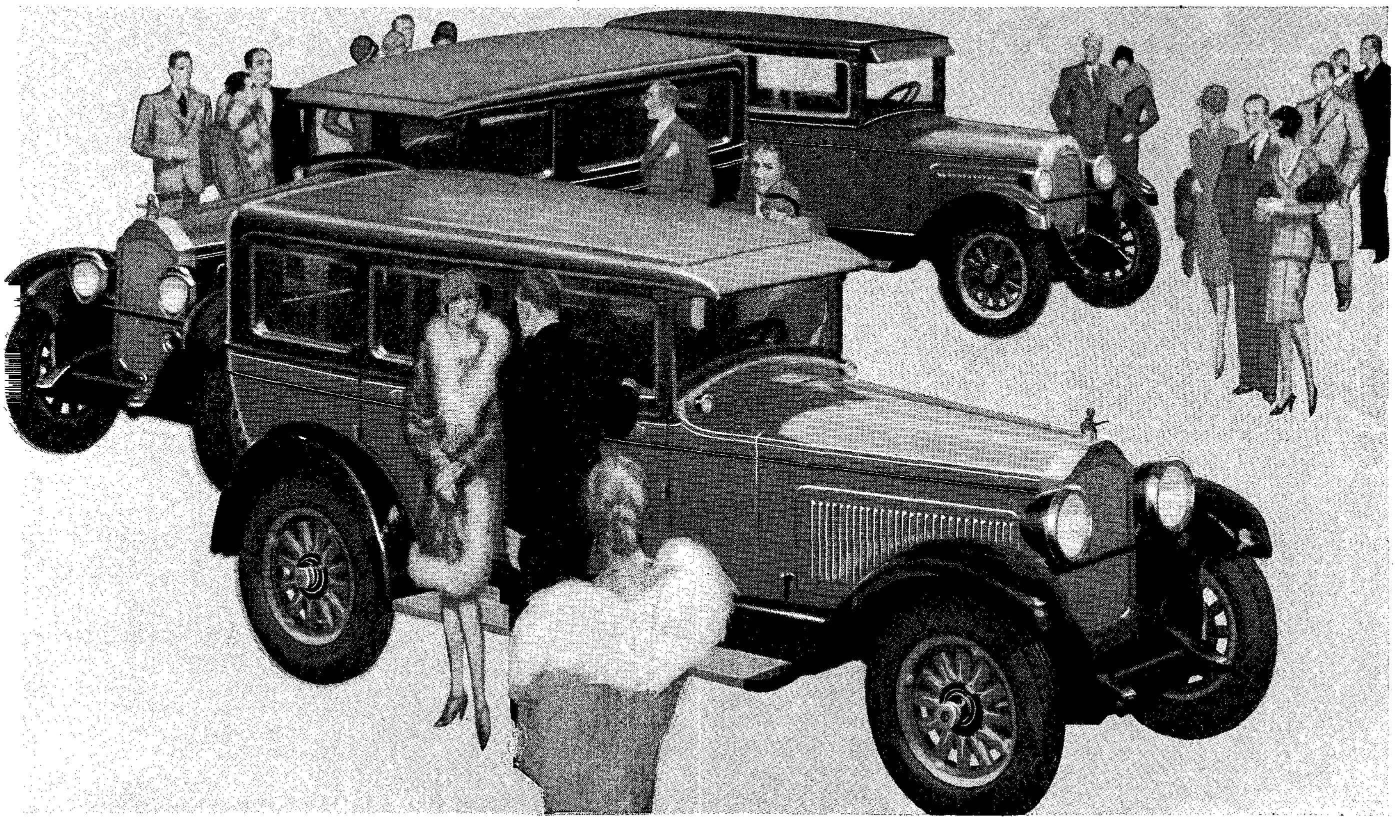

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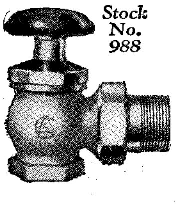

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

give him cakes and jam, and talk to him. On one occasion he touched a piano for the first time.

That was the turning-point in the boy's life. As he afterward described it, the moment was one shot through with magnificent and determining emotions. Through all the rest of his life, he never forgot how he had felt when the vibrations from the piano strings ran up his fingers and arms, and reechoed in his ears. These sensations kept recurring to him at his work-bench in the St. Louis school, until finally he could stand the broom-making apprenticeship no longer, and ran away, becoming a derelict in the city streets. The *Post-Dispatch* writer goes on to tell how he found himself:

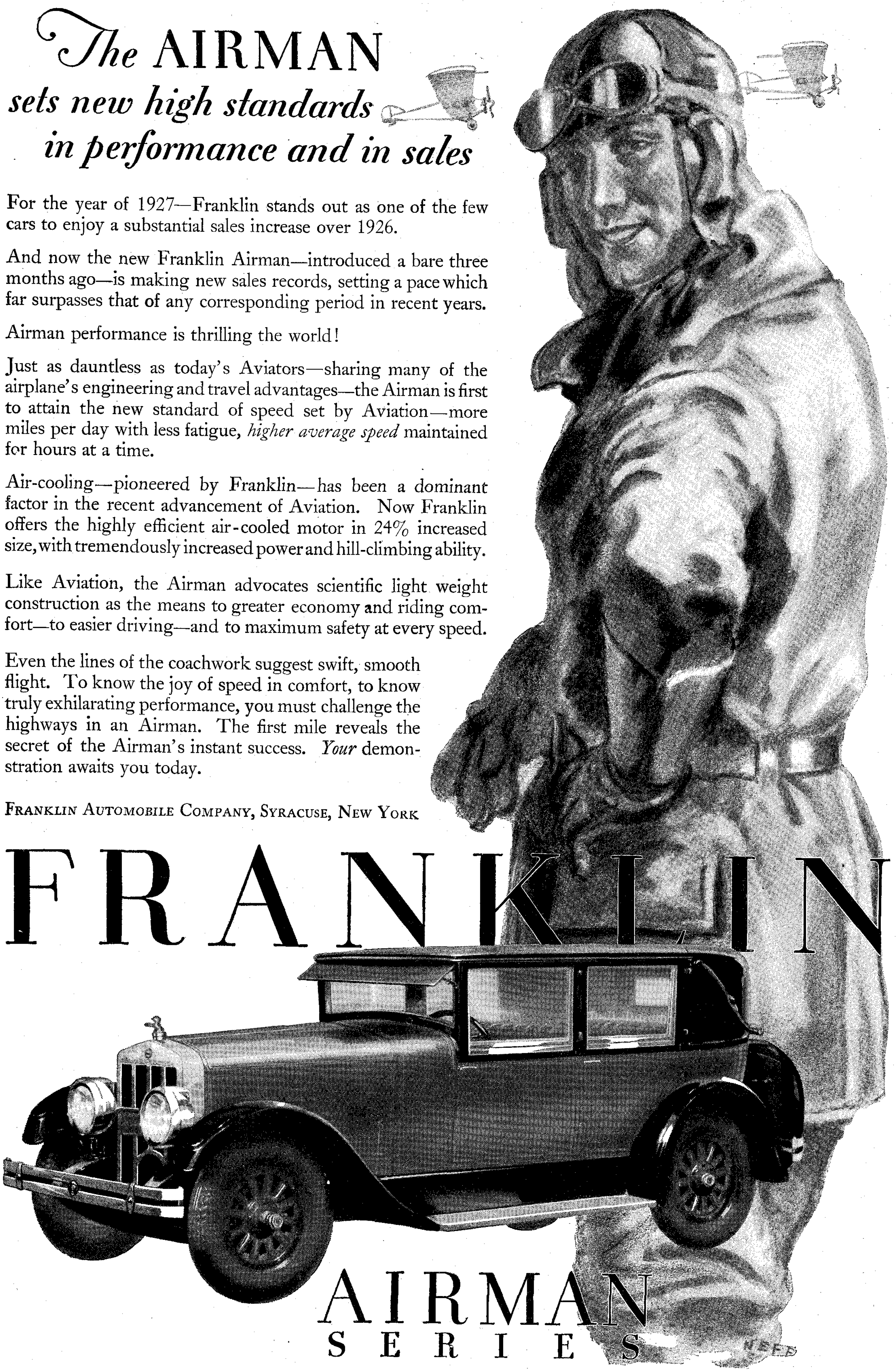
> Feeling his way around with a hickory cane, he wandered into a musical institution and asked to play the piano. He played for a long time—but, while the astonished pupil who had admitted him left the room to tell her instructors about the strange and gifted negro urchin, he became self-conscious and left.
>
> Later he met a conductor of a railroad train who agreed to take him back to Warrensburg. Back in his home town he organized a company of three, composed of himself and two companions of slight musical gifts, but with the wanderlust. These three started out to become modern troubadours, but after knocking around Missouri, and enduring many hardships, they were forced to return to Warrensburg, where they would at least be certain to eating fairly regularly.
>
> But Boone was by no means cured of his desire to become a great musician and to travel. A few years later, when he was a growing youth, he again took to the road, but under better circumstances this time. He arranged dates at churches and country schools, and gave a number of piano concerts.
>
> While at Fayette, Missouri, his reputation reached the ears of John Lang, a negro contractor of Columbia. Lang was a prominent member of the Second Baptist Church. It was near Christmas and the church was planning an entertainment. Lang went to Fayette and brought Boone to Columbia with him as the feature attraction of the entertainment.
>
> Imprest by the boy's abilities—Boone was then seventeen—Lang broached the idea of their entering a partnership, Lang to handle all the business of an extended road tour. Boone readily agreed, but, since it involved the necessity of Lang's giving up a profitable business in Columbia for what seemed a dubious gamble, Lang's friends, black and white, advised him against it. He stuck to the plan, however, and as a preliminary step had a professor from a girl's college at Columbia take Boone in and gave him a few months' technical instruction. It was during that period of study that Boone came in contact with the compositions of the masters of the piano. After that experience, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, or some composer of approximately equal rank, was always represented on his programs.
>
> He assimilated these compositions with the same ease as the more popular ones. After one or two hearings he could always reproduce the most difficult cadenza or the most involved series of chords. From hi instructor he picked up a few valuabl hints on phrasing and pedaling. He the fared forth to conquer his public.

The partnership between the two negroes the records show, lasted more than for years, and made both Lang and Boon wealthy. Lang died in Kansas City abou eight years ago, and his estate was value at $110,000. The narrative continues

> Before his death Lang wrote a biograph of Blind Boone. Lang knew Boone bette than any one else, and after forty years o association he was able to pay him a hig tribute.
>
> "I have known Boone since he wa a boy," he wrote, "and I can truthfull say that he has not an enemy in the worl As an entertainer I believe him to be th greatest man living to-day. This is broad statement, but we can prove th by facts. He has been on the road ove forty years, and has given more pian recitals than any other living man. H has never been in a town or city that h did not have a return date to a payin business.
>
> "Our record shows a continuous perio of thirty-nine years of ten months each an usually six concerts a week, making a actual total of 8,650 concerts that he ha given.
>
> "The distance we traveled would averag twenty miles a day, or 216,000 mil traveled. In the same period we slept i 8,250 beds. We paid to churches, halls, an charity an average of $25 a day, or a tot of $216,000. [Boone later estimated tha churches and charity had profited a ha million dollars from his concerts.]
>
> "I am asked many times," continu Lang in his biography, "'How does Boon keep so well posted on music?' Ev since there have been self-playing piano Boone has had one. He has at last su ceeded in securing a Cecilian that pla eighty-eight notes. He also has a lar musical library—Beethoven's works, Liszt' Chopin's, and all of the old masters. H puts in day and night with these. H masters the most difficult pieces in a fe hours, and he can produce any ordina piece of music after hearing it played onc Boone has had more eminent artists pla for him than any living man, and he nev forgets a voice or the shake of a hand.
>
> "Boone never sulks as did his pred cessor, Blind Tom, nor does he allow an one around him to sulk. His favori saying is 'Just as you live, just so you di He says time is too short and sweet please the devil for even one moment. H is always charitable, and many times has authorized me when I see a deservi person in need to assist that person in h name."

Blind Boone's career took him ov Europe twice, we are told, and to all se tions of the United States and Canada fi times. He closed his forty-seventh annu tour at Virdin, Illinois, May 31, 192 and then, because of ill health, retired his home in Columbia, Missouri. W read further:

> Retirement did not stop the flood requests from every section of the count for concerts by the blind pianist. Aft a few weeks at home, under the pressu of hundreds of letters weekly, he expre a desire to return to the road, and only t insistence of his physician kept him fro



The AIRMAN sets new high standards in performance and in sales

For the year of 1927—Franklin stands out as one of the few cars to enjoy a substantial sales increase over 1926.

And now the new Franklin Airman—introduced a bare three months ago—is making new sales records, setting a pace which far surpasses that of any corresponding period in recent years.

Airman performance is thrilling the world!

Just as dauntless as today's Aviators—sharing many of the airplane's engineering and travel advantages—the Airman is first to attain the new standard of speed set by Aviation—more miles per day with less fatigue, *higher average speed* maintained for hours at a time.

Air-cooling—pioneered by Franklin—has been a dominant factor in the recent advancement of Aviation. Now Franklin offers the highly efficient air-cooled motor in 24% increased size, with tremendously increased power and hill-climbing ability.

Like Aviation, the Airman advocates scientific light weight construction as the means to greater economy and riding comfort—to easier driving—and to maximum safety at every speed.

Even the lines of the coachwork suggest swift, smooth flight. To know the joy of speed in comfort, to know truly exhilarating performance, you must challenge the highways in an Airman. The first mile reveals the secret of the Airman's instant success. *Your* demonstration awaits you today.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

FRANKLIN

AIRMAN SERIES

"—and there must be no friction in this office"

Office appliances and equipment are as important as the human element in business—and so easy to keep running smoothly, quietly, efficiently with

3-in-One

Prevents Rust-OILS-Cleans & Polishes

This high quality oil is ideal for typewriters and billing machines, calculating, duplicating and addressing machines, revolving chairs, locks and hinges.

It penetrates deeply, dissolves and washes away greasy dirt, lubricates perfectly. Makes office mechanisms last longer and do better work. Saves repair bills.

Don't confuse 3-in-One with ordinary light oil and so-called "machine oil." It's decidedly different. Compounded of several fine oils, it possesses the unique properties of each.

Sold in good stores everywhere in Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles. Ask for 3-in-One by name. The Big Red "One" on the label is your protection.

FREE: Sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.

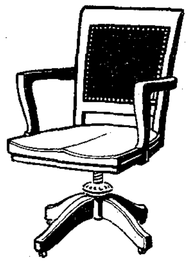
When Changing Auto License Plates

Save time, temper and a lot of hard work by applying 3-in-One to old license bolts before removing. It penetrates quickly, softens the rust and makes removal much easier.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

A Third of a Century of Continuous Service

Your typewriter will be keyed up to greater efficiency if given an occasional treat with 3-in-One.



Swivel chairs cease their "crying out loud" upon application of a few drops of 3-in-One to the affected parts.

Handy Oil Can
THREE IN ONE OIL
3 IN 1

LR352

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

doing so. He died suddenly while on a visit to his brother in Warrensburg.

Boone was fond of telling stories about himself. One of his favorite stories concerned a trip made by his manager and himself through Nebraska thirty-five years ago. At that time the Blind Concert Company consisted of Boone and John Lang. They carried their own piano and moved it from town to town in a wagon with a team of horses, Lang doing the driving. Crossing a Nebraska prairie one evening about dusk, the tongue in the wagon broke in two. Lang mounted one of the horses and rode to a town several miles distant to purchase a new tongue for the wagon. Boone was left alone. As the day faded into dusk, bats began to fly against the canvas covering of the piano and somewhere, away off, Boone heard the song of the whippoorwill. "It was the only solacing incident of the lonely evening," he declared, and from his experience that night he wrote a song, "I Heard a Whippoorwill."

Blind Boone wrote many compositions, the most famous of which was his "Marshfield Tornado." His last three compositions were: "The Last Dream Waltz," "Love Feast," a waltz, and "I Can Weep," a spiritual. Among his instrumental compositions are: "The Spring," "Echoes of the Forest," and "Humming Bird." His transcriptions with variations include "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," and "Nicodemus."

THE PASSING OF THE COWBOY

As "an exotic of American group individualism," the cowboy "has scarcely been exaggerated"; but, "whatever his glamour as a social eccentric," he was a nineteenth-century figure, and "is fast passing now," writes Duncan Aikman in *The Outlook*. Why is the cowboy following the buffalo into the limbo of obsolescence? Mr. Aikman sets forth the changed conditions responsible for his disappearance. Thus:

> The ranch boy to-day grows up in an environment where there is no abnormal disproportion of sexes, where towns are easily reached and are more like Mount Vernon, Ohio, and Danbury, Connecticut, than like ancient Atascosa or Abilene. The ranch house has, at its worst, a few books of trashy fiction and receives a fairly good small-city daily, usually within twenty-four hours of publication. The crossroads store has the more popular and snappy periodicals on its rack, and the ranch boy himself often takes subscriptions for one of them.
>
> He plays football or basket-ball, dabbles in high-school journalism, goes to dances, takes town girls to the movies or to church, or to roadside petting parties. He bets his quarters, not on round-up performances but on how Western Conference or even Yale-Princeton games will come out. He has a line of small-town wisecracks, partly derived from the snappy magazines and the funny papers, but remarkably like big-city wisecracks. He dances, not the buck and wing, but the black bottom, and as likely as not is learning to play contract bridge.
>
> He may call his mates, and even

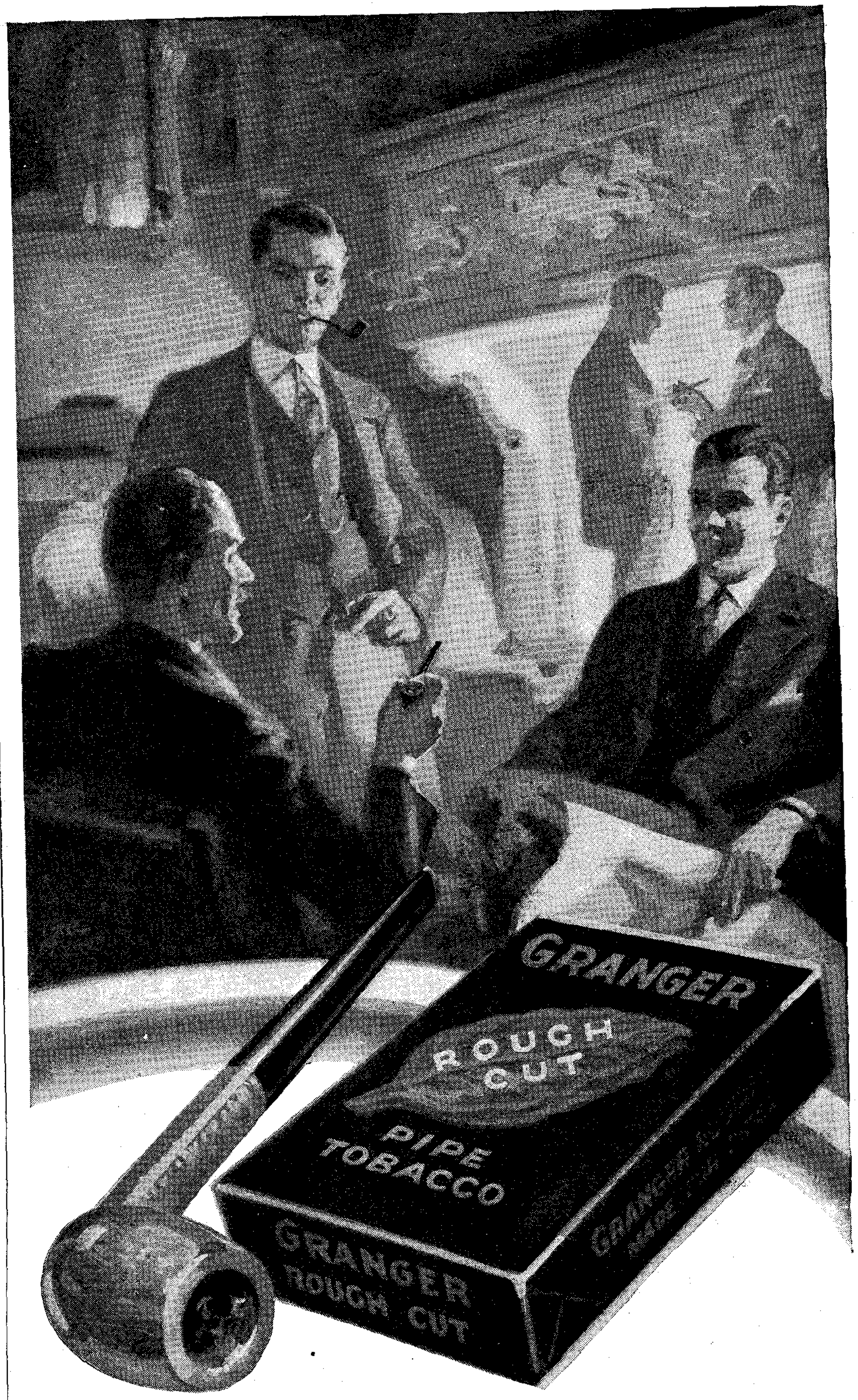
strangers, "cowboy," for at present this is a rather swanky bit of regional slang. But he is nearer in the spirit to Broadway than his cowboy father or grandfather was in the flesh to Atascosa.

Part of this is an old story, says Mr. Aikman. "The fenced ranch had quite displaced the open ranch thirty years ago, and by so much the old specialist in cow-wrestling has submitted to the indignity of becoming a fence-mender under orders." Moreover:

> With the coming of the fences the round-up lost its most thrilling complexities.
>
> Once it was preceded by an immense drive which gathered in cattle by tens of thousands over perhaps a 200-mile sweep of territory. At the end came the grueling and complicated business of separating from one another—"cutting out"—the herds of perhaps twoscore different ranchers. Now the round-up is simply a drive between a single ranchman's fences, which rarely includes a sweep of twenty miles.
>
> When the modernist round-up reaches the branding stage, all of its traditional acrobatics—the roping, throwing, and dragging of calves to the branding pits—are missing. The calves and their mothers are simply shunted tactfully from the herd into a large outer corral, and there gradually but still more diplomatically the calves are separated from the cows and urged into an inner pen, where the branding irons are warming. Two or three stalwarts on foot throw them as tenderly as possible, the branding is done, and the dehorning and sterilizing operations are carried out by a foreman who has learned his business from a veterinary.
>
> Twenty-five years ago the more progressive ranchers discovered that it did not pay to break a calf's bones with violent rope work, to tear him half to pieces dragging him at the end of a lasso through thorny mesquite and cactus, or to make him a weakling for life through botching two or three simple minor operations. With the rise of these progressive ranchers, the cowboy famous for his roping, steer-throwing, and bulldogging feats disappears from the range landscapes—into the professional rodeos.
>
> More and more the man who takes his place becomes a mere farm-hand. He not only mends fences, but he spends many days of his working year straightening out stream courses, building dams and reservoirs. As the gentled, fence-confined herds require less attention, his boss insists that, if he will eat vegetables, he must keep a garden.

Worst indignity of all, we learn, the ranch and the "cowboys'" table must have milk, so the farm-hand becomes, in chore hours, the milker and drover of dairy herds. In fact:

> On many a ranch to-day the old-time cowboy's proud professional stand that he was there to handle beef cattle in the traditional way and to touch no other work under God's footstool would be as ill-received as an I. W. W. demonstration.
>
> Curiously enough, the cowboy vocation goes back where it came from. The Mexican *vaquero* is so good a cowman that he taught the American nearly all that he ever knew about his profession even in his great days. Nowadays he will work for $60 a month and found, without grumbling about the food, about doing work that is beneath the Nordic cowboy's dignity.



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In quality of leaf and care of manufacture, not a penny has been spared to make Granger Rough Cut a product we can stand squarely back of—but likewise not a penny has been wasted for show. No costly tins, but all quality.....

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IN THE NEW FOIL PACKAGE IS 10 CENTS

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

CORBETT TO TUNNEY ON "HOW TO WIN THE MOB"

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"GENTLEMAN JIM"

Ex-champion Corbett found his own method for overcoming unpopularity.

When John L. Sullivan fell, did the mob take the new champion to its heart? Did it make a hero of "Gentleman Jim"? Nay, "not so you'd hardly notice it," as the saying goes. Altho the intelligentsia of that time, as we are reminded, gave Corbett credit for having introduced science into the prize-ring, and raised the whole tone of pugilistic sport, the unterrified populace, the rank and file of fandom, turned up their noses at the sprightly and elegant champion, and even threw pop-bottles at him. It took "Gentleman Jim" many years to win the favor of the mob; and now, at last, he tells the world, for Gene Tunney's benefit, how hard he worked, like any politician, to overcome the popular prejudice against him. It is widely recognized, both in print and in conversation, that the present heavyweight champion is confronted with a similar situation. As Mr. Hype Igoe tells us in the New York *World*, "Gene is accused of high-toning his profession. That seems to be the undercurrent of feeling toward Gene, and it isn't friendly." Lively discussion of the mob's attitude toward the champion has been going on ever since he successfully defended his title in Chicago. On a previous occasion Mr. Igoe "went to great pains," he reminds us, to explain why Mr. Tunney was liked by some and not by others, and why the same was true, in a different way, of Dempsey. And he "summed it up by saying that in the end boxing as an institution would lay tribute at Tunney's feet because of his gentlemanly, scholarly bearing and his great influence toward popularizing a sport that hasn't every man in the world for a friend. And what was the result? The Dempsey crowd flayed me alive in letters that said I was sticking up for a 'darned dude.' I decided then and there that, in the future, I'd refrain from trying to tell why Gene ought to be or ought not to be popular. It doesn't make any difference what I might say or think about it, I'd never be able to convince anybody that Gene Tunney is the most convincing, uplifting factor that has come to boxing since the day the brilliant young Jim Corbett yanked boxing out of the beef-brine pot and proved to the world that it is an art, not a thing to be abhorred, shunned." And here we approach Jim Corbett's remarkable disclosure of the tactics he adopted to win the mob. As Mr. Igoe remarks:

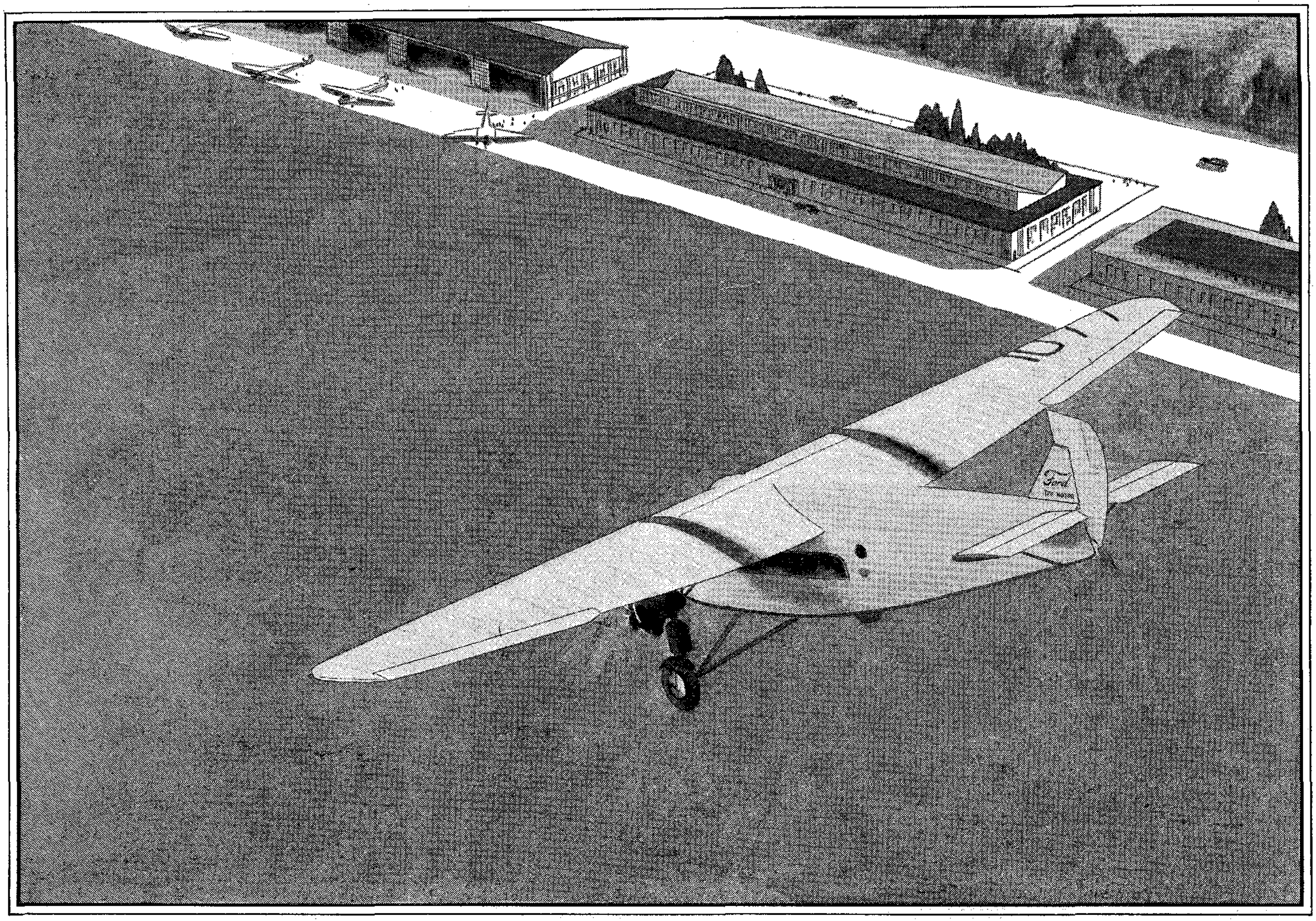
> Corbett played a mighty hand in boxing's struggle to shake off the yoke of disapproval which had bent it low for two hundred years. He was bitterly assailed, as Tunney is being harpooned now. I know that behind Tunney's apparent indifference to the attitude of the common herd toward himself is a genuine regret that he can't make himself as popular, for instance, as Dempsey is. Tunney has said that one would imagine that Dempsey and not he was the hero of the Chicago bout—the winner. A man can be cold-blooded about his public. He can be the man who said "The public be damned." Ketchel used to say that to me. He said he hated the public, and that some day he'd go aboard a sailing-vessel with his title and never return. He just couldn't stand the occasional razz from the gallery. He forgot that these fellows who goaded him were lifelong friends of Joe Thomas or Billy Papke. What Ketchel really craved was 100 per cent. worship, 100 per cent. popularity. It's what Tunney longs for.
>
> Tunney had a curious reaction concerning the booing that fell around his ears when he made his first public appearance in his own home town to shake hands with the man he had beaten for the title. After all was said and done, Ketchel loved the plaudits. So does Dempsey, and so does Gene Tunney. He couldn't live without the hat tossing, the handshakes, the milling crowds around his automobile whenever he comes or goes from his gilded hotel.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"BOOK-LOVER GENE"

Champion Tunney enjoys many warm friendships, but for the most part they are outside the rank and file of fight fans.

> I talked with Jim Corbett yesterday morning of popularity, and he almost knocked me over with the statement that the attaining of great popularity, is an art far more scientific than boxing itself. I tried to sound him out on Tunney and the big fellow's failure to be anything like 100 per cent. popular. I couldn't budge Jim. He wouldn't criticize. He wouldn't explain,



MAKING PORT!

THE slowness of making port by ship! . . . Creeping into harbor . . . sirens bellowing, whistles of cross-traffic shrieking, shapes looming suddenly . . . the clamor of panting tugs . . . and then, rising about you, a confusion of city chasms, with the metallic uproar of a metropolis beating down like hammers on your head. . . .

But have you ever made port in one of the great planes that sail serenely over Europe and along the airways of the United States?

A checkered panorama of blue and green unrolls beneath you, the sea dotted with toy boats, the land streaked with processions of tiny crawling automobiles and trains with horizontal plumes of smoke. Placid villages of colored blocks take form against the molded background of hills. A broad symmetrical field all at once expands on your vision. You circle smoothly above it. It rises evenly to meet you. Your ship feels the earth on balloon tires . . . taxies to its station . . . stops! Uniformed attendants await you. A bus is there to take you to your hotel. A truck receives the mail.

You have made port!

Whether you are traveling from London to Madrid . . . from Paris to Moscow . . . from Portland to Los Angeles . . . from Detroit to Cleveland . . . the experience is similar. For the ease and swiftness of aviation is establishing new routes of travel and new types of commercial ports.

In the course of a hundred and fifty years cities like Liverpool, New York, Shanghai and Bombay rose to dominating importance because they are ocean ports and terminal outlets for rich inland regions. . . . Fifteen years ago the Ford Airport, Kelly Field, Wright Field, Tempelhof, Croyden and Le Bourget were farmland and automobile courses. *Today they are known as* WORLD PORTS.

Now that men are looking to the skyways for swifter, more flexible transportation, the time is near when commercial and industrial needs of the country will cease to be dependent upon teeming concentration points. It may mean decentralization of great metropolises. It may mean a greater expansion, due to the speed and wider range of this new safe form of transportation. But it will certainly mean a new importance to inland towns—*for it will give them free and open access to all corners of the earth!*

There are planes now in operation capable of carrying thirty passengers. Lindbergh flew from San Diego to Paris with only two stops for fuel. Costes flew across Africa and across the Atlantic Ocean to South America with only one stop. The Air Mail sweeps in a steady procession across this continent in thirty hours from Coast to Coast. *Ford all-metal monoplanes have completed unheralded flights that total one million miles of safe, swift carrying.* The entire world has suddenly awakened to a startled interest in commercial aviation.

With these portents to consider, business men everywhere are studying the economic significance of an epoch that is being born!

Close to a thousand inland towns and cities, scattered throughout the country, have hopefully constructed air-fields—many of them excelling in equipment and efficiency the air-fields of coastal cities. . . . *For the fenceless ocean of the air knows no confining shores. And those who have vision to see may look up to far lands mirrored in the sky.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

ORLANDO

Play This Winter
in Florida's Lake Region

NEW thrills of delight await you this winter in the hill and lake region of Central Florida. The lure of the outdoors—motoring over smooth highways through orange and grapefruit groves, gardens and woods... fishing and boating on literally thousands of lakes ... golf on courses green all winter.

In Orlando there's something to do, something to enjoy every sunny, happy hour. There's fun in Sunshine Park—tennis, roque, lawn bowling, shuffleboard, horseshoes and the like. Major League baseball. Free band concerts. Organ recitals, opera, theaters, dancing—whatever you desire.

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Get details and holiday suggestions from the "Sunshine Club"—for 6 years a leading bureau of information on Southern Arizona climate, accommodations, etc.
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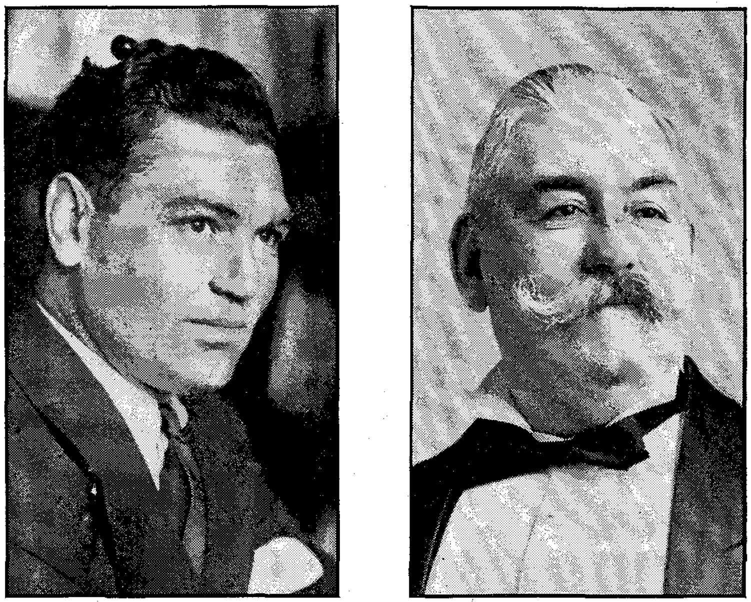
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

if he knew, why Dempsey is more popular than Tunney. He cleverly got around it by citing his own case after he had shattered the great fighting god, Sullivan.

"They caused me many a heart pang at first—the individuals who made up the public," said Corbett. "I did so want to be popular. I talked to myself on the edge of my bed at night and in the morning. I had had that 'Gentleman Jim' thing tagged on me, and I suppose that gave most of Sullivan's admirers the notion that I was silk-hatting the profession.



P. & A. photograph

Keystone View photograph

CHAMPIONS WHOSE DETHRONEMENT WAS RESENTED

Both Jack Dempsey and John L. Sullivan were overcome by scientific and shifty boxers (Corbett and Tunney) who were no match for them in "killing" quality.

"That was what I actually was trying to avoid. I did have my own private ideas of what a champion should be, do and say, but most of all I felt that he must be a human being.

"Yet they assailed me from the roof-tops, the galleries, the street-corners. I knew enough about the public pulse to realize that I had hurt them when I whipt the beloved Sullivan. You can't destroy a public hero without it being resented. I knew that. I knew that I had a tremendous task to overcome. It was brought home to me finally when they tossed pop-bottles at me from the balconies in Boston. Then I was fighting Corbett mad. I'd make them like me, and I thought I knew how. I was of the common people. I'd still be one of them. I'd begin at the fountain-head. I'd bring New York to me. So I began to study the east- and west-side social calendars. I made it my business to find out when Big Tim Sullivan gave his big clambake or Tom Foley held his picnics. I went along with the neighbors' children. I led the grand marches and I took a turn at leading the band. I danced with the gold girls and showed them my Frisco gavotte and schottische steps. Then I'd pick out the plainest girl there. I'd make sure she was a chip from some old ward block. She counted in her set, even if she did wear spit curls and chewed gum. I borrowed her gum and chewed with her. And then I danced around with her like mad. I went to it until my collar wilted. And then the same guys who used to bawl me out from the galleries, perhaps the same fellows who had shied a bottle or two at me when I appeared on the stage, nudged the other fellow and said: 'Why, he's all right, at that. He's one of us. There he goes dancing with bow-legged Kitty Malone. He's not stuck up if he does that!

"I went everywhere. I cultivated followers. I studied their little moods. I was one of them. I kept on being one of them every time I got a chance. If the chance wasn't there, I created opportunities to draw in more and more friends. I learned all about an art that was so different from the one which had enabled me to whip Sullivan. The man who doesn't think that making one's self popular is an art will never be popular. You've got to hothouse your following, got to prune and urge them to sprout about you as one would plants. You know, Hype, I'd like to talk on that subject to Gene Tunney some time. Naturally, I wouldn't intrude on the boy, but, if we ever meet, I hope he brings up the subject."

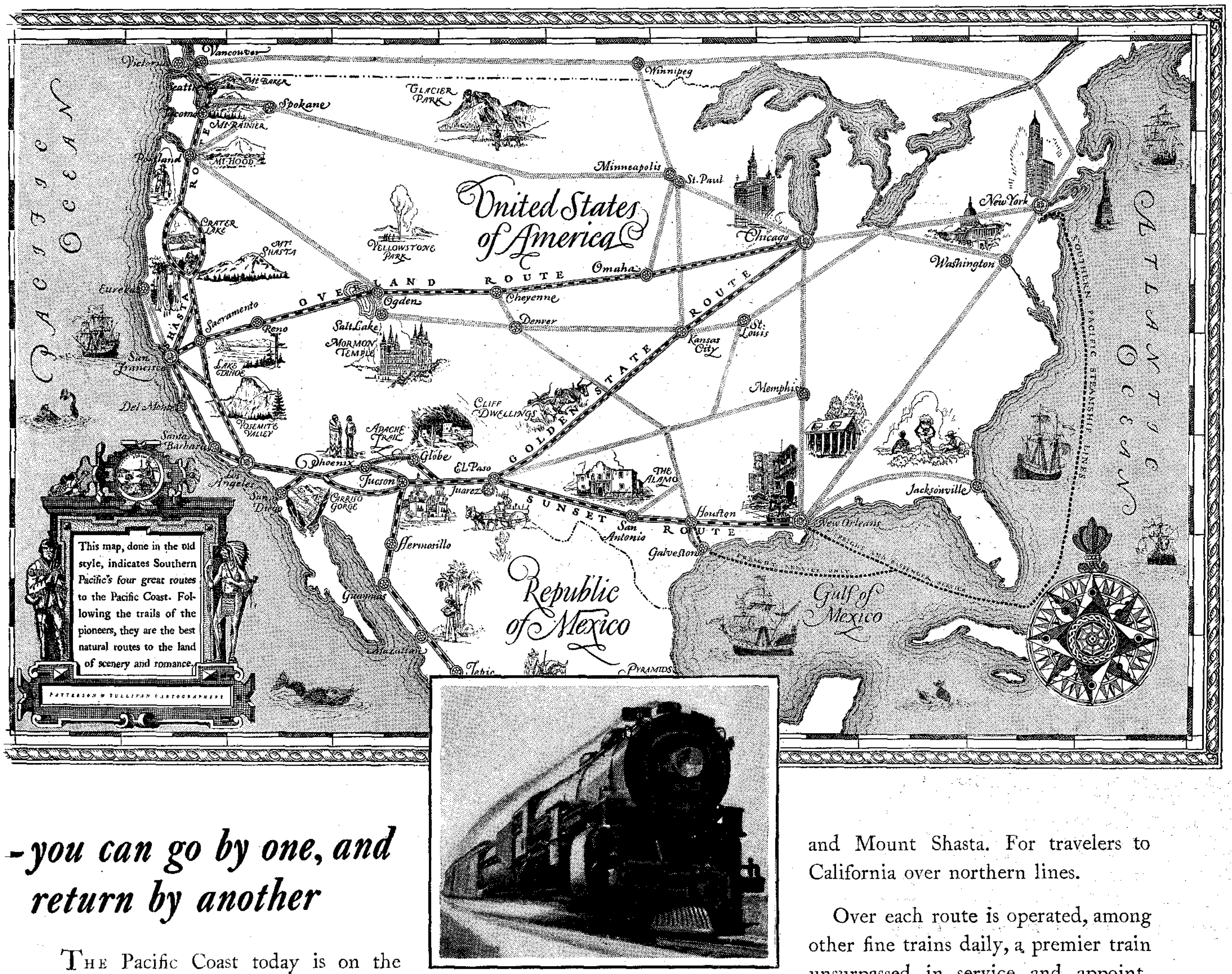
Mr. Igoe is convinced that Gene Tunney "will wind up being popular," and he adds:

I think if Gene takes a leaf from Corbett's book, he can't miss being popular with everybody. He must realize that he is in the same peculiar spot Corbett occupied after he tumbled Sullivan off the pedestal.

Somebody had to destroy the great Sullivan, somebody had to wreck the great Dempsey. Corbett and Tunney had thankless jobs, but can any one truthfully say that Jim Corbett hurt boxing with his victory? Can he say that Tunney has injured the sport because he conducted himself like a gentleman before the battles, in the battles, and since the battles? This is my answer to the current fears that we have fallen into a pink-ribbon era. It is my answer to Gene Tunney's conviction that he has walked in under a ten-gallon hat.

Tunney has the friendship and the love of

Only Southern Pacific offers *Four Great Routes* to the Pacific Coast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Santa Barbara
Los Angeles
San Diego
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GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line from Chicago and Mississippi Valley cities to Los Angeles, San Diego (through Carriso Gorge) and Santa Barbara—via Kansas City and El Paso, over prairie, mountain, painted mesa;

OVERLAND ROUTE (*Lake Tahoe Line*), shortest route across the center of the continent via Omaha and Ogden, crossing Great Salt Lake by rail, over the Sierra Nevada, along Donner Lake, and down through American River Canyon and the picturesque gold country of '49 days to San Francisco; and

SHASTA ROUTE, Pacific Northwest to San Francisco via Portland, Crater Lake and Mount Shasta. For travelers to California over northern lines.

Over each route is operated, among other fine trains daily, a premier train unsurpassed in service and appointments. These are: "Sunset Limited," famed 'round the world; "Golden State Limited," nothing faster between Midwest and Southern California; on Overland Route the "San Francisco Overland Limited," and, on Shasta Route, the fast, new "Cascade".

Southern Pacific agents are in nearly all large cities. Let them help you plan your trip.

Write your name and address in the margin below, tear off and mail to E. W. CLAPP, traffic manager, Dept. B-1, Room 1022, 310 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for illustrated booklet, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast".

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Born fastidious... society naturally chooses this Mediterranean sailing of the *Mauretania* ... men of affairs who relax in the English club atmosphere of rich comfort... gourmets who scent the way to a culinary Nirvana ... debutantes who complain of the family butler after experiencing CUNARD service...

The *Mauretania* becomes a motif for smart dialogue ... in the vine drenched gardens of Morgano's in Capri ... in Cairo during the season... at the Excelsior in Naples ... the words 'Cunard to the Mediterranean' are a password to cosmopolis... the expression of a yearly habit which marks a 'sahib' traveller ... Apply to local agents or 25 Broadway, New York.

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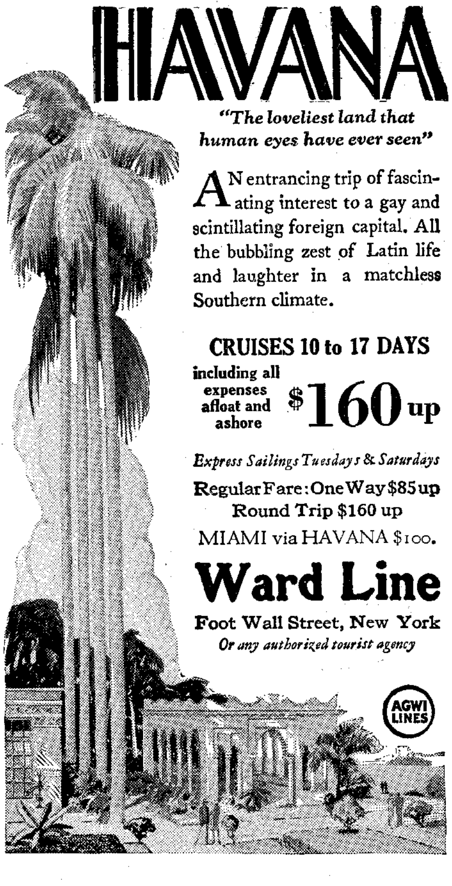

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the Marine Corps back of him, remarks Mr. Igoe in another of his *World* articles, continuing:

> He is their fighting man. They have helped to create this battle of popularity, for it has simmered down to a real battle. Marines all over this globe watched the result with breathless emotions. If you didn't like the cut and get-up of a marine, you were a Dempsey man as a matter of course.
>
> This battle, twice fought between Gene and Jack, has divided everybody. By now there are few lukewarms. You are either a downright Tunney man or you are a shouting Dempseyite. I've never known of a like situation. Nine out of ten persons hated Corbett because he was good-looking, dashing, clever, intelligent, and had crumpled a great idol in the palm of his hand. They felt sorry for him when Fitzsimmons knocked the wind out of him after he had whipt the famous redhead to a standstill. Jeffries they gazed upon in awe. He was like some caveman who had mopped back out of the ages gone before. They forgot to sympathize with Fitzsimmons in their popeyed admiration of this shaggy giant. Then they knew that Johnson had pushed over only the ghost of Jeffries. Then Dempsey and now Tunney. Tho Dempsey is about finished as a great fighter, nothing on earth will ever rob him of his popularity. In defeat he is running neck and neck with the man who has beaten him twice. A strange situation, indeed.

As for letters on the Dempsey-Tunney argument, there is only one way of handling them in safety, declares Mr. John Kieran in the New York *Times*. And this is the procedure he advocates:

> As soon as it is apparent that the letter is concerned with the merits or demerits of either Tunney or Dempsey, the missive should be immersed in a bucket of water, dissected at least six inches below the surface, and only the lighter parts should be allowed to float to the top. Here, for instance, are a few diluted excerpts from the pen of a Dempsey supporter:
>
> "In the first place, it is not Mr. Tunney's intellectual attainments one objects to, but his intellectual pretensions. No wonder men like Heywood Broun, Louis Bromfield, Sinclair Lewis, and H. L. Mencken have exprest a preference for Dempsey. One has only to contrast the interviews given by these two men, Dempsey and Tunney; one simple and profound, the other a mixture of bombast and cant. Tunney should be forced to fight, but should be forbidden to talk. Both his Chicago and New York orations fell flat."
>
> These are only glancing blows. A prizefighter should not be judged on his speeches. Nor is it necessary to get the endorsement of Messrs. Broun, Bromfield, Lewis, and Mencken to become heavyweight champion of the world. "Intellectual attainments" and "intellectual pretensions" are alike unimportant inside the ring. And it is probable that both Dempsey and Tunney would remain silent for years at a time if the interviewers didn't ask them so many foolish questions.
>
> Another excerpt:
>
> "Permit me to say that Jack Dempsey's knowledge of literature, music, and the arts

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quite as extensive as Gene Tunney's, ltho not so persistently advertised."

Well, what of it? Such statements might e pertinent if a pugilist were allowed to ke his library into the ring with him and nock his opponent unconscious with a dden quotation from Schopenhauer or shocking reference to James McNeill histler's work with the brush or the steel oint.

Perhaps Dempsey dotes on Puccini, and unney idolizes Brahms. Jack may rave ver Monet, and Gene may cheer for anet. Who cares?

John L. Sullivan was fairly successful in ining popularity without having any eat acquaintance with "literature, music, d the arts." And most of his famous eeches were delivered with one foot on a ass rail.

A prize-fighter should not read too many ooks. It's a doubtful virtue in a pugilist.

Dempsey's "knowledge of literature, usic, and the arts is quite as extensive as ene Tunney's," and Gene Tunney reads alf the books he has been reported as erusing, real students will soon find themlves on short literary rations.

"Give me Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,'" me one will say to the librarian.

"Sorry. Gene Tunney just took our last olume."

"Well, how about Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne?'"

"You're just too late. Jack Dempsey orrowed it."

"Shucks! Give me Carlyle's 'French evolution.'"

"Paolino is reading that now."

And the wretched student will be forced walk out with the latest issue of the lephone directory under his arm.

In Gene Tunney pugilism has found "a alahad far more taxing to credulity than ovelist, playwright, or scenarist would are to conceive," declares another *World* an, Mr. Ed Van Every, who tells us rther:

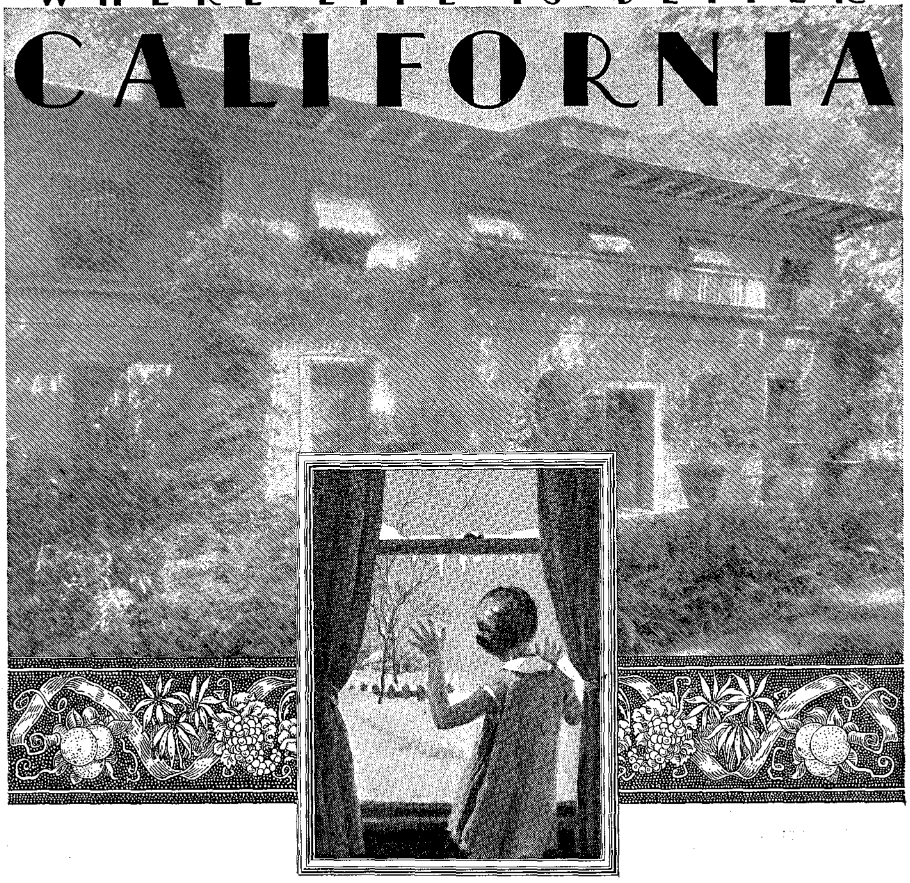
The champion really is quite a bookish ersonage; it is not alone the boys in the cket who contend that his is too ecclesiasical a mug for the business of fisticuffs, nd he would seem to have the physical quirements. Studious, religious and thletic he most surely is; and I believe have rated the qualities in the order of portance as they bear on the true charcter of Gene Tunney.

There is a tendency to scoff at this nique exponent of the so-called manly rt as a highbrow. As a matter of fact, unney had a sincere love for books long efore he displayed a tendency toward ugilism or athletics.

Down in the Greenwich Village section of ew York, where Gene was born, there is a r. Frederick van Vliet, who has known the resent champion almost from his earliest ays. This man of medicine has always had liking for good reading, and, at one time, he four walls of his outer office were lined ith books. And this library had a veriable fascination for the boy whom the indly doctor found so strangely different rom the rest of the harum-scarum kids of he neighborhood.

"I guess he must have browsed through very book in the room," said Dr. van Vliet ot long ago. "What surprised me most vas that he seemed to prefer my books on ncient Greek and Roman history. These e would read over and over again. A trange boy."

A strange boy, indeed, to be pitched in



WHERE LIFE IS BETTER
CALIFORNIA

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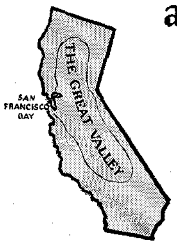

TO the youngsters, and their mothers, too, California is a place where magically there is no snow and ice in winter—where flowers bloom out-of-doors the year round. It is a place where people *must* be healthier and happier.

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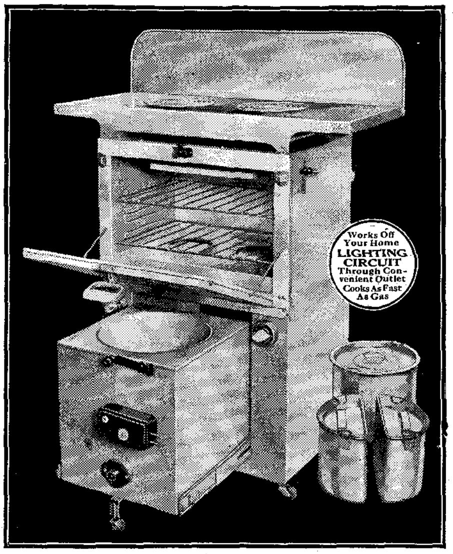
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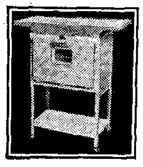

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the surroundings that were his in his gro ing years. For he was as different from boyhood companions as was night from d More than one of his youthful playma has told me that a rare sense of clea mindedness was always a part of the bo even when he was in company of t roughest gangs of the vicinity. He wo take himself apart from his fellows as so as there was the semblance of filth in t conversation. And that none of his co panions resented this rather superior at tude was the strangest part of it all.

Somewhere in these early years the ge of devoutness was inspired by the religio teachings of his mother and the influen of some admired preceptor of the Christi Brothers. Altho Gene has never be known to talk about it, it is plain th the lad was headed for the priesthoo What it was that made the boy doubt qualifications for such a vocation is som thing that probably never will be know And why fate should have chosen such boy to turn to pugilism in his manho and to give one so apparently miscast t stellar rôle in the drama of fistiana, that even more puzzling.

The foregoing is essential if one is to g some insight into the character of the re Gene Tunney. For he has carried the ideals of his boyhood, this piety of bel and penchant for books as a part of hims right into his pugilistic life. Fate co make Gene Tunney a pugilist, but pugilis could not change Gene Tunney.

HOW TO EAT TO WIN

MOST successful athletes have learn the lesson—"Miss your lunch an hit the ball." For one of the best wa in the world to face certain trouble, co tinues Grantland Rice in one of his spo articles in *Collier's*, "is to eat a lar quantity of food in the midst of a ner upheaval; a competitor is nearly alwa better off if he eats only the lightest sort lunch, and postpones his dinner on the da of battle." One day Bobby Jones in golf tournament found that his game we to pieces after he had eaten a hearty lunc ending with two plates of ice-cream. Th same thing happened the next day, an then, according to Mr. Rice, Bobby saw great light—"he cut his luncheon down t a bowl of milk and crackers, and for th first time his afternoon rounds began t hold up." Christy Mathewson learne that he pitched much better when he sid stept lunch, and that "it is better eith to cut out lunch completely, or to eat onl the lightest meal if one expects to face competition of any sort in the afternoon. Tunney and Dempsey watched their di very closely before their recent meeting i Chicago. The present heavyweight cham pion is a firm believer in the two-meals- day training system. As Mr. Rice quote him:

> I eat meat once a day only. My di consists of fruit, vegetables, and milk, to large degree. I usually drink from a qua

to two quarts of milk a day. I also believe in drinking several glasses of water.

Fruit and vegetables and whole-wheat bread are also necessary parts of any healthy diet. I have been hit and hurt in more than one fight, but I have never been physically tired or worn down.

Football coaches and trainers have also learned the lesson of moderation in diet. Head Coach C. W. Spears of the University of Minnesota team tells Mr. Rice his ideas on the subject in some detail:

First of all, I give my men a little talk on moderation in diet; likewise, the necessity of chewing the food well, taking plenty of time at their meals, and enjoying them without rushing through. I tell them that when they get up in the morning they should wash, shave, and be completely drest before they start breakfast, and that before the evening meal they should come in, rest well, and eat nothing for at least half an hour to an hour after a hard work-out.

The following is, it seems to me, a common-sense diet. If my men follow it, eat in moderation, and are careful about the time of eating, it will do wonders for them.

For breakfast they may eat a fruit and cereal. (The time-worn idea that grapefruit or oranges should not be eaten with cereal is nonsense.)

Cooked cereals are best served with milk and cream, half and half. I have not very much faith in the predigested breakfast foods. The rest of the breakfast is optional. Toast or almost any kind of rolls may be eaten, but not greasy or sticky rolls. Coffee, milk or tea may be drunk, and eggs in practically any form, well-cooked bacon or lamb chops are all right.

For lunch I like to have my players take a light bouillon or some kind of very light thin soup, with crisp rye crackers or zwieback. This is served with an order of celery, which will help to take the edge off their appetites. The bouillon will have a tendency to warm their stomachs and make them feel comfortable. It may be followed with a salad, preferably a fruit or tomato salad, head lettuce, or anything of that nature. In other words a purely vegetable or fruit salad.

As for the rest of the meal, a lamb chop and a small potato, or preferably a spoonful of rice, or a very small piece of rare roast-beef with rice, or lamb roasted, or any form of roast meat (except pork, of course, or veal), will do very well.

The meat and potatoes and rice should be served in very moderate amounts. Fruit, fresh or cooked, or even a small custard or rice-pudding would be pretty good. I allow tea at noon—no coffee—and milk for those who are underweight only.

Dinner should also be preceded by a soup or a relish, such as celery, or a fruit cocktail and celery, to be followed by the regular dinner. The meat, roast-beef or any roast meat (except roast pork and veal), should be eaten in very moderate amounts. Baked potatoes, mashed, boiled—or on Saturday evening or Sunday "French fried"—will not harm.

Fish (fresh fish) is very fine indeed. Two vegetables are required with the meal, one a "5-per-cent. vegetable" (5 per cent. sugar) and the other a 10 per cent. Spinach, lettuce, string-beans, etc., are 5-per-cent. vegetables. Beets, carrots and vegetables of that nature are 10 per cent.

We figure, as a rule, that the boys should have cottage cheese usually one or two nights a week, and if not that a small nut salad such as you often see served with

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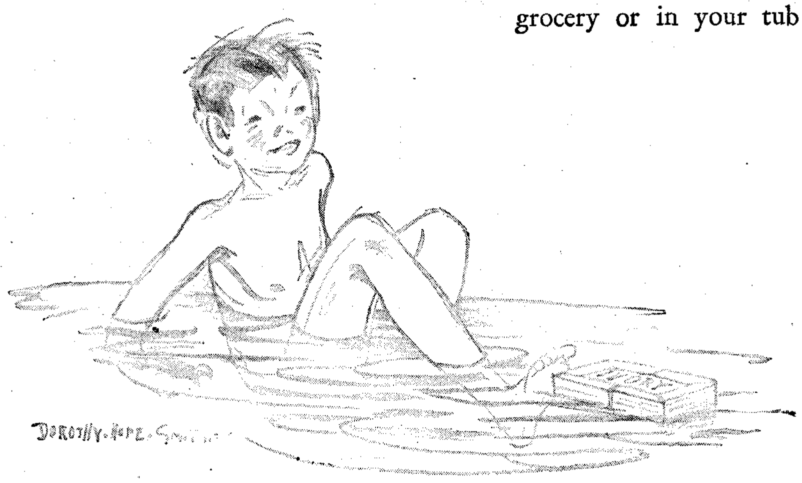

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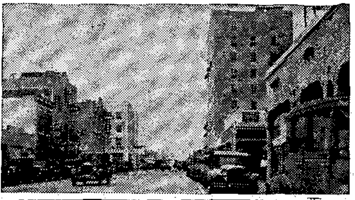

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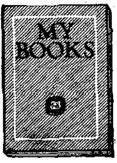

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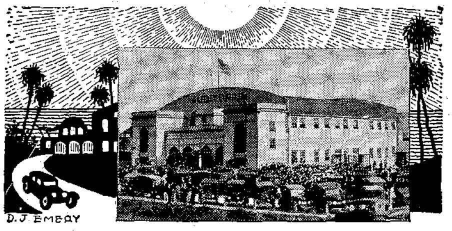

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

pineapple, etc. Ice-cream with a light cake, rice-pudding, fruit, grapefruit, melons, all are acceptable as desserts.

In hot weather or warm weather the meats should be light, and fish should be served when you are sure that it is fresh. Milk restricted as at lunch; butter, one small pad at a meal.

A diet of this sort keeps a boy well on the alkaline side, and it also provides thorough and proper elimination for his body. We have not had any trouble with boils for a good many years, and it is possible to work a squad on a diet like this without ever having a water-pail on the field.

HOW COLLEGE ATHLETES STAND UP AS INSURANCE RISKS

YALE athletes live longer than Harvard athletes and football players outlive baseball players, we learn from the New York *Herald Tribune*. Moreover, Dartmouth's letter men show the highest mortality rate and Brown's the lowest. In fact:

> College athletes on the whole have a slightly better prospect of long life than the average American man.
>
> These were some of the findings shown in statistics presented by Dr. I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to the American Student Health Association at its eighth annual meeting. The statistics were the result of a survey of 5,000 athletes who competed on the teams of ten American colleges in the year preceding and including 1905, and whose lives have been traced up to graduation time in 1925.
>
> The survey was conducted by Dr. Dublin for the committee of fifty on college hygiene and had the cooperation of various college organizations.
>
> The chief finding of the survey was the fact that athletes show a better mortality rate than average men. Using the standards of the medico-actuarial investigation covering the years 1885 to 1909, the college athletes had a death-rate of 93.4, where the average insured men had 100 per cent., or using the American Men table covering the period of 1900 to 1915, the college athletes had a rating of 91.6. The death-rate was lower for men of the later classes. Those who graduated in the years from 1900 to 1905 had a death-rate of 73.2, while those who graduated prior to 1880 had a death-rate of 94.7.
>
> Of the 5,000 men investigated, 1,200 had died. The highest mortality rate was among those who won the letters on the baseball teams of their alma maters; the next highest among crew members; next, track men, and, fourth, football players.
>
> Dr. Dublin pointed out, moreover, that among crew men the mortality had not improved in recent years, the highest rate prevailing in the classes from 1890 to 1905, when it was from 15 to 25 per cent. above that for average insured lives, and from 30 to 50 per cent. above the average for all athletes.
>
> With the exception of Dartmouth College, which had the highest mortality rate, the findings seemed to prove that the smaller the college the better the expectation of life among its athletes.
>
> The comparative death-rates for the ten colleges was shown as follows:

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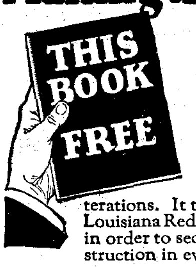

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Amherst, 76.3; Brown, 74.1; Cornell,)4.6; Dartmouth, 113.4; Harvard, 99.1; Massachusetts Agricultural College, 84.4; Tulane, 94.2; Wesleyan, 86.1; Williams, 79.5, and Yale, 89.2. Average of ten colleges, 91.6.

A study of the four major sports was nade, including those athletes who excelled n baseball, rowing, track athletics and ootball, and those who engaged in two or nore sports, according to the New York *Times* report, which continues:

On this basis the following percentages were compiled: For baseball, 98 per cent.; owing, 94 per cent.; track, 92 per cent.; ootball, 88 per cent.; and two or more sports, 78 per cent.

This showed an excess mortality in ages of middle life for those participating in baseball and rowing; whereas for football and track athletes there is a low rate of mortality in the advanced stages of life.

"But the results don't seem to come out according to Hoyle," Dr. Dublin said in concluding. "For I expected that this group would be better than they are, as they are the picked men of our best colleges; men with every advantage of nature, nurture and training. But their mortality records are only slightly better than the non-selective group of the life insurance companies.

"From this study, then, a new idea may result in the matter of longevity in regard to physique. And we may have to revise our thoughts on this matter. There are many instances of small built men being long-lived, and also races of short men, such as the Italians and the Jews. Isn't it possible, therefore, that we have assumed too much, and that splendid physiques such as these tested may not measure up on the score of longevity? Then, too, our yardsticks' may not be adequate, and it might be well to consider the general run of college men and not the athletes alone."

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If a lady is asked to sing for the group, she must do so willingly and modestly. She must not, however, sing more than two or three songs, and must not sing songs descriptive of masculine passion or sentiment.

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If either a lady or a gentleman is invited to take wine at table, they must never refuse; it is very *gauche* to do so.

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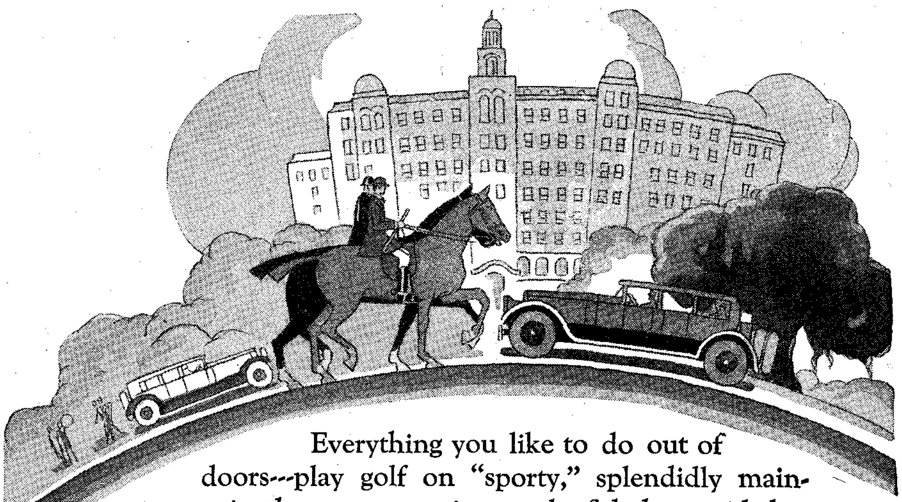

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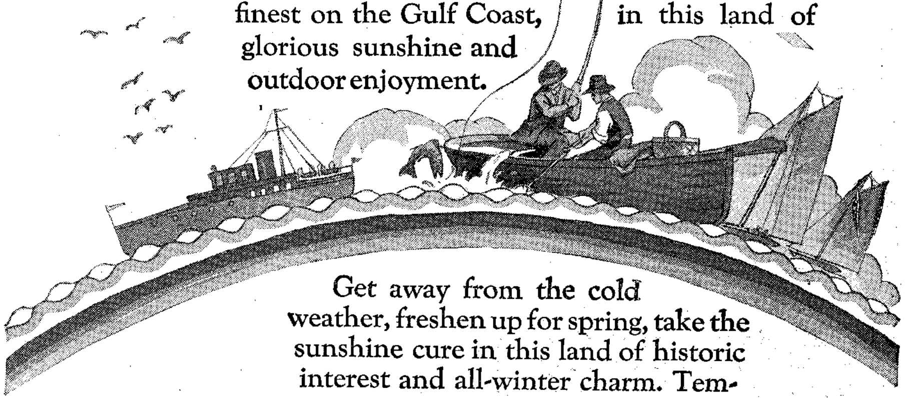

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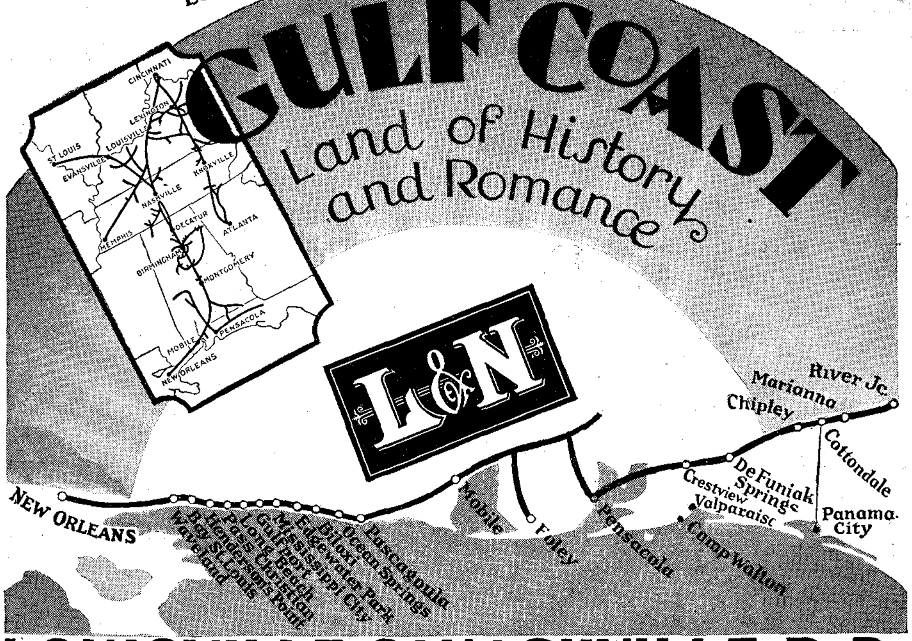
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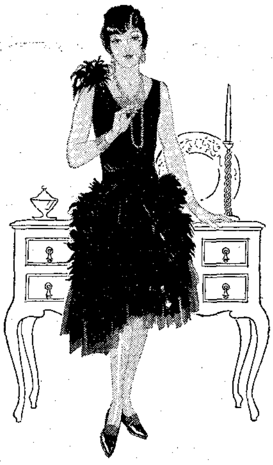

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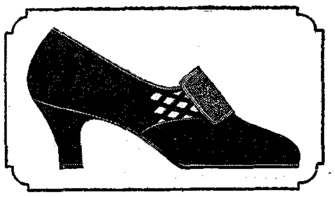

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SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION • CONTINUED

PERMANENT CROPS FROM FOREST GROWTH

AN important factor in the future of the pulp and paper industry is the problem of maintaining the forests in productive condition, says *The Paper Trade Journal* (New York). Estimates show that there is standing in the States of Washington and Oregon 650 billion feet of timber, yet with a cut in 1926 of over eleven billion feet and new saw-mills building, we may see the end of these virgin forests unless aggressive action is taken to put them on a permanent basis. This paper goes on:

> While the Northwestern States are blest with other very valuable natural resources, such as soil, minerals, fisheries, etc., yet it would seem as if the remaining forests and forest lands capable of producing new forests would always be the chief natural resource. The Northwest, being the last great center of virgin forests in the United States, should at least be able to profit by what has happened to the virgin forests of the Northeast, the Lake States and the South. It is inconceivable that the thoughtful men and women who have done so much to build three great States on the Pacific coast are going to stand idly by and allow the history of forest exploitation in the East to repeat itself in the Northwest.
>
> In making the forest and forest lands continuously productive, the prime essential is thorough protection from fire. Great progress has been made in this regard, but so long as serious fires occur the goal of the forest as an insurable risk has not been reached. The American people are so intent upon getting and spending money that they seem to have formed the habit of temporizing with some of our great national problems like forest-fire prevention, prevention of floods, and erosion, etc. We are ready to fight fires and floods after they occur, but very loath to apply preventive means. We spend vast sums of money for fighting forest fires, and it is money well spent, but what we must accomplish is fire prevention. Any one who has observed the cut-over areas of the West Slope knows how quickly the new forest starts and grows where fire is kept out.
>
> Another vital factor in keeping forest lands productive is the right way of taxing them. It is difficult to understand how the system of putting an annual tax on growing forests can be used in this country. The growing crop of the farmer is not taxed. As with farm lands there should be a low soil or land tax, and then it is reasonable for the State to levy upon the forest crop when it is cut. Several of the States have passed rather satisfactory yield tax or forest crop laws. Washington and Oregon in particular should not delay following the example of New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin in so changing the forest tax laws as to induce the forest owner to maintain his present crops and to produce new crops.
>
> In any plan for maintaining the productivity of forest lands another factor must enter into the situation, and that is artificial reforestation. In every forest region there are areas which have been so severely cut and burned that even tho protected from fire they will not come back to a new forest. Only in these severely denuded areas on the West Slope will it be necessary to plant forests to bring the land back into permanent forest condition; however, planting is expensive, and wherever reforestation can be secured without planting it will be the most economical solution of the problem for the present. Forestry agencies are thoroughly well organized in the Northwestern States, from the Federal Government down through the States to local communities and, in some instances, to organizations of timber owners. These agencies should be given the opportunity of extending their activities.

BLOOD-PRESSURE AND EFFICIENCY

RECENT suggestions to the effect that high blood-pressure may promote more efficient activity are commented on unfavorably by Dr. Eugene R. Whitmore of the Department of Pathology of Georgetown University, Washington, in a letter to THE DIGEST. He says in part:

> "Low blood-pressure does not make for efficiency, but the physician does not hold that low blood-pressure is the desirable thing, but normal blood-pressure. Under normal conditions, each organ determines its own blood supply, according to its functional activity; and this variation in blood supply to individual organs is not due to variation in the general blood-pressure, but is controlled by varying the size of the blood-vessels supplying the particular organ or part. The immediate cause of high blood-pressure is spasm of the vessels supplying blood to the various organs and tissues. With this spasm, these vessels are not varied in size according to the call for more or less blood for an organ; but the entire blood-pressure must be raised to furnish the necessary amount of blood to the organs through these abnormally contracted vessels. So, the increased blood pressure does not furnish an increased amount of blood to the organs, but is necessary in order that the organs shall receive the necessary amount under the conditions of increased resistance due to the contracted vessels. High blood pressure does not furnish an increased amount of blood to the organs, and very commonly does not furnish as much as is furnished under the conditions of normal blood-pressure, with normal action of the arterial walls. In the association of high blood-pressure and mental activity and stress (the high blood-pressure of states men, and so on), the high pressure is not the reason for the great mental energy—is not the cause of the great mental efficiency; great mental stress is one of the outstanding causes of high blood-pressure. It is astonishing how a high blood-pressure will be lowered by a mental worker getting into the open country, away from his mental work, and taking rest and physical exercise in the open air. What is necessary for mental workers to understand is that constant intense mental application is an outstanding cause of high blood-pressure; and they must be urged to have periods of complete relaxation and relief from mental stress and strain."

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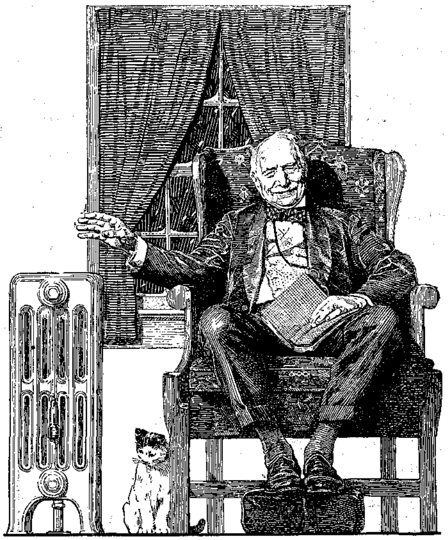

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE BEAUTY OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE

IT really has beauty, insists an editorial worker in *The Railway Age* (New York). Architects, artists and others with a well-developed appreciation of the beautiful frequently, he says, criticize the bridge engineer for his failure to produce structures which satisfy conventional standards of esthetics. The plate girder and the more common forms of truss are compared unfavorably with arches of stone, concrete, or steel. The author of a recent work on bridge architecture brushes them aside as utterly unworthy of consideration in efforts to attain beauty in bridges. We read further:

"Students of esthetics have contended that a structure can be said to possess beauty only when the reasons for its form or outline are obvious. This consideration is satisfied by the masonry arch because the arch offers the only means by which stone, a material having strength only in compression, may be utilized to form a span of any appreciable length. The same thought lies behind the natural attractiveness of the suspension bridge because here again the basic principle is readily understood; in fact, it is as simple as a wash line. But because the mechanics of a rigid frame are more involved than those of the arch or the catenary it does not follow that the girder or the truss are necessarily ugly. But even if this point be open to question the fact remains that without the truss and the girder modern railroads would be impossible, for it is only through their use that the bridge engineer is able to evolve designs that meet the extreme limitations which are so frequently imposed on him. Foremost among these is restricted head-room under bridges, one of the penalties which a railroad must pay for satisfactory track grades. Another is the demand for spans of great length imposed in the interests of waterway transportation. Again, in the case of grade separation, limitations as to both span and head-room impose restrictions that leave little choice to the designer. There is also the requirement of movable spans for waterway channel openings, which in the case of long spans has given rise to some of the ugliest of bridges, not because beauty was left out of consideration but because the only practicable design was necessarily of an ungainly appearance.

"There is, of course, some foundation for criticisms of the designer of railway bridges. But this has been justified primarily in those cases where he has sought to achieve beauty by adorning his structure with ornamental details, and his lack of training in that field has resulted in meaningless embellishments. In other cases he has failed to give heed to the importance of symmetry in the grouping of spans, altho even here he may be the victim of circumstances since any other arrangement of span lengths might entail a great increase in cost. But his use of the materials at his disposal in the simplest way, which with steel, as with wood, implies the use of straight lines, cannot be classed as entirely ugly. It is in the employment of freak designs rather than in the tried and proven forms that criticism is justified."

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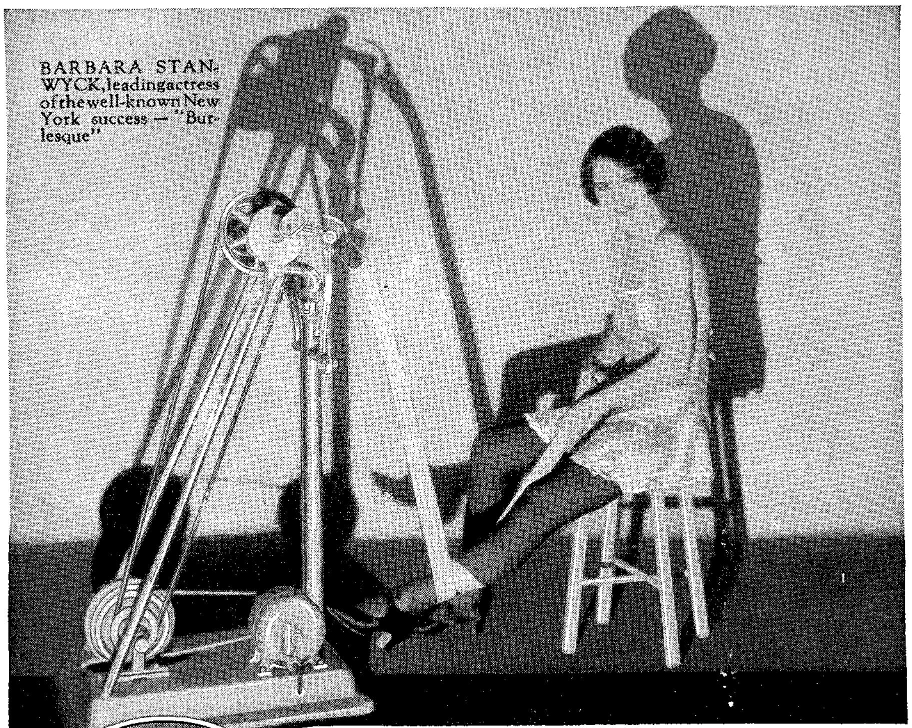
ARE WE ALL ENGINEERS?

S a farmer an "Agricultural Engineer" and a druggist a "pharmacal engineer"? Vhat is an engineer, anyway? It is hard o tell, thinks such an authority as *The ngineering and Mining Journal* (New ork). Persistent effort on the part of arious agencies to evolve a definition of he word "engineering" that will withtand critical analysis by lexicographers, ngineers, and, incidentally, the courts, as been barren, it says, of fruitful result. Ve read on its editorial page:

> Last year a committee was appointed y the Mining and Metallurgical Society f America to draft such a definition. The eport of this committee was sent to each ember of the Society, with an invitation o criticize, to submit amendments, or to ropose a new definition. The response vas unusually good; more than one hundred nembers wrote letters giving their views n the question; perhaps fifty offered lefinitions of their own, indicating a wide ariety of ideas, as well as novelty in xpression. The original proposal of the ommittee contended that "Engineering s the practical application of scientific nethods to the utilization of the resources f nature, for the use of man."
>
> To test this definition by the Socratic nethod one might say, "So this farmer, sing average intelligence in the raising of vheat, is engaged in engineering." The nplication that any one is an engineer vho produces something of utilitarian alue, by the application of the principles f science, indicates the inherent weakness n the committee's reasoning. Other ccupations pointed out by members as roperly coming under the terms of the efinition are fishing, lumbering, pharmacy, ocomotive firing, poultry raising, milking ows (with a machine, of course), and bstetrics. The chief criticism advanced eems to be that the definition is too road! that it requires drastic qualificaion. On the other hand, several were ble to point to special occupations, enerally considered as coming under the ategory of engineering, that are left out n the cold by the proposed definition. ailroad construction, surveying, mine ampling, geophysical prospecting, for xample, are viewed by some as being exluded. Of course, much depends upon he manner in which the individual inerprets the meaning of the words used in he definition. It is contended that somehing should be said to reflect the "ecoomic aspects" of engineering; and no ess than a dozen other ideas are suggested s being suitable for incorporation in a alid definition. At the same time, only few of the words in the committee's ffering have escaped adverse comment or austic criticism.
>
> Col. P. E. Barbour, the secretary of the ociety, after studying the mass of correpondence on the subject, has framed a lefinition that he hopes has avoided most f the criticisms advanced, and in which e has incorporated many of the ideas of arious students of the subject. He does ot claim that he has evolved a perfect lefinition; he submits it to the Society for urther discussion, and it probably will vithstand valid attack better than any ther proposed to date. It reads: "Engieering is the judicious application of the echnical sciences to the human solution of nanimate mechanical problems."



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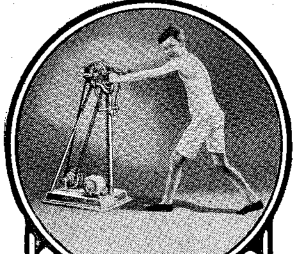

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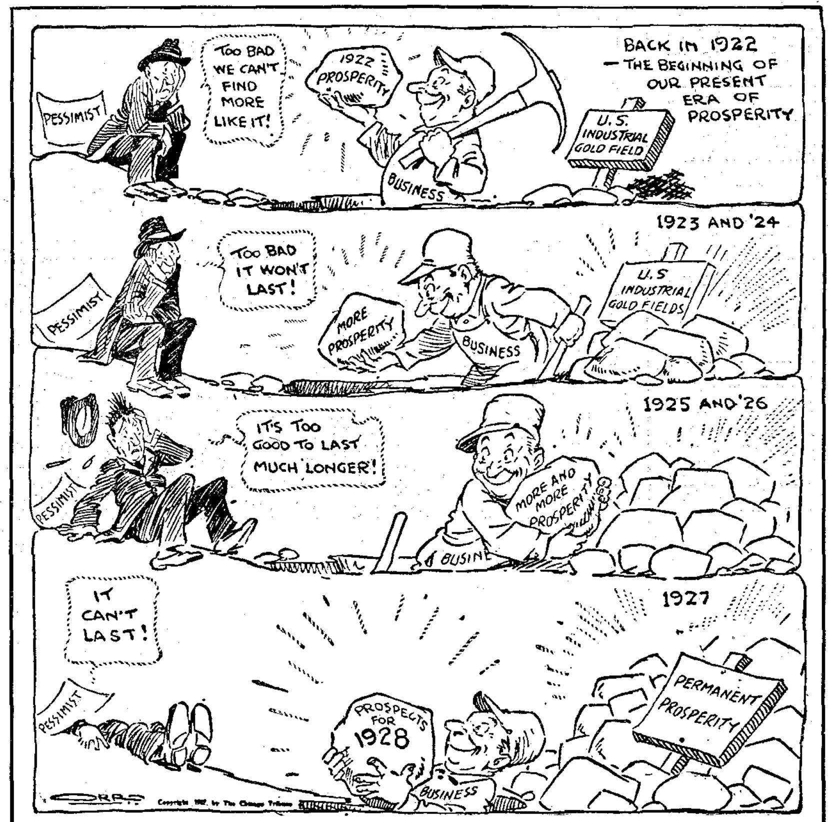
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

BETTER BUSINESS PROMISED FOR 1928

"LIKE BRIGHT STARS which, set alone and plain in the economic firmament, foretell good times for the morrow," as one financial writer puts it, appear the new year forecasts for business and industry in 1928. Never were there so many periodicals, institutions, and individuals venturing to predict conditions during the new year, and rarely, if ever, have the predictions been so uniformly optimistic. Even those who call attention to unfavorable factors hasten to add that future developments may lessen their weight. "Confidence among the leaders of American industry was perhaps never so uniform and emphatic," as *The Wall Street Journal* reports. Even the industries which have seen greater or less depression in recent months are found looking forward to improvement which in some cases has already made itself manifest.



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HARD TIMES FOR THE PESSIMIST

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Leading the cheerful chorus, made up of bankers, industrialists, and economists, we find the national Administration. For instance, President Coolidge, who is quoted indirectly, is said to be unable to discern even the shadow of a cloud of poor business on the horizon, and he expects improvements in machinery to bring about one of the greatest eras of prosperity the country has ever seen. Secretary of Commerce Hoover ends his forecast with these words: "Taken in a broad sense, we enter the new year with the forces of stability dominant in the business world." Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is a little more specific:

> Certain factors which exercised a deterrent influence in 1927 may be expected to disappear in the coming year. For instance, the decline in the automobile industry, with a resulting effect on the steel industry, was due to special causes, such as a temporary curtailment of output in automobile production. The normal expansion of these major industries, which may reasonably be expected from now on, should have a favorable effect on business in 1928.
>
> All of these circumstances justify us in the belief that we may look forward to continued progress in the year ahead.

Thus serenely confident are our "most honored prophets of industrial matters," in the words of the New York *World*. The New York *American* is convinced that "we are facing the best year the country has ever experienced." In the South we find the Charleston *News and Courier* and the Montgomery *Advertiser* similarly persuaded by all these authoritative declarations that we ought to think well of the business prospects for 1928. As the Wall Street writer of the New York *Times* sees it, "the most impressive aspect of the financial situation as the new year begin is the indomitable hopefulness of the financial community itself." Editorially, *The Times* finds it highly significant "that foreig financiers and bankers are more united and positive in prophesying a continuance of great prosperity in America than ou Americans themselves." Perhaps, we are told, they have a true prospective of things here and "it has been said that the contemporary verdict of foreigners anticipates the judgment o historians." And so on throughout the entire country.

It would fill severa of our pages merely t give the names of th captains of industry wh voice their expectation of a prosperous 1928 Charles M. Schwab probably the most notable personality in th steel industry now tha Judge Gary has gone expects more prosperit than ever before. Henr Ford declares that "business is all right; it wi be as good as last year and I don't see why last year was not goo enough." Similarly Alfred P. Sloan, President of General Motors believes that "1928 wi be a good year for genera business," and Walte P. Chrysler optimistically argues that "a business improves fo the automobile industry it will also improve fo the steel, railroad, an building industries." S W. Straus and Company expect continued activity in building. General Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America, sees prosperity ahead for his industry, a does President Gerard Swope of the General Electric Company President P. C. Crowley of the New York Central Railroad looks for a "prosperous year for the railroads and business in general." Sheer lack of space prevents similar quotations. The New York *Times* finds representatives of both wholesale and retail trade hopeful of 1928. Several authorities, including the President of the Chicago Board of Trade, expect a larger share of prosperity for the farmer. More than one business authority finds evidence that the textile industry has passed its crisis and is on the mend. A number of newspapers like the *Wall Street Journal*, New York *Evening Post*, New York *Journal of Commerce*, and Chicago *Journal of Commerce* quote comment from long lists of business leaders which at the worst is conservatively optimistic.

Bankers seem to be even more optimistic than the leaders of industry. One of the strongest statements comes from the Continental National Bank of Chicago, which, while not predicting a boom, says emphatically, "we do expect a continuance of generally prosperous business. And we don't mean 'profitless prosperity' either." The New York *Herald Tribune* quotes

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Are your securities sound? This depends quite as much on the earning power of the borrower as on the nature of the lien. And earning power varies and must be watched. Your holdings should currently represent the obligations of soundly established industries, substantial municipalities, stable governments, productive real estate.

Do they fit your needs? However sound an investment may be, it may not fit your individual needs. Many bonds have features more valuable to one investor than to another; you pay for each in the price of the investment, so it is important to buy the qualities you need—no more, no less. The principal features, aside from security, are marketability and tax exemption.

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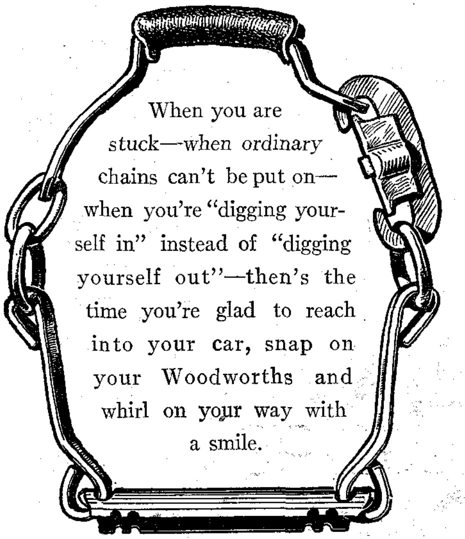

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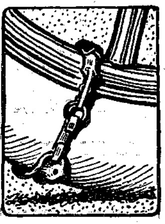

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

President Thomas R. Preston, of the American Bankers' Association, to this effect: "The nation faces the new year with as promising a business outlook as it has ever enjoyed." In the same newspaper President Henry R. Hayes, of the Investment Bankers' Association, emphasizes the benefit to be expected in business circles from the coming tax-reduction. The First National Bank of Boston perceives the forces that make for prosperity to be "gathering strength." The National Bank of Commerce in New York calls attention to an "extraordinary combination of favorable factors" in the business situation. President C. E. Mitchell, of the country's greatest bank, the National City Bank of New York, sees good prospects ahead for sound business.

Speaking for organized labor, President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, as quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*, reasons that the acceptance by employers of the theory of high wages and shorter hours, thus increasing the purchasing power of the worker, "augurs well for 1928." Secretary James J. Davis of the Department of Labor expects 1928 to be satisfactory. Francis I. Jones, Director-General of the employment service of the Department of Labor, looks for "new high levels in 1928."

Statisticians and economists join financial editors in finding plenty of reasons for belief in a better 1928. "A tremendous production and consumption of goods in 1928 are certain," according to the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The Franklin Statistical Service looks for "early recovery and upswing in the business cycle," its expectations being based largely on improvement in the automobile industry and the continuance of building activity. J. C. Royle, financial writer for the Consolidated Press, feels certain that prosperity will continue. Magnus W. Alexander, President of the National Industrial Conference Board, looks for continued prosperity in 1928. Mr. Alexander finds the improving trend of agricultural income to be an important consideration. That eminent statistician, Col. Leonard P. Ayres, looks for an early improvement in business conditions. He says in part, as quoted in *The Wall Street Journal:*

> There seem to be four conditions necessary for business recovery following depression. The first is expanding industrial production. It seems reasonable to expect this early in 1928, because the normal consumption of many essential industrial products calls for greater output.
>
> The second essential is an ample supply of easily available credit, and that we have, and apparently shall continue to have. The third requisite is agricultural well-being, which we have at least to a degree greater than seemed at all possible only a few months ago.
>
> The last of those four essentials is a good export trade, which seems assured for at

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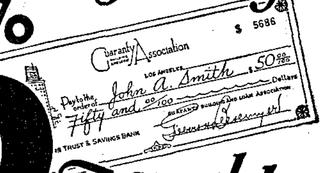

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least most of the coming year. We may sum up the situation by noting that all four of the requisites for sustained business recovery promise to be active and effective in 1928.

The prospects are that industrial profits in 1928 will be greater than those of 1927, and it seems probable that the course of general business will reverse its trend of 1927 by starting lower and ending higher. It seems likely that conditions will improve in the spring, hesitate in the summer, and improve strongly in the autumn.

But there are several writers who can not help noting both unfavorable and favorable factors.

There are two or three important particulars in which the business situation is obviously less encouraging than it was a year ago, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and these must be noted even tho they may be offset by a number of fundamentally favorable factors. These less favorable symptoms are:

(1) The existence of a greatly overstrained and inflated credit and stock market situation; (2) an unsatisfactory business position in a number of essential trades, due to the very great narrowing of profits and the more or less complete saturation of demand, and (3) the existence of an overlarge capital structure both as to domestic issues, caused by stock dividends, stock watering and overborrowing and also as to foreign capital holdings, likewise overissued in the effort to bring about rapid recovery abroad.

While they expect business to be nearly as good as it was last year the manufacturers whose views are collected by The National Association of Manufacturers agree that 1928 will be one of the keenest periods of competition in our industrial history. One tobacco manufacturer quoted in this symposium ventures to predict that "only those who are girded about with the purpose to make maximum production the basis of minimum selling prices will go through the battle without scars." *The Nation's Business* (Washington, D. C.) concludes from the tendency toward consolidation and the talk of profitless prosperity that "we are in a period of tremendous competition, a condition which seems likely to go over into 1928." Byron W. Holt, a well-known writer on finance and economics, writes in the New York *Herald Tribune* that "it is not improbable that business will pick up some early in 1928," but "it is less certain that profits will pick up." He adds that "with an excess of producing capacity it is practically certain, not only that the big fellows will continue to kill off the little fellows at a rapid rate, but that they will soon begin to kill each other; business is business."

Finally, we have the declaration of Representative William A. Oldfield of Arkansas, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, who insists that the country is prosperous only in spots and calls attention to a recent drop in employment figures and pay-roll totals, a falling off in railroad freight and passenger traffic, a heavy sag in the steel and iron output and a large increase in the number of business failures during 1927.

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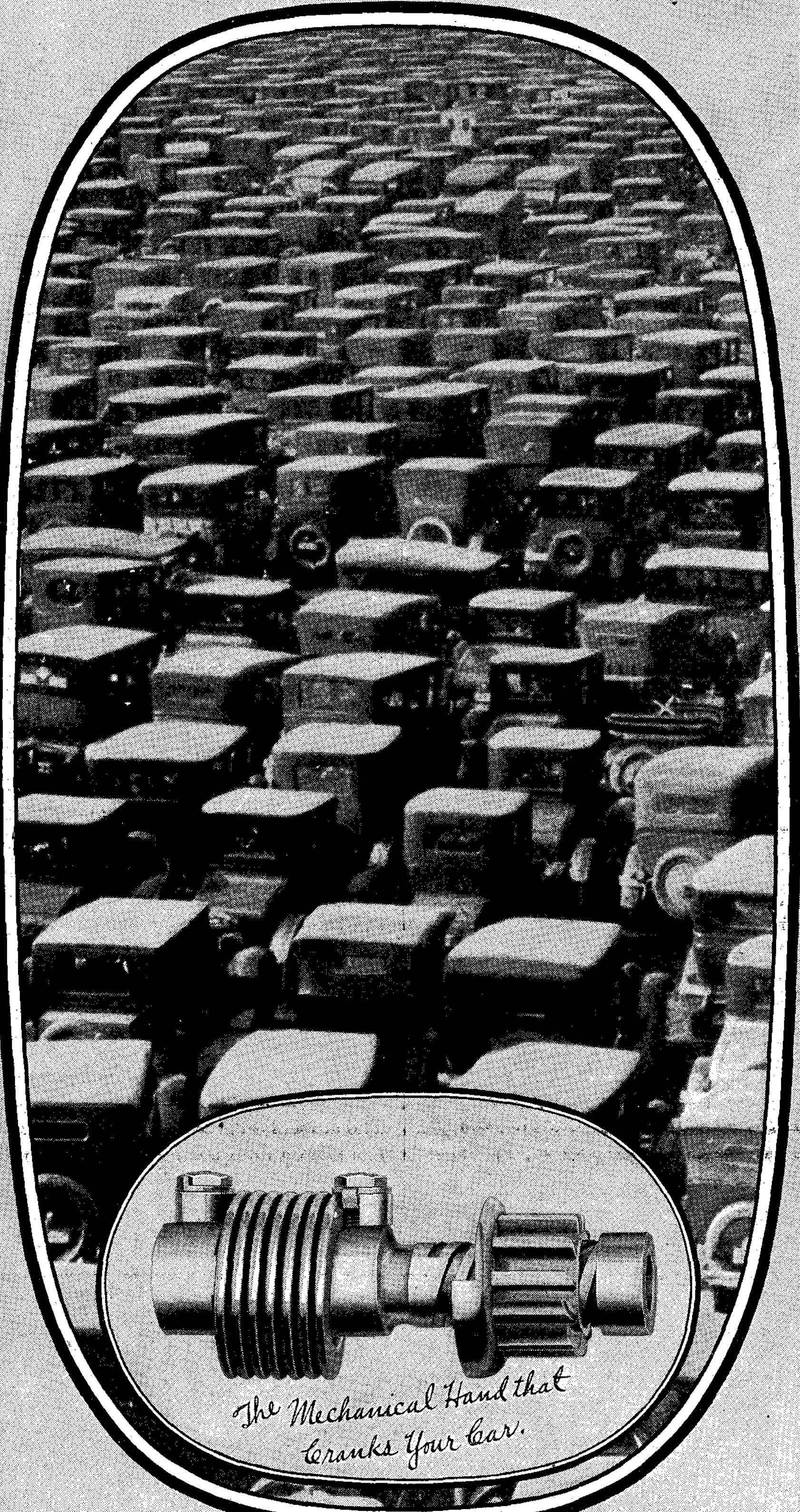

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THE TRIUMVIRATE OF "STEEL"

THE NEW HEADS OF THE STEEL CORPORATION

AN event long awaited by the financial world became a piece of front-page news with the announcement of the filling of the late Judge Gary's vacant place at the head of the United States Steel Corporation. The press consider it a tribute to Mr. Gary that it takes three men to perform the functions which had been his for so many years. "No one will step into Judge Gary's shoes as the Napoleon of the steel world," observes the Springfield *Republican*; for now, in the words of a Consolidated Press dispatch, "like all Gaul, the executive control of the United States Steel Corporation is divided into three parts." J. P. Morgan is nominally Gary's successor as Chairman of the Board. Myron C. Taylor, a financier long identified with the George F. Baker interests, is the new Chairman of the Finance Committee. James A. Farrell continues as President of the Steel Corporation. As announced by the Board of Directors, the Chairman of the Board is no longer an executive officer of the Company. The president now "becomes its chief executive officer under the direction and supervision of the finance committee and the Board of Directors." The editors all recall that the Morgan firm has been a dominating factor in the affairs of "Steel" since it was organized in 1901. While Mr. Morgan will not concern himself with operating details he will by no means be a figurehead, so the financial editor of the New York *Telegram* understands—

> He will continue as before to dictate the broader policies of the concern, and will rely on Myron C. Taylor, new chairman of the executive committee, and James A. Farrell, the president, for suggestions and advice instead of on Farrell and Gary as before the latter's death.

With such a triumvirate in charge, it seems to the Chicago *Daily News* that "the financial and industrial interests of the corporation clearly are amply provided for." Such division of responsibility, we read in the New York *Times*, is the only solution of the great problem of the control of the tremendous present-day business organism. And the New York *Herald Tribune* comments along the same line:

> In these days of industrial combination, expansion, and large-scale financing projects the company with the "all-around executive" can hardly expect save in exceptional cases to compete successfully with the organization that is administered by specialists closely coordinated through a supervisor general set up, as Mr. Morgan has been, by the Steel Corporation. Realization of this on the part of business and industrial leaders has been shown in numerous cases in the last few years.
>
> Beyond growth and diversity there is to be seen in the naming of Mr. Morgan as chairman of the Steel Corporation the changing public attitude toward corporations, and especially toward large corporations. The Steel Corporation has long been recognized as a Morgan creation—perhaps, indeed, as the greatest single monument to the financial genius of that banking house. Yet a score of years ago to have candidly recognized that fact by such an appointment as the present one would almost certainly have invited a storm of unfavorable comment from those who so long believed, or profest to believe, that nothing but sinister results could come from such intimate relations between bankers and industry.

This election, which many editors speak of as being really more important than many of our political contests, "has not added a ton to the orders of the Steel Corporation, or changed operating activity in the slightest," writes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York, "but its results and the fact that it is over have brought a certain amount of comfort and assurance to investors." Of course, the Steel Corporation has always been a "Morgan Company," and Mr. Taylor has always been closely connected with the First National Bank, or George F. Baker interests, also heavy stockholders in "Steel." This gives voice to two leading financial groups in the ownership of the corporation, continues Mr. Royle; "the Dupont interests as yet have not been represented formally, but there remain two places on the board of directors and a vice-presidency to be filled."